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LETTERS

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX;

PRESENTING RAMBLING DETAILS

OF A TOUR

THROUGH FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY;

WITH

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SOME REMARKS ON HOME POLITICS.

BY SIR ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER,

AUTHOR OF

"A VISIT TO GERMANY AND THE LOW COUNTRIES," "RAMBLING NOTES ON PARIS," &c. &c.

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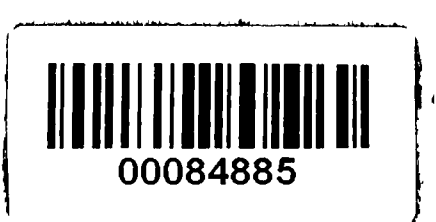
MDCCCXXXVII.

NOTICE.

The author originally proposed to distribute the matter of this volume into Chapters. Its division into Letters was the recommendation of the printer, who considered Letters more convenient, as a vehicle for such desultory details, than any graver form of publication.



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LETTER I.

PREFATORY.

Evington, January, 1837.

DEAR LORD BROUGHAM,

SHOULD your lordship find one volume of such motley stuff as this somewhat more than enough, it will, I fear, prove but a very equivocal sort of consolation to be told that you have had a narrow escape of two—if possible, much worse. Yet such is the fact. Months ago, on my return from Italy, I had actually loaded two whole octavos, to let off at your devoted head, charged with such deadly materials as antiquities, statistics, long criticisms on the Greek of the Herculanean manuscripts, fac similes of those latest discovered, details of the last excavations in Pompeii, historical notices on Pestum, curious conjectures on the Oscan language, learned disquisitions on the composition of the Neapolitan dialect, with a variety of odds and ends, picked up on my way, a great deal too numerous to mention. When all was ready, taking fright at the solid contents of two such heavy tomes, likely to prove heavy no

less to the reader than the purchaser, but heaviest of all to him who had to settle with the bookseller, my purpose to publish any part of those volumes was given up; nor would it ever have been resumed, but that I wish to say two or three words on the present state of our affairs; and to make out a book,

("A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't")

I was hardy enough to think, a little bolstering from the octavos might be tolerated.

You will see with disapprobation how disproportioned a quantity of these letters is devoted to Naples (owing to my having chiefly resided there), respecting things known to every barber about town. But what is there really to learn of any part of Italy? Eustace exhausted its classics; Forsyth the architecture; a legion of virtuosos its antiquities; Sam Rogers crossed the country on his Pegasus (a little spavined to be sure); and Stark, and Mathews, and Morgan, skimmed the very cream of all Italian society, transplanting besides the very choicest of the scenery into their glowing and picturesque pages. Where, in short, is the lane or by-path in the whole peninsula in which you are not preceded by some noter, or tourist, who has been gleaning before you? so that upon the whole, I think the fact will hardly be disputed, that to say any thing fresh of Italy were to the full as difficult as it was

for the Roman emperor to discover a new pleasure, or the Sicilian tyrant a new torture. In the latter art you will probably find, to your cost, that I am not without some fair pretensions to a little skill.

The revolting details of the Neapolitans, which I have retained from the octavos, are intended to show, by a close portraiture of miseries and manners, how an absolute government is able to blast and wither to the very core, countries which in other respects are the most favoured of Heaven; and that poor Ireland is not a solitary example. An unvarnished picture of the degraded habits of such as are doomed to drag out life under oppressive tyrannies, is a branch of the traveller's task who would give us a just idea of misgovernment, which seems too generally overlooked by many writers who are not very sparing of other graphic details. Even the disgust which such descriptions excite will not be profitless if it only serves to impress more deeply the value of free institutions, and how worthy liberty is of all the struggles which it costs, to save it from the claws of those obscene and filthy vultures who are ever on the watch to pollute it or ravish it from our grasp. These then are the reasons why I have exhausted so much of my patience on the rags and rascalities of Naples. Both the slaves and tyrants there are equally edifying, and speak "trumpet-tongued"

to the nations. The Spartans, with a laudable policy exhibited their helots drunk; I show up my Neapolitans sober, in the foul deformity of the most abject, demoralized, and contented servitude.

For the meagerness or inaccuracy of my statements on many subjects connected with the Neapolitan *régime*, I have a right to great forbearance. In a country where it is hardly safe for its people to think, it may not be presumed very inviting to talk on such matters; nor even when conversation could be had, was it likely to be productive of much substantial information, while spies were active under every disguise, and the representations even of the most veracious but very moderately to be trusted. And as to matters of inferior importance, I need not apprize you how a traveller is liable to be hoaxed at every turning, either by the ignorance of his interlocutor, or his own misapprehension of what he hears. Passing through the village of Genlis, I inquired of an inhabitant for the chateau of the authoress of that name, which I heard was in the neighbourhood, and he pointed to a house at my elbow. "What!" I said; "and is that the chateau of the lady si renommée par ses écrits?"—"Oui, oui, monsieur."—"Are you quite sure?"—"Oui, oui; sans doute. Elle a écrit beaucoup; elle est la maîtresse de la poste et elle écrit toujours." And it so happens that

Genlis is actually the name of the post-mistress. A traveller, content to press no explanation, might have immortalized this post-house as the residence of the great Genlis, and made it a prime lion in his diary.

But you will already have asked yourself, why I single out your lordship for the present infliction? You will naturally suppose it is to give eclat to my book; for assuredly your name is worth a score of Bentley's best puffs: but if a man ought ever to be believed in his own case, such an idea never entered my head. Do I look for your favour, or the reversion or promise of some snug pension or sinecure? It is rather late in the day to ogle men in high stations for such matters. But, thank God, there is no favour which you or any man could bestow on me that I would waste this drop of ink to solicit; and your friendship, I flatter myself, I have no need to require. But still the question recurs, Why do I pitch upon you? My answer is simply, Because you are just my man; the very fittest of all men in the country to whom a writer who would express his horror of bad government, could possibly address himself; for where is the statesman who has given, for so long a series of uninterrupted years, such consistent and substantial proof of his detestation of the oppressor as you have done—no matter in what sphere the villain may have moved—with what authority or highsound-

ing titles the illustrious scoundrel been clothed. The nature of several of my topics, such as popular education, the abuses of public institutions, law, &c., has also suggested the propriety of dedicating my labours to you. And to whom are we more indebted for popular education than to yourself; the reform of the law; the purification of public establishments; to whom more beholden for the relief of the poor, the protection of industry, ay, or the Reform Bill itself?

Before we set out for the south, allow me to say a few words on domestic matters; and first of all ask what is to be done with my Lord Lyndhurst. Did the heat of the rankest hotbed of Toryism ever hatch so noxious a mushroom as this? I think I may fearlessly challenge the worst despotisms of any age, to furnish in spirit a more thick-and-thin tyrant. What a mixture the whole style of his conduct is, of the tool of party and the Jack in office! I would speak of him exclusively in relation to his political character; in his private, all the world allows there is not a more amiable, moral, or better principled man alive. But as an arbitrary Tory, when have we had his peer? Why Castlereagh was a radical in the comparison. Where have we ever seen his audacious feeling matched, when; at the close of the session, with a laughing devil in his eye, he inwardly chuckled as he taunted ministers on the full stop

put to the business of the country, knowing that he was himself the instrument of the whole mischief. Oh, how I lament for the national character! Was it possible to offer a more degrading taunt to the subjects of Magna Charta, than was couched in this atrocious pleasantry. Was it not proclaiming the constitution the veriest mockery, and treating its subjects as contemptuously as the most abject vassals? and yet how our Quirites bore it all, and still bear it! What marvellous discretion they have shown in their exemplary endurance of this insult! What a Christian example of the suffering virtues! Who after this will say that we are not the most religious people on the face of the earth, or dispute that John is not worthy of all the liberty the obstructives allow him? What a glorious proof of the march of intellect, and the growing independence of the people, to let two such sessions pass without so much as one turn-out of the trades' unions to express their sense of such degradation! Where now is the ancient proud impatience of injustice which distinguished our ancestors? where all our golden theories of the increasing moral power of the people, and their sharp-eyed jealousy of invaded rights? To take but one instance—the treatment of Ireland by the House of Lords,—while standing so tamely by, to see that brutally-used country not only denied her

just and reasonable demands, but branded as "aliens," how can England deserve the least credit for the generosity to which she once laid claim? If the English people have profited by the schoolmaster, they must know that, in denying justice to one integral portion of the empire, the lords have inflicted the same injury on all; yet in place of having their fair and lawful demands respected, the Irish have had the most wanton insult added to injustice; yes, open, atrocious insult and injustice: we cannot be too often reminded of it. They are branded as "aliens in blood, aliens in language, and aliens in religion;" and all this because they presume to refuse being plundered by a tithe-hunting bloodthirsty clergy; because they refuse to pay for a creed which they are taught, by their own church, to consider heresy, and by the conduct of ours to believe hypocrisy; because they presume to wince under the Orange persecutions, and cry out against the jobbery of rotten corporations, and the insolent overbearing of a minion magistracy; and this injustice, and those contemptuous insults, are contentedly borne by that nation, which has so long exulted in the distinction of the proud, the generous, and the free! Is this the elevation of character which you promised us was to follow in the march of intellect?

But even allowing this new-made lord

were right, and that the language of the Irish differed, no matter how much, from that of this country, which is not a great deal truer than it is of Scotland; that their blood were different, which is less true than it is of Scotland by the whole amount of the Protestant pale; and that they differed in religion, which is far less true than it is of Scotland, what argument is this for denying the rights which belong to them by the same common charter? Ought any such differences to authorize a refusal of sacred justice, and of justice to a people under the same government, the same laws; who are compelled to bear the burdens of the state, who have so bravely fought our battles, and produced some of the brightest characters, whose glory radiates the empire? I ask you, is this renegade, only because he has managed to have his brows circled with a coronet; is this marplot to our hopes, this reckless defiler of the sanctuary of our liberties, whose name is execrated over the three kingdoms, not to be held up to popular scorn, to deter the upstart audacity of any future trampler upon our rights who might dare to follow in the same steps? How do you account for the duke suffering him; for the duke, as all the world knows, though he has done his best to conceal it, is actually in his proscribed category of aliens—an alien Paddy quite as much as poor tithe-hunted John O'Reilly, or Mahony himself.

My good lord, I have never, you know, asked you a great many favours; but I have one now to implore. Spare not this lawyer—you know he deserves no quarter. Let loose upon him the torrent of your withering sarcasm; concentrate the whole force of your electric argument to tear to shreds the web of his insulting sophistries—lay the whole knots of your *cat* into his quivering flesh, as unsparingly as Castlereagh laid it on the poor Irish; in with it to the quick, you never had such game. But beware—bruise not his head; he is doing, as you know, incalculably more good than his extinction could possibly effect. Above all things recollect what an invaluable agitator he is to the Catholic Association. All I want you to do is simply to make raw his flesh, so as to rouse some crowning act that will hasten on the lingering consummation of the good cause. The world expects it of you. In the foul stable of our oligarchy he is by far the most offensive thing that needs your broom.

When I think of the extent of service which you have it in your power to render the country at the present crisis, I am enraged at the attempts which are still kept up by your detractors to cripple your powers in the forthcoming contest. It is really too bad to see so tried a friend of the people, whose indefatigable ambition it has been for so many long years in your country's cause "to

scorn delights and live laborious days," discredited for two or three misconstrued acts and expressions. Nor should I feel justified to revert to the memory of these things, but that some indications have appeared that the same ungenerous feeling towards you is still ready to burst forth on the slightest pretext. Let me hope you will carry your head above all these petty calumnies. In the conscious rectitude of that high-minded and inflexible principle, which sheds a lustre on those honours which all the world knows have been rather thrust upon you than sought, you have nothing to fear. It is truly disgusting to see how the pique of a few enemies can turn the tide of popularity against the best friends of the people. And after all, your late unpopularity cannot be taken as any fair exponent of the real sentiments of the country. It betrayed by far too much violence to be genuine; like the pouting of an offended mistress, it rather proves the strength of popular attachment than deserves to be taken as any proof of estrangement.

Disencumbered of the restraints of office, and ministerial connexion, you have it now in your power to be as energetic in the good cause as before you reached the corrupt atmosphere of your present position, and so to prove to every man's satisfaction the identity so invidiously suspected of plain Henry Brougham with Lord Brougham

and Vaux. When the people see you once more among the most active of their champions and uncompromising of their friends, trust me their old love will return with renewed ardour.

I have no fears for the issue of our struggle, but from the slackness or defection of the leaders of the people, and in your single example you may put a stop to all such treachery, by a contrast of virtuous action that will make the very name of renegade a hissing over the land. Ours are the days of apostacy: we have seen the debasing vice infecting every place from the highest to the lowest in the long chain of that Tory ascendancy which shakes the national character to the centre; and what is most especially appalling, as if a man were less a just object of scorn for betraying his country than his friend, the treachery incurs no particular disgrace. Let us hope that you will not allow any feeling for the ingratitude of foes to prevent your exertions at this momentous conjuncture. You need only be true to yourself. Following your honest impulses and acting firmly and fearlessly, the vile calumniator would be crushed did he dare again, as he has done, to include you in the category of those false friends whose elevation is founded on the desertion of the cause which raised them.

Earnestly do I hope that the two great sections of the liberal party may have the discretion to hold together until they have weathered the many

perils of the session. The Radical party have no sufficient excuse for distrusting ministers, because they have not adopted their particular views, seeing how much of the course to be taken depends on what ministers themselves cannot anticipate; namely, on the course taken by their wily adversaries. There is no sound reason to distrust the heartiness of ministers in our cause, for not having left ballot and peerage reform open questions. In the first place, the untimely agitation of these measures, by giving a radical colour to their policy, would afford their enemies a very plausible pretext for working on the fears of the timid, who consider all organic change as full of danger; it might even lead to the risk of a Tory administration, an event which we may find it sufficiently difficult to escape without wantonly provoking our fate; besides, these questions can be left open with immeasurably more effect when they are called for by a clear, urgent, and convincing *necessity*. Who knows that the Lords will not pass the pending bills, giving very little opposition? In which case there would be no excuse for pressing peerage reform at all, as it might be inferred that, as their lordships had at last taken kindly to their duty, their House might be safely left as it is, until public opinion were more matured on the mode of dealing with it. If, on the other hand, their lordships continue their former course of furious refusal,

unless compelled to yield by a creation of peers, how do we know that ministers will not be then prepared to try their hand at peerage reform or ballot, when it could be done with so much more effect, as their patient forbearance would be a proof that nothing short of uncontrollable necessity had forced them to the alternative: if any thing could gain over the waverers, this would, while such a redhot popular excitement might be expected, as would carry our reforms with comparatively little trouble. I know nothing more devoutly to be desired than the obstinacy of the peers; nothing more to be deprecated than their assuming the milder virtues of concession and moderation; no other conduct would get them half the same credit with the country; no violence of Lord Lyndhurst or his partisans could, by a hundred degrees so effectually put off the question of ballot or peerage reform, which would subside into a kind of abstract speculation, creating little general interest. It is only from the folly and fury of the peers that we have to expect our triumphs; but as the conduct of madmen is at best uncertain, ministers are justified to let their course be a contingent one, and the radicals are bound to be satisfied. Until we see ministers slack or wavering it is our duty to give them our most unreserved confidence. The first moment they unnecessarily loiter or show a disposition to compromise our interests, the radicals cannot too

abruptly break off their alliance and stand upon their own strength. *Only let us recollect we are now mounting the breach, and must march in a compact phalanx, or the day may be lost; and above all things let us remember Ireland and the Orange parsons.*

But whether this session is to be trifled away or otherwise, I bate not a jot of heart or hope. The die is cast—the doom of their lordships' *absolute* reign is sealed. I have already had some credit for gifts of prophecy in matters of this sort, and I will now stake my inspiration, that, as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, if the leaders of the people do their duty, *no being alive will see an irresponsible House of Lords dictating to us for another parliament, or a Tory administration six months in office.*

But enough of this: I shall reserve these domestic topics until our journey is over; or, if you have any objection to wait so long, you may turn to them at once at the end of the volume. Meanwhile, I will take you to Havre from Southampton, and then pursue my excursive notes (very much after the manner of a newspaper), till we arrive in happy England.

Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER.

LETTER II.

Schools at Havre—Waiter at Rouen—Polish Prince—Peel Ministry—Marshal Ney.

At Havre I found little worthy of notice besides a school on the Lancasterian plan, where I was received with great politeness by the master. The New Testament formed the text-book of general instruction, certain portions of which, referring to our moral duties, were marked out for the pupil to get by heart, but all the doctrinal parts omitted, and every passage that in any way involves opinions, or that could require any lights from learned exposition. It is considered that conning such passages could be of no use, as being rather calculated to puzzle than to edify. No attempt is ever made to instruct the children in the evidences of Christianity; or, to use the master's own phrase, "*to prove the authenticity of the record.*" "This would," he said, "be to weaken its authority, and

to contravene the whole object of religious instruction which is simply *to believe.*" It seems to be the universal dogma in the Catholic church over Christendom, that we have no right to inquire into the truth of the record at all. During a late visit to Ireland I found the same opinion sturdily maintained by the vicar-general. "The moment," said he, "that you set about *proving*, you incur the penalty of unbelief." The clergy visit the schools at Havre only twice a year.

This Lancaster seminary is partly supported by government and partly by a voluntary contribution from the commune, and the funds are ample for the education of all the poor in the parish. No means are ever attempted to compel parents to send their children to school, and no children are admitted after the age of 13. Such force would be regarded as a direct violation of the liberty of the subject, and pregnant with most mischievous precedent. This is one of the greatest difficulties in any system of national education under a free government. By allowing the peasantry to have their option in this matter, a vast proportion receive no instruction whatever, particularly as but few of the parents are able to estimate its advantages, and not a few consider the time sacrificed which might be turned to profitable account in the common way of labour.

My reminiscences on the road to Paris are few. At Rouen one of the waiters at our hotel attempted a barefaced imposition, backed by an impertinence still more unsufferable. The whole tiger was roused. "My good friend," said I, *tout doucement*, "I respect your country, and for its sake, if not for your own, I beg you may not conduct yourself *à la Cossaque*. You are trying to impose upon me, but you will gain nothing by being outrageous." A party of Frenchmen who were listening laughed outright, and the fellow's fury was doubled. He left the room, but returned in a few minutes and volunteered a submissive apology.

In Paris I was introduced to a Polish prince, whose history is replete with interest. After being completely stripped of his property by the Autocrat, he has taken up his permament abode in this capital. He gave me much information on the state of Poland as it existed before the late revolution, an event which he extremely deplores. The people it would appear from his account, were happy previous to this unfortunate crisis, and every man, no matter what his condition, enjoyed entire security for his person and property. "You may have heard," he said, "that a Russian noble might have struck a Pole, or otherwise ill-treated him with impunity. The fact is quite the reverse.

Any one who offered the slightest outrage, however exalted his rank, would have been sure to receive chastisement on the spot. Before the unfortunate revolution," he added, " tenants were industrious and sober, and paid their rents to the day."

The prince considers a great change inevitable after the death of the King of Prussia. The Crown Prince is an unmitigated despot, and in every respect a fit instrument for his master in the north.

Russia he represented as governed wholly by the caprice of the emperor. When an appeal is made to him he ruleth the case as he likes, no matter how directly in the teeth of the law; no deviation of this sort is convertible into precedent, so that he may in this way evade or violate the laws of the land as often, as capriciously, and as monstrously as he pleases. The maxim that law makers may be law breakers is verified at Petersburg to the letter.

The prince ascribed all the misfortunes of Poland to a *premature* popular movement: the fire once kindled baffled every effort to extinguish it. Constantine was the basest of cowards, and if the unfortunate outbreak had not occurred, my friend had no difficulty in believing that a favourable opportunity would soon have offered for bringing about

every change the people were most anxious for, with very little bloodshed.

Few of the Polish exiles have suffered more than this gentleman, and I will answer for it, few have borne their sufferings more nobly. His pictures and statues were first carried away, and soon afterwards his entire property confiscated, and he is now placed in the second class of the denounced, without a single ray of hope of ever regaining one acre of his estates, which were immense and stocked with not fewer than 130,000 serfs.

His friend the Prince Roman Sangusco was treated like himself; with this difference, that Sangusco, besides the loss of his property, was deprived of his very name, and simply numbered, as we number our sheep, to be driven with the herd of common convicts into Siberia. Before being exiled the sentence of expatriation was presented to the emperor for his approval, with a request to know in what particular manner he was to be conveyed to his destination. The emperor with his own hand wrote on the back of the paper, "On foot." Before setting out, poor Sangusco implored permission to see a priest, and a Greek ecclesiastic was ordered to attend him forthwith in place of one of his own clergy, expressly because his creed was different. He

inquired of his reverence if he might be permitted to attend his own place of worship, to which he received a stern negative, and was told that, "like all other slaves, he must follow the religion of his master."

The change to the Peel ministry occasioned a great panic among the quidnuncs when it was first announced here, and gave me an opportunity of hearing the candid sentiments of several respectable Frenchmen. Peel they thought in league with Nicholas. They looked, of course, for nothing short of a holy crusade against liberty. "You may depend upon it," said one gentleman, "that if a revolution takes place among us again, the people cannot be depended upon to conduct themselves in the same spirit of endurance and moderation as on the last occasion. They will be satisfied with nothing short of summary vengeance on their enemies, without the least distinction of station, office, or condition. If we have another revolution, my mind is made up to expect that there will not be one of the royal family left alive." Such were the sentiments of Frenchmen two years ago. Are they not the sentiments of Frenchmen now, only under a higher pressure? Nothing is wanted but the royal perseverance to mature them, and they will not be the less sure of arriving at maturity

for ripening slowly. His majesty's industry to increase the causes of secret discontent, and dissatisfy the enlightened and liberal part of the nation with himself and his dynasty, assuredly has not been slack. But a peace establishment of 400,000 men is a powerful argument, and may be expected to continue in force until the last straw is heaped on the camel's back. The very courage of the king in disregarding so many attacks upon his life, in the support of a bad system, is an earnest which no one can misconstrue, of the determination with which he has made up his mind to hold on the course he has taken.

As we passed the Luxembourg, my attention was drawn to a sentence scrawled on a wall, close to the spot where Ney was shot, in conspicuous characters. The words were, "Ici il est défendu de parler du Maréchal Ney." The marshal is still considered a martyr, and our illustrious duke still bears the odium. It seems that it was a spontaneous impulse purely which caused the marshal's wife to intercede with the duke for a remission of his sentence. "Ney would have lost "fifty lives," said the person who related to me the particulars, and knew all the parties well, "rather than have stooped himself to such a condescension." One word from the "saviour of the nations" would

have saved this hero, whose worst fault was an error of judgment, and a love for his country which knew no bounds. All the apparent inconsistencies of the marshal may be reconciled to this one dominant passion. It is the key to his whole conduct or misconduct from the time he first counselled Napoleon to abdicate, up to his desertion of Louis the XVIII. But our duke was inexorable. Doubtless his pious interest in the holy cause of the allies, and the example he was anxious to set of his sense of that religion of which, in time, he was to show himself so prominent a champion as an Oxford Doctor, prevented his suing for the pardon of the "bravest of the brave," and the most generous of adversaries. Yet the glory of this duke of ours,

> ——————— should any dare gainsay,
> Humanity would rise and thunder Nay.

It is said the marshal was a traitor, and deliberately violated his oath of allegiance. But all such oaths we know, by diplomatic experience, are contingent. Were it otherwise, an army must always be bound to support the order of things to which it had once engaged to be faithful, no matter how deceived by the acts of a new dynasty, and in this way tyranny would become fixed and impregnable. He took the oath to Louis because he

believed, at that conjuncture he was doing the best for his country. It was a step which he felt to be unavoidable, as the least of two evils forced on by the irresistible march of events; and to demonstrate the absolute purity of his motive, he abandoned that engagement afterwards in favour of Napoleon, from the conscientious feeling of its being a duty no less imperious. But to return to our duke; what possible injury to the cause of the holy alliance could have arisen from his humane interposition in favour of Ney? That he should have been capable of acting in so heartless a manner to a fallen brother in arms, is beyond example disgusting; that he who had done so much to save his country, should have done so little to dignify the character of a soldier, in one of the soldier's highest attributes, is humiliating.

I copied from the original manuscript, in Paris, the following letter from his Grace to Marshal Ney. This document, which I had from the Duke d'Elchingen, the son of the hero, may perhaps account for the little benefit his Grace of Wellington looked for from any attempt to interfere in the marshal's behalf. It is dated 5th Nov., 1815. You will judge from it, perhaps, how far our duke was *disposed* to exert himself in the affair.

" Mons. le Mareschal,

" I had the honour of receiving the note which you addressed to me on the 13th inst., relating to the operation of the capitulation of Paris on your case.

" The capitulation of Paris of the 3d July, was made between the commander-in-chief of the allied British and Russian armies on the one part, and the Prince, d'Eckmuhl, commander-in-chief of the French army on the other, and related exclusively to the military occupation of Paris.

" The object of the 12th article was to prevent any measures of severity, under the military authority of those who made it, towards any persons in Paris, on account of the offices which they had filled, or their conduct, or their political opinions; but it never was intended, and could not be intended, to prevent either the existing French government, under whose authority the French commander-in-chief must have acted, or any French government which should succeed to it, from acting, in this respect, (in what respect?) as it might deem fit.

" I have the honour to be,

Mons. le Mareschal,

Your most obedient humble servant."

A note which I addressed to the Duke d'Elchingen, will show how careful the government of France has been to stifle every publication written on behalf of the sacrificed hero. He had told me a certain pamphlet on the subject, which he directed me to consult, might be found in the royal library. Several vain efforts to obtain it having failed, I addressed him as follows:

"Place Vendôme, 3d January, 1835.

"Mons. le Duc,

"After your kindness in giving me a direction to find the work I was so anxious to possess, relative to your illustrious father's trial, I think it right to do myself the honour of acquainting you, that it is not to be found in the Bibliothéque royale, to which you referred me.

"I gave the name of the author, Dumoulins, to the librarian, with the date of the publication; and, after waiting a long time, he at last put into my hands a *brochure* by a different author, and of a different date, written in a spirit of manifest hostility to the marshal. I could not come away without remarking to the librarian, that it seemed strange he could so easily find one and not the other."

"The deep interest I have always felt for the bravest and most devoted of patriots, must be my

excuse for troubling you with this report of my ill success, and my time in Paris will be so very short, (not extending beyond Monday), that it is to be feared, without your assistance, I shall not be able to repair my disappointment.

" I have the honour to be, &c. &c."

I found it quite useless to continue my search for a work that appeared to have been evidently suppressed.

I should hardly consider myself justified in alluding to these particulars, but that the duke told me he was about to publish all which related to the last days of his father in a few months, when I should be at perfect liberty to make what observations I might think fit.

LETTER III.

Levee at the Tuileries—American Ambassador—Streets of Paris—Character of the Royal Family—Société de Civilization—Foundling Hospital—Fontainebleau—The Palace—Relics of the Napoleon Dynasty—Napoleon's Abdication—Gardens of Fontainebleau.

BEFORE quitting Paris, I was presented at the Tuileries. It was a private presentation. The king looked in excellent health and spirits; he was dressed in the plain bourgeois uniform of the national guard, with worsted epaulettes, and no decoration. His manner was gracious, good-humoured, and affable. Those who attended the levee were successively presented to his majesty, the queen, Madame Adelaide, and the Duke of Orleans. The queen and her cortége followed; her majesty remaining within a few paces of the door at which they entered, until the king had nearly gone round the whole circle, the Americans excepted, of whom he evidently fought shy. The

conversation of royal personages I have found every where so much alike on these occasions, that what is uttered at any given levee might, I am satisfied, be repeated at any other in Europe, with equal propriety.

I could perceive that much the greatest share of the royal attention was bestowed upon the English party. On our left stood the American ambassador and his presentees, all in coal black, with the exception of his excellency, whose figure presented full six feet of walking embroidery. He looked for all the world like a golden pheasant, that had some how or other got among a flock of crows.

The queen and Duke of Orleans spoke to me in French, and it was satisfactory not to be left in the lurch, by my modicum of that language, where there were so many courtly listeners. To be sure, I limited my discourse to a Spartan economy.

A navy officer who stood close to me, while the queen was inquiring of him in what action he had lost his arm, was at so great a loss to reply with all the facility he could wish, that it had the effect of preventing his replying at all, until her majesty gave him his choice of his native tongue. I never

saw a man so confounded in my life. When the ordeal was over, he complained to me, somewhat bitterly, of the trick his French had played him. "I knew the words perfectly well," he said, "but for the life of me I could not get out one syllable." I really never saw a man appear more out of humour; he looked as if he had been wreaking deep curses upon the whole nation. I found it quite useless to attempt consoling him by the commonplace, that the same accident might happen to any one, and that no doubt he read and understood the language perfectly well. This only seemed to double his mortification; the fact is, a question from a queen, in such a place, comes upon a man so quick, and demands so prompt a response, that unless he is already primed and loaded, and the powder dry, he is sure to hang fire. Of one thing I am quite convinced: the unlucky captain would rather face a volley of grape, than another such *conversazione* at the Tuileries.

I can hardly think the American ambassador was quite authorized to present his people in a bourgeois dress. It strikes me that good breeding requires the subjects of all governments to appear in a costume suitable to the practice of all other nations on such occasions. The contrast between the

American ambassador's embroidery and the methodist black of his "tail," was itself some proof of his guilt; for why should he appropriate all the gold lace to himself? If the republican distinction be absolute simplicity of costume, the ambassador's ought clearly to have been the very simplest of all.

But Mr. Livingston was a first-rate patriot, and I would lean lightly on his peculiarities. We had some interesting conversations, and he was obliging enough to let me into many of his opinions about government. He had no idea that republican institutions could strike their roots in an European soil; prejudices he considered too strong, and popular education not sufficiently diffused. France he regarded as unfit for a much better constitution of government than she at present enjoys. "Her ruler, to be absolute," he thought, "only needs to wield an iron sceptre, and to humour the vanities of the people." What surprised me more than any thing else was his opinion that a free press and a more extended suffrage would be alike seriously dangerous to the safety of the country.

Mr. Livingston, when I saw him, had all the appearance of a man of advanced years; but his dark eye was still quick and penetrating; his manners were very courteous, affable, and dig-

nified, and his countenance expressive of great intellectuality. Our acquaintance ended by his presenting me with a copy of his celebrated work on penal law. "I intend," said he, "that you shall work for me, for which purpose I have turned down the pages where I want your opinion." The absolute simplicity of his character could scarcely be better shown than in failing to perceive how unworthy a labourer he was about to employ in such a service.

I know nothing more disagreeable than walking in the streets of Paris, not to speak of the risks of being run over to which you are perpetually exposed. One day, trying to avoid a cabriolet that was driving full tilt upon me in the *Rue des Petits Champs*, I involuntarily caught a gentleman (so urgent were the circumstances of my position), with such violence by the paunch, as nearly brought him to the ground, and so raised myself on the pavement. My predicament had so much engrossed all my thoughts at the instant, that I was walking away, quite forgetful of the personal outrage I had committed, when I bethought me of making the necessary *amende*. Turning round to do so, I found my friend precisely in the attitude, and with the infuriated look of one who felt he had a very decided

right to demand an explanation. "My dear sir," said I, anticipating his rebuke, "that cabriolet would have run over me had I not used the freedom I did with your person, and I trust to your kindness to excuse it." His goodnatured laugh was a complete receipt in full of all accounts between us, and convinced me, if I never had had any other proof, that the French are still decidedly a wellbred people.

Many traits are given of the excellent disposition of the king. On his elevation to the throne, the wife of a poor bookseller in whose house he had lodged, during his exile in England, I think somewhere about Greenwich or Blackheath, came over to Paris, and requested an audience. She was admitted at once, and recognised, with great cordiality. He asked her if there was any thing he could do for her. "I leave that entirely to your majesty," she replied; "any situation, no matter how humble, about your majesty's household would be accepted with great gratitude, as my husband has a very large family, and we are much in want."—"No, no, my good woman," said the king. "Mr. ——— is too respectable for so humble an office as you describe; he shall be better provided for." The poor woman withdrew, and in a few days her husband was promoted to the office of one

of the rangers of the forest, with a very independent salary. Nor is her majesty less an estimable private character than the king. I have it from a most respectable English clergyman, settled in Paris, who has been honoured by her majesty with several interviews, that there is not a more exemplary religious character in her dominions. He stated her information on theological subjects as various and extensive; and that she gave proofs of a surprisingly minute acquaintance with the writings of our first-rate divines. Their majesties, besides having strong religious impressions, are most punctual in their attendance on the service of the church. Sir A. Agnew himself must be delighted with their steady observance of the Sabbath, and their whole household follow their example.

One of the most agreeable evenings I spent in Paris, was at a great dinner given by the Société de Civilisation, where, you will recollect, you were yourself expected. The majority of foreigners were English and Americans; among the former was Sir Sidney Smith, who has been long a standing member of the society. Though, bodily, a little the worse for the wear, all his faculties are in the highest preservation. He recollected my being introduced to him at the late Lord Harrington's, so far back

as the memorable rejoicings for the peace. Mons. Julien, one of the chief actors in the first French revolution, presided, and gave us an admirable panegyric before dinner, developing the character, and dwelling, in minute detail, on the great and glorious public services of La Fayette. The Société de Civilisation brings together some of the most talented and devoted patriots of France. Most refreshing it was to witness the harmony that reigned throughout the party, the outbreaks of enthusiasm with which the subjects of different nations toasted each other's happiness and prosperity. It was a union of all hearts in the common cause of humanity, and of good fellowship and good government all over the world; nor is it belying the hospitality of the entertainers to say, that the cheer was quite worthy of the occasion.

No one should leave Paris without visiting the Foundling Hospital. The building is sufficiently spacious to accommodate between 300 and 400 children; but seldom contains, at any one time, more than 100. Fifteen brats, on the average, are received every day, and twelve exported, for nursing, to the country. There is, however, a melancholy loss of life on the passage, the distance to which they are conveyed being frequently not less than

thirty or 40 leagues. When the males have attained the fitting age, they are put to different trades and occupations; the greater part trained to the business of farming, or as farm-servants, but all liable to be draughted for the conscription. An infant may be purchased at any time, ready cut and dry, for fifty francs; only every proper security is required for the character of the purchaser. Adoptions are rare, and the parents very seldom claim their children: if they wish to do so, a paper is sent, when the bantling is deposited in the receiving-box, stating such particulars of its personal appearance (marks are sometimes made upon the skin) as enable them satisfactorily to prove their identity.

It was the hour of feeding the animals when we arrived, and they all, like so many young crows, began to cry out most importunately for food. Those who had been just taken into the house, and not above a few hours old, were placed on an inclined plane covered with a mattress, opposite the fire, where, swathed up to the chin, they lay like so many mummies, some not above a foot long, basking in a row.

Soon after we left Paris we started for Fontainebleau, in company with General ———, a dear friend of above a quarter of a century's standing,

and spent a delicious week. This ancient town, in appearance and cleanliness, struck me as one of the most English in all France. The streets are swept every day before ten o'clock, and the houses furnished and accommodated with every convenience that you find in England, always excepting one, of which nobody, who has ever sojourned in France, needs to be reminded. Fontainebleau enjoys, the whole week through, the uninterrupted silence of a Presbyterian Sunday, and contrasted most agreeably with the helter-skelter of Paris, from which we had just made our escape. We enjoyed, besides, the luxury of a reading-room stored with the Paris journals, and where there is a diurnal levee of quidnuncs, all as anxious as ourselves about our English news, and discussing men and measures with a freedom of remark, not out-done by the most furious of our radicals.

Louis-Philippe spares no pains in the restoration of the palace. The artists employed in the work are required, like good reformers, to carry on their alterations and improvements strictly in the style of the building—a rule which, however, does not appear to be very closely attended to; nor is it indeed very practicable, as, in some apartments, the ancient and inimitable frescoes have perished irrecoverably. I could detect many modernisms,

especially a new gateway near to the quadrangle of Henry IV., which is in no respect superior to the entrance of a good English country mansion. The repairs are under the direction of a Comte Montalivet, one of the most accomplished élèves of the polytechnic school.

A great deal, in the interior of the palace, remains as it was under the late dynasty. Napoleon's throne has undergone no change, and the canopy and draperies continue in almost unfaded magnificence. The emperor's bed stands just as it was left at his abdication; so also Josephine's, and her bath, which have never been used since.

In the imperial library I noticed several English authors, of which the greater proportion are books of science, dictionaries, registers, voyages and travels, and a Bible in ten or twelve quarto volumes.

To me the only very interesting objects about Fontainebleau, were those connected with Napoleon. The memory of this extraordinary person eclipses all the other glories of its history. Of the emperor's abdication I made a copy on the same little round mahogany table (about two feet diameter) on which he composed and signed it. This table presents, likewise, a memorial of the transaction, graven on a brass plate, dated 6th April, 1814. The words

of the rough draught, in fac simile of the emperor's hand, are as I here copy them, with the corrections introduced.

"Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoléon étoit le seul obstacle au l'établissement de la paix en Europe, fidèle à son serment déclare qu'il renonce pour lui et ses successeurs au trône de France et d'Italie et qu'il fidèle à son serment (here the words *n'est pas* are erased) n'est aucune sacrifice personnel même celui de la vie qu'il ne soit prêt à faire (*ou la bien* erased) aux intérêts de la (*nation* erased) France."

The above is taken from the first sketch in lithograph, and is hung up over the chimney-piece, headed "Calque du brouillon écrit de sa main." There is appended the following note:

"*Nota.*—L'abdication que Napoléon a signé sous, la date de 6 Avril, est la mise au net de ce brouillon, transcrit de la main du Baron Fain, son secrétaire du cabinet."

The original is so miserably scrawled that Louis-Philippe was obliged to call in the aid of the said Baron Fain to decipher it.

Before the emperor commenced making this awful conveyance of his dominions, he asked the opinion of Ney. Ney's look was a sufficient reply.

Napoleon quite understood it, and said, "Oui, oui, je vous comprens Mons. le Marquis donnez moi la plume."

There was a report that, in his agitation at this overpowering moment, he had hacked the little table with a penknife, but it seems without foundation. There are certainly some scars on the mahogany, and we lose by being too fastidious about facts in such cases, where fiction is so much more interesting. The personages who witnessed the execution of this instrument were, Marshals Ney, Berthier, Davoust, Pitie, Friand, and Mortier, besides Talleyrand, and the commissaires or deputies from the several courts of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Over the word *Italie* there was a blot of ink, and the whole of the original document, was miserably scrawled, as if in a temper of excessive perturbation. Those, however, who were well acquainted with his handwriting, tell you that it had become progressively careless and illegible as he advanced in life.

My cicerone over the palace of Fontainebleau, was one of the emperor's faithful mamelukes, about 100 of whom still survive, all employed in some line or other by the present king, though Charles X.,

being a religious man, had deemed it more charitable to send these poor creatures to the right about.

The gardens round the palace of Fontainebleau are extensive; and laid out à l'Anglaise. When viewed in connexion with the magnificent forest by which they are bounded, its interminable vistas, intersected lawns, and broad walks, the effect is equally grand and beautiful. No spot of earth could be better calculated for tranquil uninterrupted contemplation, for which purpose Napoleon expressly selected it, especially a little island in the adjacent lake, where, we are told, he was accustomed to retire, with his marshals when they talked over their weightiest matters, or projected the operations of the next campaign.

I had some conversation in these gardens, with an old fellow, habited like one of the porters of the palace, who, as the snows of age had long whitened his tresses, promised some choice information about the olden time, and the history of the chateau for the last half century at least. He said he entered the army as a boy, in the reign of Louis XV., but that, on the breaking out of the revolution in 1789, he left it, for a retreat near Paris, where he burrowed among the Jews, to be safe from the guillotine. "Ay, that was the time, I remember it well,"

said a middle-aged, thin, Voltaire-faced, hawk-eyed fellow, who had just joined us;" that was the time when heads rolled in the kennel like paving-stones:" and this he uttered in a tone of such ferocious exultation, that clearly showed he would have been no very unwilling actor in such a scene himself.

LETTER IV.

Traits of Napoleon by a French Officer—General Moreau—King Louis-Philippe—La Fayette—Moulins and its Accommodation for Travellers—The Monument of Montmorency—Notre Dame—The Public Library of Moulins—Ancient MS. Bible—Edition of the Henriade—Lyons—Paintings—Gothic Cathedral.

BEFORE leaving Fontainebleau we dined and spent a delightful evening, with one of Napoleon's colonels, who served in many of his sharpest campaigns. This gentleman gave us various desultory details of his chief, many of them assuredly not very flattering. "The emperor's humours," he said, "were often extremely capricious and variable; he would sometimes revenge the grudge he owed to a man upon his friend, which kept every body in perpetual awe that his own turn might come next. Before starting on his fatal expedition to the North, his manner was unusually *brusque* to his marshals, and his temper peevish, not seldom bordering on the surly." Our host admitted the truth of Napo-

leon's criminality towards Pichegru, Wright, and D'Enghein, and even the poisoning at Jaffa; yet allowed that he would have countermanded the execution of D'Enghein, but that Talleyrand took care to have the matter finished before there was time to issue a counter order. The tragedy at Jaffa he considered an act of pure mercy.

Poor Josephine was greatly shocked, when the emperor broke to her his first intention of a separation. She was dragged from his presence screaming, in a fit of hysterics. The officer, whose duty it was to perform the ungallant service of forcing her away, remarked, that while getting her up a flight of stairs, she complained severely that his sword pressed painfully on her side.

She had no pretension to personal charms, with the single exception of fine eyes. Her beauty was of the moral order, and no calumny had ever dared to breathe upon it. She grew every day more miserable after the separation, and pined away from deep heartfelt sorrow and wounded affection. It seems that he had other motives for the barbarous act besides the gratification of his ambition. A chief objection to her arose from discovering that she was addicted to political intrigue, and he suspected her. When the account of her death was announced to him, he heard it with the greatest composure.

When I mentioned the suspicion so often cast upon the emperor's courage, my friend laughed outright. "That he may not at all times," he said, "have deemed it necessary to be equally prodigal of his person may be true; but let us recollect that you have a great warrior yourself, who, once upon a time, sported a little bit of a white feather at the early part of his career; and it probably would have graced him to the present hour; but that, on the remonstrance of a brother officer, he had the good taste to pluck it out."

The emperor dreaded the English troops more than those of any other nation upon earth, and extolled, in terms of special praise, the heroism of the Irish and Scotch at Salamanca, where, after being nearly cut to pieces, he allowed, they made some of the most desperate charges that had occurred during the war. My veteran informant did not deny that his imperial master had committed two or three most egregious mistakes at the battle of Waterloo.

The French, it would appear, have the advantage of us in the rapidity of their evolutions in the field. In wheeling into line, for example, they are not careful to keep the step like the English or German troops, but hurry on as fast as they can lay legs to the ground, until the line is dressed, which is done in a twinkling; and in this way a great deal of

most precious time is saved. Yet, on the parade, they are drilled to perform the evolution with the same regularity that we do, to guard against those occasions when any departure from the regular measured movement might be attended with no less risk than too great precipitation.

To Marie Louise the emperor was never very much attached, and no wonder, when we recollect the coarse lumpish German frou, who usurped the place of the accomplished, the lively, the enlightened, and amiable Josephine, who was the life of every society which she graced, more particularly at his levees, where the stupid trashy nonsense of her successor was felt by Napoleon rather as a humiliating exposure, than a means of enhancing his popularity.

My friend made a distinction which I could far from clearly comprehend, between a despot and an absolute monarch. "Napoleon," he said, "was incapable of committing a despotic or gratuitous act of oppression; but, as an absolute monarch, would suffer no opposition to any measures of severity which he deemed necessary to the attainment of his purpose." Yet, in proof of his determination to be despotic, my friend, I think, gave two very convincing illustrations. Addressing the eldest son of Louis after the abdication of his father, "I destine you," said the emperor, "to be king of

Holland. Though your father has offended me much, I have no wish to visit his sins upon his children. I desire you only to recollect that, your first duty is to me, your next to your people; following this rule you will always be sure of my protection." The next instance occurred after the battle of Smolenski. When the Polish deputies presented themselves before the emperor, commencing their congratulations with, "We, the representatives of the people of Poland," here, the emperor stopped the spokesman short, and peremptorily demanded what they meant by representatives. "I desire you to recollect," said he, "that your proper representative is your monarch."

It seems Napoleon would have been the most determined of republicans, if he had not arrived at empire; but once on the throne, he forgot all his former principles and professions. He never felt his position secure. War, never-ceasing war, he deemed the only possible chance of retaining his power. When his brother Jerome, on one occasion, remonstrated against his levying taxes on his Westphalian subjects, after being already drained to the last practicable contribution, he sternly objected to the least relaxation of his purpose. "Do you think," said he, "that, without keeping up hostilities, any one of us is safe for a

single hour? No, no, believe me, we have only to choose between war or a scaffold." At another time, conversing with a friend about the effects of a long peace, "Let there be a cessation of hostilities for any considerable length of time," said he, "and all Europe will become a republic."—A bold saying enough; allowing it to be true, the prediction is still, certainly, at some distance from its consummation.

Of Beauharnois the emperor had a very sorry opinion. "Go," said he to Macdonald, after their reconciliation, "and help that infant in Italy." Moreau, he allowed, had "enough of bravery, but nothing to spare." Our friend dwelt much on the exalted qualities of this rival of the emperor's, describing him as a man of very homely appearance, and unaffected manners. One day the general took his place at a table d'hôte, and as he had all the look of a plain simple bourgeois, he attracted no notice. At last, some battle of recent occurrence happened to become the subject of conversation, and the stranger's whole discourse was marked with such peculiar animation, that every one knew, as well as if the fact had been proclaimed, that it could be no other than Moreau himself.

Though no one went further in admitting the merits

of Louis-Philippe than my communicative and intelligent host, yet, he deemed a revolution in France an event sooner or later as altogether inevitable; but declined to state upon what particular grounds he rested his opinion. At the same time, he failed not to pronounce a most flattering eulogy upon the talent, prudence, and policy of her present ruler. He was doing, he said, every thing to propitiate his people, by seeking out talent wherever it was to be found; whether among his own friends and followers, or the friends and followers of the late dynasty, it made no difference, while his affability, tried bravery, unaffected plainness of manner, and accessibility to every description of his subjects, were security, to a considerable amount, that he might continue to reign as long as he liked, if he could only be depended upon to pursue steadily the same policy, but this my friend doubted.

To give only one instance of his majesty's respect for desert, and readiness to reward it, I may mention the case of an old friend of my own, who was exiled in the Irish rebellion, and had lived in France during the whole of Napoleon's reign, in obcurity. This gentleman was sought out and promoted, since the accession of the present king, to the rank of brigadier-general, purely in consideration of

his character and abilities. He had been accused, under Pitt's government, of taking an active part in organizing the Irish rebellion of 1798. There were two brothers—I remember them well. They were in Trinity College, Dublin, prosecuting their studies with great credit, at the time the rebellion broke out. I particularly recollect the elder. He was in the university corps of volunteers, and, in my humble opinion, beyond all comparison, the most unskilful of those who in the art of marching threw our line into disorder, and this from the utter want of that gift which we call an ear for music. It was quite insufferable during our practice of the lock-step. I was the sergeant of the same company, and used to be pretty severe upon his marching out of time, but he retorted by alleging that it was my knowledge of music which made me too fastidious. The other brother fell in one of the most determined duels that ever was fought on the chivalrous soil of France, the parties having fired eight shots apiece.

By an apparently trifling act of policy, Louis-Philippe is said to have secured the favour of the populace during the Three Days. He caused to be placed in a conspicuous situation in the Palais Royal, an attractive print, in which he was represented as a schoolmaster, busily occupied with his scholars; the bait was swallowed. "Voila," said

the gaping crowd, "here is the very man we want; here is one of ourselves, a man of the people, not ashamed to acknowledge that he made his bread by honest industry in place of living on our pockets. This is the man we will have to reign over us; vive Louis Philippe!" By such well-timed trifles as these is the temper of this *volage* people to be ruled, even in the tempest and whirlwind of their fury.

La Fayette was never very anxious to propitiate the favour of his government in behalf of the exiled family of Napoleon. A friend of his urged the matter as far as he could venture, but his reply was no less unsatisfactory than lukewarm. His objection was, that the time had not yet arrived to bring forward the question, and so it was, that up to the date of his death the time never arrived for bringing it before either of the chambers. In point of fact, La Fayette is well known never to have had much sympathy for the fallen emperor.

There seems not a little weakness and inconsistency, if not decided *littleness*, in the way Louis Philippe continues to treat the late dynasty. While he shews a marked kindness to many of the followers of Napoleon, even to such as remain of his domestics and menials, preserving the very furniture that belonged to the emperor with the vene-

ration due to relics, hoisting on the Vendome column the statue of the emperor, and making various other public demonstrations of his respect; yet does he deem it necessary to exclude even so inoffensive a person as the son of Murat from setting foot on French ground, which, to my mind, implies no less a sorry compliment to his popularity, than the consciousness of a position far from the most secure. The foolish attempt of the boy Louis, the other day, I hold as no argument against this view of the subject.

On the 13th of January we started for Moulins. The route to that place is by far the tamest and most desolate I ever travelled in my life. A great part of the country close to the high road produces little beside furze, broom and weeds; every thing appeared to be stunted, the farming of the most slovenly description, and the very trees dwarfish. The houses on the road had the appearance of barracks, and not one *tidy* cottage to be seen: the inns were shabby, the roads sandy, and the hedges, or rather fragments of hedges, garnished with pots and pans, and ragged shirts and stockings, giving to La Belle France, altogether the most poverty-struck look that it is possible to imagine; yet, this is the classic scene of one of the most interesting tales in our language, where

Sterne has represented his poor Maria wandering about in the wild despair of her crushed affections.

Moulins is not in the track of the English, and may therefore be assumed as a fair specimen of a French country town in its undress. I never was in any place where there were fewer comforts. I hold it as a rule admitting of few exceptions, that wherever you come to a town unfrequented by my countrymen, you may most infallibly calculate on an inferior class of accommodations, and assuredly Moulins is no exception.

The peasantry wear a costume of very ancient descent, particularly as touches the bonnets of the women, which are cock-tailed affairs of plaited straw, lined with pink and tied under the chin, the hinder part looping over the crown. The hats of the other sex about Moulins are just as so many umbrellas squatting upon the wearers' shoulders.

No one who has not picked his steps by the walls of Paris can form an idea of the nastiness of Moulins at this season.

I shall say little about its lions. The monument to Montmorency in the church of the college is too well known to need any description. The guide who shows it told me that in the fury of the French revolution, a ruffian had entered the church with the full intention of

demolishing this unique specimen of sculpture, when some one fortunately suspecting his intention, hallooed—"Stop ! spare the monument! Montmorency was the enemy of kings." The church resounded with *vivas,* and the sacrilege was prevented. The object best worth notice in or about the town, is its bridge of thirteen arches, a good deal in the style of our Waterloo ; but, perhaps, of proportions still more graceful.

At the best hotel the accommodations are wretched, the cookery of a very inferior description, and the dinner-service on a par with the fare,—a vile pottery. They brought us our soup in a thing so like a washhand-basin, that I should hardly have been surprised at any description of degraded implement that might have followed it.

The object which I think most interesting after the Montmorency monument is the church of Notre Dame. This cathedral, founded in the thirteenth century, was never completed. It stands at the corner of a street, presenting Gothic proportions not inferior to the majesty of our Westminster Abbey. The fretwork of the ceiling, and the lofty stained glass windows, representing different transactions in sacred history, and circling the whole nave of the church, are rare specimens of Gothic magnificence. Just on entering the church, my attention was particularly arrested by

a group of antique, sculpture in pure white marble, well worthy of particular observation. It occupies a quadrangular space below the level of the pavement, where lights were kept burning over an effigy of a dead Christ on a tomb surrounded by his weeping mother and disciples.

Moulins, though in general very shabbily built, boasts many houses in respectable taste, but mixed up here and there with all sorts of gaudy, wretched, wry-faced, half tumbling shops and warehouses, constructed of spar and brick. The vile pavement everywhere ankle-deep in mud at this season renders sabbots as indispensable an article of dress as your hat or great-coat.

In the public library there is a respectable collection of works in arts, science, and literature, and a choice manuscript Bible of the thirteenth century, which has the fame of surpassing even the Charlemagne copy (in Paris) for the beauty of the handwriting and splendour of the illuminations. Not one erasure or flaw is to be detected from first to last; but, as in all ancient manuscript Bibles, the title-page is wanting. You are shown, also, a copy of a polyglot Bible, giving the Syriac, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew versions, in parallel columns, published at Antwerp, in 1572, which will repay a glance for the elegance of the typo-

graphy. To the bibliomaniac, I should by all means recommend a visit to this library, if only to have a sight of the famous crack edition of the Henriade, adorned with a splendid collection of lithographic illustrations of all the personages named in that epic, and in a type quite equal, if not superior, to the choicest of our Clarendon press.

The librarian is an intelligent and affable man, but with some stiff opinions on religion. As I inquired whether the priests of Moulins ever teach the evidences of Christianity to the people, he made his negative emphatic, by a tone that caused me to feel that my question was any thing but palatable. "This sort of instruction" he said, "is a heresy of which, you may believe me, our clergy are never guilty. The people have nothing to do with such inquiries."

There was absolutely nothing from Moulins to Lyons worthy of the slightest notice. The inferiority of the farming, the wretched state of the enclosures, and the starved growth of the trees, every where conveyed an impression of the most comfortless poverty.

The collection of paintings in the museum of Lyons is limited, but some of them are of a very superior order. There are several by Paul Veronese,

Perugino, Velvet Breughl, and a celebrated one of St. Francis, by Rubens, in his first manner, painted for the Dominican friars of Gand.

The cathedral is a magnificent specimen of Gothic, with a freshness of finish that almost cheats one to believe it of recent construction. The stained glass windows are far superior to those of Moulins for the scale of their dimensions and the brilliancy of the colours.

There is nothing so well worth a visit to Lyons, as the prospect from the Belvidere over the city and country as far as Mount Tarare, Beaugolois, Mount d'Or, and the Jura Alps. The whole sweep of the plain round Lyons, indeed, is indeed a garden; but Lyons is not healthy, and hardly ever free from fogs in the winter.

LETTER V.

Sociality of Foreigners—Monument to Rousseau—Swiss Education—High School at Geneva—Naville's System of Popular Instruction—Neckars—Lord Byron.

On the evening of the 25th of January, we arrived at Geneva, and established ourselves at the Hotel des Bergues. If ever you travel this road, pray enter it on your memorandum to use the Hotel des Bergues. It is, without any exaggeration, one of the most spacious and well accommodated inns in Europe, affording to the inmates all the satisfaction and conveniences of a private house, and its kitchen fit for a Lucullus. The aubergiste, Captain Rufenacht, was in the Prussian army; a well-educated German, and in point of manners and intelligence, an associate for the most enlightened society. He lit my fire with his own hands on my arrival, and took care to see with his own eyes that every thing was properly provided for

our comfort. I have pleasure in speaking of my landlord, first because he deserves it, and because I wish you to compare this innkeeper with the same description of men in England.

I soon found myself at home in Geneva; all my ancient Swiss friends alive and well, though we had not met for thirty years. They had arrived at the highest posts of government, in the offices of syndics, counsellors of state, &c.; and bore their blushing honours with every modesty. What is more,—they were the same, unaltered, kind-hearted people, as ever, though old Saturn had been a little busy with their appearance, clapping wigs upon two, blanching the hair of one to absolute whiteness, and fattening all nearly out of my recognition.

In good breeding and social qualities, foreigners have, somehow or other, still the start of us. There are, perhaps, few better opportunities for observing these national distinctions than at a public dinner-table; and at the Bergues every rank and age and condition of travellers may be found at the table d'hôte. The trifling, almost absurd, circumstance which I am going to mention, ridiculous as it is, will, I think, prove my point so far as it goes.

A Frenchman, after dinner, for want of any thing

better to entertain a small party who sat near to him, at the end of the table, related some very absurd stories. He said a friend of his had found out an infallible preventive of hydrophobia. We all listened with eager curiosity, to learn what this precious preventive might be. "The receipt," he said, "was the simplest possible. You have merely to wait until the dog approaches your person, and then hold out your hat. The dog," he said, "will, of course, bite at the hat, and then, while he is engaged with the hat, you are to give him a tremendous *coup de pied* on the side of the head—*voila tout.*" "But how," asked a friend, "are you so very sure that the dog will prefer your hat to your person." "Oui, oui, certainement," was the answer, "il n'y a point de doute." There was a general good-humoured laugh; but nothing can be imagined more contemptuous than the look which three Englishmen, who sat opposite, gave to the narrator, in place of joining in the mirth. Yet the Frenchman still went on to retail his wit in the shape of receipts. He had one for a bad temper, as follows: "Before the ill-tempered man takes his seat in the social circle, if he ventures to converse, he ought to preface what he has to say by complaining heavily of the toothache, by which seasonable declaration his friends

would be prepared to bear with him," adding, "that the chief benefit from the receipt would arise from its affording a refractory temper an excuse for not conversing at all." The serious Angles never opened their lips, or moved a muscle, and their imperturbable silence at last struck the Frenchman dumb. When they had left the room he turned round to me, and asked if they were not English. I said I believed they were, as might be guessed from their gravity. He then paid some well-bred compliments to the steadiness and good sense of our countrymen, but thought it a misfortune that an acquaintance with an Englishman must always be a conquest. I only wished I could have added, in our defence, that the prize always repays the victory. Where would have been the harm of laughing at, or with the Frenchman's absurdities? he would have been equally contented with either, as it was only sociality he sought, and this even at the expense of his understanding. But our countrymen are too profound for such trifling, and we had a wet blanket thrown over the mirth of the whole party for the evening, by the petrifying influence of two Saxon faces, two of those "dial plates which," Curran used to say, "never tell the hour of the day."

I found, on my return from Italy, that a monument had been raised to Rousseau, which was only in a state of forwardness when I passed through Geneva on my way to the south, and was causing much dissatisfaction to the aristocratic authorities. It was said that a fitter subject for such distinction might have been selected than a person so notoriously devoid of all religious principle, and who had laboured so much to corrupt mankind, by his licentious writings. One of my Swiss friends thought it would have been even less objectionable to have erected a monument to the griller of Servetus than to such a libertine. I asked why the clergy did not remonstrate? and the answer was, "the clergy are divided in their political sentiments on the subject quite as much as the laity; the monument is exclusively the suggestion of a strong party of democrats." A long lurking feeling of revenge for the burning of the social contract is supposed to have prompted its erection—a desire to shew respect for the principles of the politician, without any regard to the private character of the man.

I found, from all my inquiries, that the Swiss clergy, as I had been led to believe, are eminently exemplary for very useful quality connected with

the discharge of their sacred function. They are intrusted implicitly with the public money for all purposes of alms and charity; and in no instance could I learn that a single Judas had been detected, applying it to any other than its original destination, and this, although they are absolutely unacquainted with the blessing of any part of the machinery of that most august and lauded description of religious establishments called a hierarchy. These things I pointed out to a travelling North-of-Ireland Orange parson, who lodged in the same hotel, a hopeful divine in the egg, apparently brim full of all the prejudices of his cast. I thought he seemed but little satisfied with my remarks—I found him, moreover, a wholesale subscriber to the opinion that, educating the lower orders unfits them for their industrious occupations. There happened, however, to be an opportunity of directing his attention to some instances of the effects of education under the same roof, which I duly availed myself of, to convince him of his error. The waiters, who were among the most attentive and nimble of their craft, had each of them masters in different branches of literature and science, and found time enough for these pursuits amidst all the multifarious distractions of their avocation, and without laying themselves open to the slightest

complaint for neglect of their immediate duties. Every moment of their unemployed time was devoted to increase their intellectual stores, which, considering their limited opportunities, were astonishingly various and extensive. The Irish Orange parson, with these examples full before his eyes, grew dumb at last, in his praises of the advantages of human ignorance. His scholastic resources could supply him with no sophism to escape from the facts.

The waiters of the Berguis regard the acquirement of knowledge as the best means of advancing themselves in life, as well as the surest armour with which to encounter its difficulties. All they read and hear of the attempts to extinguish knowledge in their order has no other effect than that of producing a more resolute determination to confound their enemies and traducers, by evidencing its results in their conduct. If the illustration may not seem rather poetical, I should say, of the progress which knowledge is making over Europe, that the sun of intelligence which hitherto only enlightened some of the Alpine pinnacles of society is darting its rays to the deepest recesses, so that there will soon be hardly a dark corner, to which the light will not have penetrated.

Among the means of extending information through all conditions at Geneva, there is a great public school on an admirable foundation. It is accessible to the people indiscriminately, and conducted in a manner every way worthy of this shrewd and intelligent people. Here children are instructed in all the most useful and elementary branches of learning, and if their parents think necessary, may be qualified to pass from the school to the higher branches taught at the grand academy or college. More than the majority of the people are educated at this high school; and to ensure sound teaching and proficiency, a reunion of all the learned professors of the academy takes place once every year, to inquire into the state of the establishment, when, after undergoing a public examination, the scholars receive rewards appropriate to their merit, from the hands of the magistrates. The most scrupulous regard is paid to the selection of the teachers, who are required to pass a rigorous searching examination, and to come provided with satisfactory certificates from the professors of the academy, as to character and fitness in every respect. Why do we not copy this in our great towns? What a difference in the civilization of the inhabitants of London, half a dozen such seminaries would bring about in a few

years ! whereas, in point of fact, the multitude of no city in all Europe is perhaps in a more deplorable state of ignorance than in the metropolis of the enlightened British Empire.

As I am on the subject of Swiss education, it will not be out of place to give you a slight sketch of a plan which has been acted upon with great success by Monsieur Naville, a Genevese clergyman, whose writings on various subjects connected with the improvement of public morals, have acquired for him a very distinguished reputation.

The improvement of our moral nature is the very soul of this system, not the mere acquirement of knowledge. It is education in its true sense, not mere instruction. Every boy is required to reason and act for himself. His conduct and opinions are, at every instant, under the surveillance of monitors, and as each boy is a monitor and censor in his turn, the boy whose office is to direct others, is put seriously and constantly to reflect how he ought to direct himself.

But if much be exacted in the way of moral discipline, obedience is made as inviting as possible. All idea of harshness in the teacher is opposed to the principle of the plan. His aim is to convince his pupils of the deep interest he

takes in their welfare; and all the diversities of temperament or capacity have a most charitable measure of allowance extended to them. He is in short the father of the school. By pursuing this course, the author tells us all the generous and manly virtues will be brought out; candour, kindliness, and an aversion to all those meannesses and hypocrisies which have ever been, and in their nature must ever be, the unvarying fruits of a system of indiscriminate coercion and intimidation.

The grand result is a complete conquest over that selfishness which is the spring of all social mischief. To promote this object still further, it is part of the scheme to inculcate practically the forgiveness of injuries, and the patient suffering of wrongs, and mutual forbearance in the most trifling provocations, is enforced by every argument and example which can bring the truth home. With the same view the practice of acts of generosity is rewarded by every encouragement; to use the author's words,—"in order that the young mind may be made deeply to feel the force of the maxim that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Against the seductions of that immoral behaviour which children are doomed to see in the world among their acquaintance or relatives, and

which, more than any thing else, annuls the benefit of our national schools, they are by such discipline, armed with the best of securities. And on the other hand, as they have been practised to tolerate the infirmities or vices of their schoolfellows, this habit, grown a second nature, will more especially extend its toleration when the object is a parent or a connexion.

It is likewise a part of Monsieur Naville's plan, that juries of children should sit and determine upon the behaviour of their comrades, when under any imputation of misconduct, and at the end of the year general certificates of conduct must be endorsed, not only by the superintendent, but receive the signatures of every boy in the school; thus the boys become security to one another for good behaviour, as it is from their own hands that they receive the reward or punishment of their actions, and all that is mischievous in the capricious partialities or severities of a schoolmaster is obviated. Cautious management is recommended to the masters and ushers, that there be no appearance of the abuse of authority, caprice, inconsistency, favour, affection, or partial leanings of any kind. When corporal punishment becomes necessary, as must sometimes happen under the best regulated plan, the reason for its infliction, with all concomi-

tants of aggravation, is to be made clear as daylight. Without such a convincing demonstration of his error, the delinquent receives stripes, deservedly, it may be, but stripes which may harden his obduracy or teach him to be a hypocrite, but not that wholesome correction which operates through his reason and raises a becoming contrition for his offence.

Monsieur Naville's scheme of instruction is comprehensive, embracing the inculcation of moral maxims and religious principles, a respectable initiation in history, the elements of geometry, the elements of natural science, grammar, arithmetic, the art of design, music, and gymnastics.

Such is the outline of popular education taught by this distinguished divine. The details occupy two octavo volumes, replete with profound reasoning, and written in a very attractive manner. The work is highly thought of on the continent, and the author has lately been rewarded for it with a medal from the French Academy. I was surprised to find, on inquiry at some of the principal foreign libraries, and the British museum itself, that no copy of this valuable book had yet reached our shores.

The practical application of common sense is the essence of the whole scheme. "Le bon sens," says he, "est un don de la nature; nos soins le

protégent, le conservent, le secondent. Le bon sens est à l'esprit ce que la droiture est au caractère. L'education du bon sens commence des le premier age: elle se forme à l'aide de l'expérience familiere."—"Le bon sens est donc specialement confié à la garde de l'instituteur premaire."

Speaking of the scholars produced on the old superficial system, he adds, "qu'il ne considéré qu'un côte des choses au lieu d'en embrasser l'ensemble; il juge de tout quoiqu'il n'ait vu qu'une partie, il prononce avec une connaisance incomplete. De la vient que les esprits subtils sont si exposes a devenir des esprits faux; car habiles a penetrer les details ils peuvent facilement se perdre dans les details. L'esprit juste est celui que a contracté l'habitude d'invisager un objet dans toutes ses parties et dans son ensemble."

Had our Peel been brought up under such a system of using his reason freely and impartially, what a different figure this bigot would have cut! Whereas, considering his natural abilities, there is not perhaps in the world a more conspicuous example of the mischievous effects of bad early training, than we have had furnished by this precious prime minister of England. All that want of directness in his character, which his liberal countrymen have

branded with the name of apostacy, what is it but the result of early error in our system of moral training at school and the university.

I know of no such delightful sojourn as Geneva, whether taken intellectually or socially. A man's society is rated, not by wealth and honours, but mainly by the things which elevate the character, so different is the standard by which he is measured in our aristocratic circles, where rank alone is considered. No such gingerbread lackering passes here. One of our *roué* lordlings might spend a whole life time in Geneva without an invitation from a single respectable family.

Genevese society is divided into coteries, which are a sort of family aristocracies. When a man marries he has a *carte blanche* to visit all his wife's connexions and acquaintances, without needing any other introduction. But a gentleman, of no matter what superior birth, cannot bring his wife into his own rank if she is not a gentlewoman. This aristocratic feeling is pushed to a ludicrous length. A very material distinction is made between the man who lives on the hill and he who grovels at the bottom. There is a story of one poor fellow who, by his industry, was enabled to make his way up to the top, and build to himself a sumptuous dwelling, in the hopes of mounting into the best

circle, but his position left him, in a short time, so deserted, that he was glad to descend to his quondam friends on the plain, who had all cut him for his vanity; and he found it no easy matter to "whistle them back."

It was most tantalizing to taste the luxury of this cultivated society, and not have it in my power to remain longer; especially mortifying it was, on the eve of my starting, to be obliged to decline a pressing invitation to the house of the author of the Italian Republics. But the gates would have been shut before I could return, and I had fixed to set out for Chambery next morning at a very early hour.

It would ill become me to take leave of Switzerland, without a word or two of acknowledgment for the hospitalities of my valued friend Mons. Turettini Neckar, whose house is the resort of all that is most select and refined in Geneva; his family distinguished for every quality, whether in mind, manners, or accomplishments, which most elevate and adorn our nature. In such company the intellectual man feels in his proper niche. Only compare it with the very vulgar, affected, silly thing, so often yclept "good society" in Dandy England.

Here I had the pleasure of meeting with Mons. Diodati, Lord Byron's landlord at Coligny, and

he mentioned an interesting circumstance relating to the bard. On the evening of the day he left his house, Mons. Diodati sped, in breathless haste, to ascertain from the domestic in charge, if any trifle belonging to his immortal tenant might have been left behind. "Nothing whatever, sir," said the servant, "excepting a grate full of torn-up papers."—"Torn-up papers! and where are they?" "I burnt them, sir," was the mortifying answer; and so perished, doubtless, the first embryo sketches of the third canto of the "Childe," on which the poet had been occupied during the whole of his sojourn on the lake. What was the sacrilege of Califf Omar compared to this!

LETTER VI.

Mount Cenis—A knowing German—Descent of Mount Cenis—Turin—Censorship of the Press—King of Sardinia—University—Egyptian Museum—Painting Gallery—Genoa—Paganini.

I SHALL trouble you with very few spécimens of the descriptive on my journey to the south; but as it was my maiden attempt to pass the Alps, it is in vain to expect that I should altogether resist the temptation of saying something about our adventures. For the greater part of the way from Chambery, the atmosphere was so darkened by thick flakes of snow, that we could scarcely see the heads of the horses, and the tempest raved louder and louder until we turned the top of the loftiest ridge. It is impossible to forget the horrors of descending the precipices, sheeted with ice. In one especial spot, where the snow was only partially cleared away, and hardly left room enough for our carriage to pass, we were encountered by a long train of

heavily-laden waggons labouring up the steep. I saw, at once, how the case stood, and jumped out. The wheels of one particular waggon (I observed them narrowly) were within little more than a single inch of ours, which were slipping, by starts, down the shelving side of the road, within scarcely more than two geometrical feet of the brink of the "dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss," into which, without post or parapet to prevent, we were in instant danger of being hurled. There were times when the drag was quite ineffectual in arresting the flight of the wheels, which, by pressing sore on our mules, vehemently accelerated the chances of mischief. Arrived at the bottom of the descent, the snow was up to our axles, and it seemed fully as problematical that we should be able to extricate ourselves as when a fly gets deep into a honey-pot. Through this drift we continued for a long way, dragging our weary limbs half-leg deep. Now, all these obstructions and miseries would have been avoided, if the original complement of men appointed by Napoleon to keep the passes clear, had been continued; but the legitimates have managed the matter differently.

No assassin's den could present a more dismal asylum than the post-house where we took refuge for the night, and to which we had looked forward

with an anticipation of comforts to compensate all our sufferings. An English barn is a palace to it: there was not one spark of fire, nor semblance of a respectable shelter (comfort was quite out of the question), scarcely a stick of any thing like furniture, and all the winds of heaven rushing in gusts through openings in the floor. It was just such a place as you would associate with a deed of murder. We closed the room and bolted the doors, which was no sooner done than a shot was fired on the staircase; an incident in such perfect keeping with the associations roused by the *genius loci*, that my first idea was, that a murder had actually been committed. The thing turned out to be the frolic of a boy celebrating a peasant's wedding. After listening to the howlings of the storm in this horror-struck abode for half the night, we got into bed.

Before setting out next morning we had an opportunity of seeing, illustrated to admiration, the German talent for what is called "getting through the world." Just as he was about to start, one of this sagacious and imperturbable race got unmercifully dunned by every description of persons who could muster, under the pretext of a boots, porter, or lackey, on the premises, or who could prefer the shadow of an

excuse for a pecuniary demand. The German had paid only an instalment for the different services he had availed himself of, and laughed in full of all accounts for the remainder. His only rejoinder was "J'ai payé le garçon." Search was at last made for this happy wight, but no such garçon could be found; the whole fry of garçons, in fact, were his duns, and they now denied, with one consent, that any of them had received the slightest recompence or gratuity whatsoever. Tedesco still laughed, interjecting "J'ai payé le garçon;" at last, when they saw the game was up, and he was on the point of going, the whole company of garçons set up a horse-laugh, in which the German, who had decidedly the best of the joke, most heartily joined, and drove off.

The storm which seemed, the night before, likely to carry us, post-house and all, clean off the top of Mt. Cenis, had now abated, and for the first hour and-half of our descent we had a bright rosy-fingered Aurora, which presented to us the whole Alpine scenery in gorgeous magnificence. It was, indeed, a full repayment for all we had undergone. I had no idea that human beings ventured to inhabit such apparently inaccessible pinnacles as hung over us, which were studded to the very top with cottages, the gables (as I observed) uniformly

facing the precipice. Icicles, of probably not less than thirty or forty feet long, hung round us pendant from the rocks, and glittering with more than the diamond's lustre, while cascades rushed foaming through the crevices, spending their fury in the distant echo. It strikes me the rigour of winter is the best of all seasons for completely enjoying the sublime of these scenes. We descended with incredible speed, and presently found ourselves at the foot of the "Saxa subposta cœlo," jogging on at a quick pace, on a road as broad, as smooth, and as flat as any of the best Macadamised approaches to London, and about one o'clock of the same day we were safely lodged in the Albergo del Europa, at Turin. Here, at last, the spell which, for many long years, and after many attempts, seemed to forbid my ever realizing my dream of fair Italy, was dissolved;—all my anticipations of her enchanting beauties were, indeed, far outstripped by the reality. Surely no one who has been familiar with its story from infancy, can view Italy, for the first time, without inexpressible emotion.

I hardly know any town, certainly not on the continent, which surpasses Turin in cleanliness. The people, too, are all well fed and clothed, and a very active spirit of industry appeared to pervade the whole community. There seemed full employ-

ment for the labouring poor. Many were occupied in banking out the river, which often does monstrous damage to the bordering fields; and, as if this natural calamity were not sufficient, the farmers, in a vindictive spirit, have been known to turn the inundation to very unpardonable purposes, sluicing it mischievously upon their neighbours, during the night. Serious quarrels are the consequence, and nothing, certainly, can be more aggravating than for a man to find himself up to the neck in a flood, which is to blight the whole hopes of his crop, while he searches in vain to ascertain the offender. On one occasion of this sort a farmer bolted, at the top of his speed, for a lawyer, and was seized by one of his next neighbours, accusing him as the author of a similar disaster to himself. In his perturbation, before setting off for the lawyer, he had, unheedingly, drawn up a floodgate to let the water off, by which act he unconsciously deluged the farm in his vicinity—et hinc illæ lachrymæ.

My short stay admitted of my knowing little of the political or social state of Turin. The same system of keeping the people in ignorance prevails here as in other parts of Italy. There is a strict censorship of the press; hardly an English book is to be seen but the eternal Walter Scott, whose Tory principles have obtained for him a place in

all the shop-windows over the continent; yet, is the king said to make books his hobby, especially such as are of a religious character.

His majesty goes seldom to any public place but to church, which he visits most punctually twice every day. Among his various royal vocations, he is first box-keeper to the opera. The boxes are all at his disposal; so that if strangers are not so fortunate as to obtain a royal order, they must make up their minds to dispense with the luxury. The people look upon him as a prodigy of learning, lauding his "testa fina," as immeasurably above the common run of heads. He has likewise some most praiseworthy domestic properties, works in his garden, and is up regularly every morning at five o'clock. The affections of his majesty are undivided for Turin; his other capital of Genoa, is seldom honoured with his presence, though he is bound by a contract with his subjects that he shall pass some portion of every year in that city; but he takes care to make his visit as short as he can, consistently with his obligation. While we stopped at Turin, we had an opportunity of seeing the whole garrison drawn out in *grande tenue* in honour of a new commandant, the Count de la Tour, and they really had much less of a Coventry look than I expected. His majesty turned out

eighteen beautiful bay English horses on the occasion. While I was gazing at the royal *cortége* I found a priest planted close at my elbow, looking up into my face with a peculiar earnestness. He desired to know where I lived, as he presumed I was an Englishman. When I named the Albergo del Europa, "That," said he, "is the very best inn in all Turin," making broad allusion to the merits of the table-d'hôte. "You know it well, I suppose," said I. "No," said he; passing his forefinger two or three times perpendicularly across his nose to express negation, and with a look and gesture evidently implying that he suffered no trifling regret in not having the means of making so desirable an acquaintance;—the hint was thrown away. I too well knew the gastronomic propensity of his order, and encouraged the dialogue no further. He instantly vanished.

The nobility here are tremendous exclusives, companying with nobody of a rank lower than themselves. The middle classes, including trades, professions, and commerce, are no more accounted of than so much *canaille*. The laws are the royal *jubeo*, and the judges all dependent on the crown.

The university numbers some respectable names. The salary of a professor is about 3000 francs, but

the teachers receive no recompence from the students, excepting when they take out diplomas. The king's eldest son was attending the lecture of the professor of natural philosophy when I visited the university, a stout pale-faced youth, and like his ugly father, of a serious, lantern-jawed, Stuart cast of countenance. In the library are some curious manuscripts, and one of the original Bibles of Thomas Aquinas; but, the greatest curiosity of all, the custode is a *liberal*.

The museum for Egyptian objects of antiquity is unrivalled. I shall only glance cursorily at those which more especially attracted my notice. As you enter, there stares you in the face an enormous Feta, with a Sesostris and Oximandias to match, all most sublimely and frightfully colossal, and in perfect integrity. Nothing indeed but a bolt from Heaven could occasion the slightest deterioration of their granite immortality. The variety of Egyptian household utensils is extensive; glass goblets perfectly transparent and entire, fine linen, and webs of beads in variegated patterns, rings of the most masterly polish, painting-brushes, and a painter's pallet, spread over with his colours, yellow, red, and dark blue, and all apparently as vivid as the day he was using them; necklaces of gold, and cornelian, and amber, ropes

and cords of all sizes, cooking vessels that might be used to day; knives, scissors, carpenter's tools of every description, nails, saws, hooks, iron and bronze daggers, arrow heads, flutes with six holes, nearly resembling some of our own, screws, pincers, sandals in fine plaited straw in the modern cut, only the toe a little turned up, and with ties to fasten over the instep, tape and thread in great quantities, rush-bottomed chairs fresh and whole; the rushes of different colours, and plaited with great nicety, footstools covered with fine scarlet cloth inwrought with needlework, beautiful straw baskets, boxes with their hinges entire, and as well finished as our choicest cabinet furniture, discuses of granite hooped with iron, long rolls of papyri, the ink of which is blacker than our best patent japan, and every hair stroke distinct. These MSS. are looked upon as an unique treasure for our future Youngs and Champollions, to facilitate whose prospective labours, a dictionary of such words as are understood is in a forward state of preparation. At the corner of one of these papyri there is a painting about two inches square, representing a lady performing on an instrument, which is a perfect fac-simile of the ancient Irish harp. She stands before it gracefully habited in the Greek costume, marking the date about the

time of the Ptolemys. I could go on filling pages with the mere inventory of articles of the rarest description, all in the most entire preservation.

Monsieur Drouetti, the curator, is preparing a catalogue *raisonné*, with copious descriptions of the whole collection. The classification is admirable. I should recommend the person or persons, to whom is committed the arrangement or derangement of the Elgin marbles, to repair hither for a lesson. Those unique objects might then have a chance of being placed in some more advantageous light, than looking as they do, like the lotted and docketed furniture of an auction room.

I might now carry you to the gallery of paintings, and hold forth for pages on the merits of the Guerinos, Marattis, Shneiders, Sartis, Bassanos, Mithers, Rubens, Vandykes, Rembrantz, &c.; but these things I leave to

"The artist and his ape,"

with two or three exceptions: one a weeping virgin, by Rubens, who weeps so dolorously, that you are more than half tempted, on the principle "si vis me flere," &c. to weep yourself. Her dairymaid face is so ruddy, and her eyes so blood-shot, that the immaculate virgin has more

the look of one of those ladies whom one has seen now and then handed off to a watchhouse, than to any hallowed impersonation of purity. A burgomaster, by Rembrantz, is considered one of the very first in the collection, and imbodies to the life, the expression of the very last stage of decrepitude, more horribly natural than it is possible to conceive. The most fiendish phiz that ever disgraced humanity, that of a Phillip II., hangs here, executed by, I have forgotten what author. The cadaverous, long-faced, thick-lipped, bloody begotted head is there to the life. Neither would it become me to slur over a Homer, by Morillo, rather an interesting anachronism. The author of the Iliad sits with a *fiddle* in his hand. Not that I am the man to refuse the claims of this divine instrument to be placed in the hands of Apollo himself, but Homer—fiddling! It is, perhaps, not easy to push much further the licence of quidlibet audendi pictoribus, &c. Beside the bard, there is another person on the canvass, who looks like an *attaché*, or some sort of secretary taking notes. A great number of the best paintings are said to have been plundered by Napoleon.

Before quitting the gallery, I had some conversation with a priest whom I stumbled upon as he was gloating over the fair proportions of a Venus,

by Titian. We at last got, somehow or other, upon the subject of Ireland; if I recollect well, it was introduced by a remark about O'Connell, and he asked many questions touching the prospects "of the first gem of the ocean," with a very special earnestness. When I told him of its present position and hopes, I put him in ecstacies. "Allora!" said he, "Irelandia commincia di renascere;" and as he said this, he tucked up his gown, forgot the Titian, made me a bow, and hurried out of the gallery.

Genoa deserves a word or two in passing, as the spot of all Italy where, Florence excepted, if splendid scenery, a healthful situation, and a town of palaces were capable of conferring happiness, I should most like to make my residence for life. But there is nothing deserving the name of society. Their nobility dream through life without occupation amidst a profusion of wealth, of which, during their lifetime at least, they never spend one farthing that they can help, either upon themselves or any one else.

The people, spite of the censor, I could perceive, are beginning to get ahead in manners, morals, and intellectuality of their feudal masters. Gibbon, Rousseau, and Voltaire, are commonly to be seen in the bookseller's window, though a strict

watch is still kept on the *expression* of opinions in reference to every subject, however remotely touching public affairs or government. It was but the other day that an English gentleman, by the determined interposition of our consul, was saved from being hurried out of the country for his politics at twenty-four hours notice.

Paganini is flourishing here like a green bay tree. He has turned his notes into cash, and built himself a palace, besides making many extensive territorial purchases at Parma, and these acquisitions, his friend the archduchess has crowned with the dignity of count. Scandal itself, I should think, can hardly summon impudence to misconstrue the archduchess's motives in conferring these favours; for, truly, Paganini is no Cupid, though we are told that he has begun of late to get into flesh.

LETTER VII.

An American Artist—A Voiturier.

In common with other curious travellers I made a tour of the palaces; but, happily for us both, recollect very little of the matter. In the far famed Sierra we had an edifying instance of the vanity of all human greatness. The brother of the lordly owner sat in the entrance, a drivelling idiot, staring vacantly at us as we passed. Poor mortals that we are; let but a man's brain be a little out of order, and what to him are all the splendours of the world!

There is a Rubens in this palace, which I will venture to say out-Rubens every other in the universe. It is Susannah and her elders, a misshapen knock-kneed hoyden, all flesh and flab, looking through a brick-dust complexion, and with such a fearful breadth of limb, that it is physically evident, had the lady been so minded, she might have floored both her ravishers at a round.

I cannot pass Carara, where we stopped for a

moment to view the marbles, without remarking, that if the Duke of Wellington sets any value on a first-rate likeness of himself, he ought to send hither for a head of his that decorates the interior of a sculptor's shop. It is the duke himself, with all the intellectual expression which distinguishes the countenance of the illustrious Doctor.

Before proceeding farther, I must stop to give you some account of a fellow-traveller, a young American artist, whose history, as he is already public property and an heir of fame, may not be uninteresting. Young Healy is my hero, and at this moment without competition, the most rising portrait painter in America. We fell in with him at Turin, on his way to Florence, Rome, and Naples, whither he was travelling for the purpose of making copies of certain great masters for the advantage of his employer. The famous Titian Venus in the tribune he was allowed six months to copy, and he finished it exactly in ten days, drawing crowds of Italian artists about him while occupied on the work. This single trait may perhaps propitiate your patience to hear the rest.

Healy, who has passed his minority only a few months, is from Boston in America; the son of an Irishman, the master of an American merchant ship, who, in the Irish rebellion of 98, emigrated

from near Dublin, and by a succession of reverses was at last reduced, with a wife and numerous family, to the most laborious and menial drudgery for a subsistence. Young Healy was a plough-boy at twelve years of age, but finding it too much for his strength, became apprenticed to a baker. It was the oven which first threw in his way the accident that acquainted him with his talent. The baker's daughters were fond of displaying before him their accomplishment of flower painting, and seeing the interest which the young apprentice took in their performance, they gave him the outline of one of their drawings to colour, and his success was such as to astonish the whole baking circle; he became a prodigious favourite, and every day a more frequent associate of his fair instructors.

His bread might be said to be now baked; his renown spread in all directions, and led speedily to independence of circumstances. Indeed, from the very first, his good genius seemed to put him specially in the way of bread, as from being a plougher and baker, Ceres was now resolved on making him a confectioner. He was taken into the employ of a person in the latter line for three years, during which period he snatched every moment to flirt with his favourite muse, which drew down the

displeasure of a most arbitrary and scurrilous task-master, who looked upon the time spent with his pencil as only so much dead loss to his interests.

Healy was now obliged to seek for his models in the windows of the printshops of Boston, where, with his trough of pies and patties on his head he lingered on many an errand. What he saw he copied from memory, for he was unable to purchase. After enduring much rough treatment, he was at last turned off by the man of pastry with the comfortable assurance at parting, that "so idle a fellow would never be worth one farthing." The only thing that grieved Healy at this change in his fortune, was being displaced from a situation which enabled him to give food to his famishing parents, for whose sustenance he assured me he was often obliged to borrow a meal of potatoes. "This," said he, "was the most trying moment of my life, but it put me on my metal." He now bethought him of turning sign painter and colour grinder, in which latter occupation he found employment from a sister artist, a professional portrait painter, and his signs were in a short time decorating half the gay shops of Boston. He now had an opportunity of cultivating the higher reaches of his art. A butcher of his acquaintance engaged him to do his likeness, in which he succeeded so marvellously, that the picture soon became the

talk of the neighbourhood, and proved the occasion of his getting his first order to paint portraits for money. An *Ecce homo* was his maiden public work, and was purchased for ten dollars to decorate an altar-piece. He now rapidly multiplied the number of his patrons and employers. A lieutenant in the navy, whose likeness he had successfully taken, introduced him to an American lady of great talent and influence, who entered most warmly into his interests. Her portrait by the pencil of her *protegé*, was hung up in the gallery of a public exhibition at Boston, and attracted the admiration of all artists. Healy was required to accompany her round the gallery on the day the painting was first exhibited, and was the *lion* of every eye. Artists and amateurs, with the whole mob of those who only echo their opinions, vied with each other who should pay the most extravagant compliment to the rising genius. Jealousy and squint-eyed envy herself, were obliged to hide their heads, or to wear smiles of congratulation to the wonder of the hour. His pencil was daily rewarded with new triumphs. He hired chambers which were filled to overflowing with sitters, his portraits rose from ten to twenty dollars, and fortune poured in a full tide of encouragement.

This account I drew out of our young friend between Lucca and Pistoia, during an appalling

night of rain. It was dark as pitch, the coachman had forgot to provide himself with lamps, and we were often in considerable danger. A happy thought, at last, set all to rights. We happened to have provided our viaticum with a few wax tapers, which we lighted, and held opposite the windows; by which means a gloomy and perilous journey was converted, by the aid of the young artist's artless story (a more modest creature than Healy does not live), into one of the most agreeable *conversaziones* imaginable. These are long details, but to you the history of rising genius I know can never be tiresome.

Healy quite confirmed me in an opinion which, many years ago, I pressed, in discussing the contents of the Louvre. I allude to the injury done to genius by the practice of *copying*. He found it, he said, very seriously hurtful. The attention required to mechanical and artificial details, by suspending the exercise of his invention, became much more injurious to him than a simple sacrifice of time. In place of the delight he was accustomed to enjoy in copying from nature, his farmed labours in the galleries were positive suffering, leaving him weary and unsatisfied, oppressing his spirits, and converting into ennui the whole fascination of his art. The reason is obvious. It is nature alone that breathes the breath of life

into the artist; and she will not be deprived of her worship by an idol. Whence it follows, that a due aversion to the practice of copying becomes, perhaps, not one of the least certain indications of original genius. Healy is convinced his best effort was the "Butcher's Head," taken from the original on the butcher's shoulders, before he ever heard of such a thing as a picture gallery, or a *studio*, or knew so much as a single rule of his art.

But it is wasting your time to dwell on the illustration of a principle so self-evident, and of which the whole history of genius teems with examples. Nor should I have troubled you on the subject at all, but that this abominable practice of devoting whole years of the most docile time of life to copying, has been, and I believe is still recommended by some of the first-rate authorities in the academy. All history acquaints us that every great artist chooses his own path to the temple of fame, and perhaps no two travellers ever took precisely the same route. When the natural stamina is insufficient for mounting the steep, all accessory help will be of no avail; all the training and nursing in the world will be utterly unprofitable. The Spartan, for wise reasons, never thought it worth while to rear a puny child, and no one will doubt that many an artist among us ought to have been drowned or smothered at his

birth, to save him from a life of poverty and mortification.

There was, along with Healy, another young American, originally of considerable promise, who visited Italy for the express purpose of copying the inspiration of the Raphaels and Titians. After labouring a full year he turned his back upon the galleries, in a fit of despair, and steamed it off to the United States, completely disgusted with his profession, and determined, he said, to turn to some more profitable employment.

Before we go further, I will beg to encroach for a few moments, with an account of the treatment we received from a *voiturier*, of whom we had hired horses to take us from Genoa to Florence. It is a law case, which must be my excuse for laying it before your lordship; besides, the result may not be without its uses, as a direction and a warning to others who travel the same road.

Though the rascal *voiturier* was tied up by all the forms of a written agreement, you will see that he contrived to violate every article with the most perfect impunity, screened by the law of Lucca. The dog was patiently borne with until our arrival at that city, when fresh aggressions, aggravated by new and most unsufferable impertinences, determined me to try my hand at Italian justice, and lodge a formal complaint before the *juge de paix*,

who, I think, you will allow, is as accomplished a knave as ever strutted in ermine. I argued the case myself, before the court, which I was obliged to do in Italian, from documents drawn up in French. The pleadings lasted about an hour and a half. My *compagnons de voyage* were cited as my witnesses. Defendant was summoned by the president, together with the waiter of our hotel, a precious scoundrel, with whom my adversary had concerted his defence, woven throughout of the most impudent assertions and misrepresentation. Considerable difficulties beset me in arguing the case. I commenced by reading the original contract in French, but of French or English our justice knew no more than of Sanscrit—(at Lucca the English language is little understood, the English nation and all appertaining to it detested)—and this obliged me to translate every sentence, word for word, into Italian. The contract recited that defendant was to carry me and my friends, within a specified time, at a certain round sum, and a good round pace, to the capital of Tuscany. To come to particulars, Laniere Lazzaro (so the vexatious *ligurian* was called) was bound,

1st. To furnish us excellent horses.

2d. To start every morning at six, reaching his diurnal destination at the same hour of the evening.

3d. To require no advance of money until we should reach Florence.

My complaint was grounded on the prepense and most wanton violation of all these three articles. Imprimis; the horses were knocked up before we got over half the journey. Secondly; Lazzaro required us to rise sometimes a good hour *before*, and never got to his destination for hours *after* the time so expressly stipulated. This charge was overruled; justice holding that the accidents of the road, and vicissitudes of the season (the roads and season were both unexceptionable), might render the fulfilment impracticable, though it was not even attempted to prove that the slightest accident had occurred to impede us. The last and principal grief, was his refusal at Lucca to carry us on without an advance of money, contrary to the very letter of the contract; which, as I have said, expressly stipulated that he was not to receive one sous until his arrival at Florence. This point our most righteous judge was obliged to decide in our favour; and rated the fellow most unmercifully, before all the listening clerks and tipstaffs. I set forth very specially the objectionable conduct of one of the wheel horses; who, when pressed beyond his taste up a hill, had a custom of composing himself to rest at full length, without any regard to the inconveniences of our detention, or

the terms of the contract, or the danger of the position to which his indolent habits had exposed us; which position was, on one occasion, on the very brink of a precipice; on another, at the extreme edge of a ferry, when, only a miracle prevented his oversetting himself and his companions in harness, carriage, *voiturier*, and all (we had taken the precaution to get out) into the water. This recital was listened to with a most insolent sneer by his lordship, who said it was rather vexatiously wasting the time of the court than advancing the interests of sound justice.

In my peroration, I insisted that the misconduct of Lazzaro's refusing in the spirit of Dives to budge beyond Lucca without an advance of money, was seriously aggravated, by his having already profited by our liberality to nearly half the amount of his contract, and that these several acts, and omissions, and exactions must be considered as a complete release from our engagement, leaving us at liberty to pursue the rest of our journey with another *voiturier* at Lazzaro's expense, and I prayed the court accordingly. His lordship would, on no account, admit the prayer of my petition. This double-dealing dog-eyed disgrace to all equity had the impudence to assert that the defendant by no means forfeited his agreement, and why? because he was now ready, he said, to pursue his journey on the original terms,

and if we refused, we were bound to pay up the balance and cancel the contract. "I appeal," said I, "to our English minister at Florence." "Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar, then unto Cæsar shalt thou go," was the spirit of the reply. "But you must give me a written security that there shall be no demands made upon us till our arrival at Florence, and that we receive no fresh annoyance in any shape on the road." Without such a guarantee, I threatened to hire another *voiturier* instanter, which had the effect. I obtained the written security for Lazzaro's good behaviour, after a good deal of trouble, and we started for Florence. It was a delightful drive, and put us all into such good humour, that I paid the fellow without once thinking of Cæsar or my appeal. He was humble and attentive as possible the whole way, and having borne a thorough saturation by hail and rain without a murmur, he received a douceur which perfectly astonished him, and drew forth the most extravagant expressions of gratitude and contrition.

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LETTER VIII.

Florence—Carnival—Family of Napoleon—Catalani—Schools of Florence.

We arrived, unhappily, some three or four days too soon at Florence, to escape the martyrdom of the Carnival, which, from first to last, was one unceasing deafening uproar of foolscaps. The nuisance, though generally fallen into contempt over the continent, is here unabated, assailing you at all hours, and at every corner, from four o'clock till midnight. Among them all there was not a more conspicuous cap than the grand duke himself. He kept parading about in a coach and four, a middle-aged, vulgarish-looking personage, preceded by two Patagonian domestics, selected for their dimensions no doubt, on the same principle of vanity as the Sultan chooses his dwarfs, or our king his beef-eaters, and escorted by a guard of honour in gaudy trappings. I could observe he received but very moderate homage from the crowd; his best friends (like *Burrhus mœrens et plaudans*) seemed ashamed as they made an effort

to look pleased, so that to cover his mortification, he kept up a constant lamentation with his wife, who, as accounts go, is no less magnificent and repulsive than himself.

This mummery is evidently on its last legs. Though Florence is accounted to keep it up with as small relaxation of the nonsense as any where excepting at Rome, there was not one merryandrew who supported his part with the least spirit. One of the chief characters was an emperor, mounted, after the antique, in a huge, gaudy, round-backed vehicle, or colosseum in wheels, preceded by lictors and fasces—the very dullest and most childish exhibition imaginable.

But of all bores, the beggars, after the carnival was over, were the most intolerable. Calculating on the termination of the foolery, it should seem, as the most propitious moment for besieging the susceptible and penitent frame of sinners, which succeeds to the *peccadillos* of the saturnalia, they never ceased their dunning. This season is, in fact, the grand harvest both of priests and mendicants, the sins of the people being encouraged, or piously permitted, during the carnival, only the more effectually to enhance the profits of Lent, by which means both the flesh and the spirit are made to play into the hands of the parson.

An acquaintance with the family of Napoleon was not among the least of the inducements that prevailed with us to stop a whole month at Florence. Four branches of the fallen dynasty were domiciled in this delightful capital. Prince De Montfort, the ex-king of Westphalia, Princess Survilliers, ex-queen of Spain, the Princess Lipona, ditto of Naples, and Prince de St. Leu, the ex of Holland, from each of which Xes we were honoured with the kindest attentions. The Westphalian chief is strikingly like to Napoleon, only much thinner. The princess reminded me of the charming affability of the Langravine of Hesse Homberg. Prince Montfort has two sons, the eldest of whom has been some time at the military college at Stutgard; his second son, Napoleon, a youth of twelve years of age, the very image of the emperor, remained with his father, who, with an only sister, the Princess Matilda, composed his family. The Princess Matilda is about sixteen years of age, and one of the most amiable, lovely, and accomplished of her sex: English, too, in her predilections, English in her style of beauty, and speaking our language like a native.

I have said young Napoleon is the image of the emperor; nor is the resemblance confined to his person and features. He has the same quickness

and point in his remarks. I asked him if he spoke French. "Why not?" said he. "I am a Frenchman." I apologized in French for not speaking with more fluency. "How so" said he, "when you are speaking it so well?" You find none of the frivolities about this youth that cleave to boys of his age; and in every one respect he is as well mannered as the most accomplished man of the world. I am much mistaken, should a good opportunity offer, if this youth is not heard of yet.

The soirées of the Prince De Montfort were among the most select, as well as splendid, in Florence. It would be as dry reading as the catalogue of the ships in Homer, to name the various families of the first rank, whom I have met at his parties, among whom were the Count and Countess Caselli, Monsignor Genori, grand chamberlain to the grand duke—the Duke Casigliano—Prince Vidoni—Prince Corsini—Duke de Dino—Prince Poniatowsky—Prince Saltakolf—Marquis Torregiano—Duke d'Aquino—Prince Gallizzin—Princess Dolgorouky—Countess Grimaldi—Lenzoni—Noverini—Mozzi—Martelli—Bouterling—Dubois, and a host of others whose names I forget, besides the *élite* of Germans, French, Americans, and Russians; but, with two exceptions, not one creature from England but ourselves. The Prince De Montfort has, in consequence, incurred great wrath

from my countrymen. The fact is so well known that it relieves me from any feeling of embarrassment in adverting to it. The British minister, it would appear, did not think he was courteously treated, when he wished to present some of his acquaintance, and was refused. But I would ask, what right has any British minister to presume that, as a matter of course, his introductions ought to be acceptable to Prince De Montfort? Must it follow that, because a British minister *chooses* to introduce his friends, every coxcomb of rank, or whether of rank or not, has a right to look, as a matter of course, for an unhesitating reception? We are told the grand duke made no such distinctions, and this was deemed a triumphant argument, without considering the wide difference between the two cases. All introductions to the grand duke, by our minister, are official introductions, with which his imperial highness's choice has scarcely a connexion. The Prince De Montfort lives *en particulier*. Besides, of all the nations on the face of the globe, I ask, is the English that nation for which the prince may be supposed to entertain any special predilection—the nation which persecuted his brother to the death?

Independently of other reasons, I believe the Prince De Montfort has been disgusted with our offensive and absurd *fierté*. It is not our politics;

for the Americans are received by him, and almost in every house in Florence, with as little hesitation as the natives. Let us speak out the truth: it is our sheer repulsiveness, notorious all over the world, and commented upon from the days of Lord Bacon to our own, that has procured us the distinction we complain of. This is a fact which every traveller may verify, by taking the trouble to inquire.

Poor Louis, the ex-sovereign of Holland, lingers in a deplorable state of health—half paralyzed—and lives quite in retirement; never seeing any body, with the exception of his own immediate family, or an intimate friend. Yet, when this best natured of beings understood we had a wish to be presented, he immediately fixed a day for the purpose, and received us with a kindness of manner altogether peculiar to himself. Princess Charlotte, the daughter of King Joseph, who had been married to his eldest son, did us this kind office. We arrived before the princess, and found him looking on at a game of billiards. He immediately rose, and carrying us into an interior apartment, entered into conversation. The princess was presently announced, and on entering the *salon*, the amiable Louis got up and taking both her hands in his, remained for some time apparently overcome by an overpowering emotion. The reason was after-

wards explained. That day happened to be the anniversary of her marriage with his son, whose untimely fate is so well known; and his infirm state of health was unequal to bear up against the feeling which her presence excited. The overflowing of good Louis's heart on this occasion, well accords with the character of the man who refused to wear a crown rather than become the oppressor of his subjects.

The Princess Lipona, sister of the emperor, who is still commonly addressed as Queen of Naples, is a woman of the rarest fascination of manner, and her palace the rendezvous of all that is gay and illustrious in the capital of Tuscany. Her likeness to her son, Colonel Achille Murat, struck me as quite remarkable; and the more remarkable, as Achille is so very like to Napoleon; though, what may sound paradoxical, his mother has positively not one feature in common with the emperor.

The title of Lipona, which the princess has assumed, is a *literal* retention of her claims as Queen of Naples or Napoli, the syllables being only reversed. She never formally abdicated her right to the crown. Murat, as every one knows, was put to death without having consented to any act of abdication. The princess bears her reverses with the most philosophical indifference; apparently the very happiest of the happy; commanding

equally the love and admiration of all who are honoured with her acquaintance, and share her delightful conversation.

In an apartment of her palace adjoining the grand saloon, is deposited in an enclosure of glazed frame-work, festooned with his orders of chivalry, a piled trophy of the arms presented to the hero of the "haughty plume," by the different sovereigns who were anxious to pay him their homage; swords, rifles, carbines, daggers, lances, all of the most costly workmanship, especially a scimitar from Achmet Bey, magnificently studded with brilliants. The special sword, too, which he bore through all his battles, is ornamented on the hilt with miniature enamels of the queen and her children; and in a vacant space of the armorial enclosure lies, in modest obscurity, the immortal plume itself.

> "As the morn sways o'er the tide,
> It rolled in air the warrior's guide,
> Through the smoke created night
> Of the black and sulphurous fight.
> The soldier raised his seeking eye,
> To catch that crest's ascendancy;
> And as it onward rolling rose,
> So moved his heart upon his foes."

The princess was pleased, as a memorial of her regard, to present my wife with a considerable portion of this most precious relic.

The walls of the armoury are covered with full-length portraits of the different members of the fallen dynasty; among which Murat, mounted on his charger (by Le Gros), is the veriest living representation of the chivalrous and dauntless port of the warrior.

In a small apartment, off the princess's bedroom, there stands on an elevated pedestal, the bust of Murat. None but the *élite* of her acquaintance are allowed to approach this hallowed little temple: the shrine of the idol of her pride and affections. When we were admitted, the bust was brilliantly radiated by lights, shedding a solemnity, which struck me as far more imposing than could be produced by the most sombre sepulchral style of decoration. Flowers and flowering shrubs of the choicest beauty were placed about the figure, uniting their graceful shade over the brows and forehead. The impression of solemnity may probably be accounted for by the gay contrast of these flowers and brilliant lights with the awful image of death. This gratification was reserved for the last evening we had the honour of passing at Princess Lipona's. On the same occasion, we were delighted with the well-recollected tones of Catalani's voice in a duet with her daughter, and we visited her next day at her villa, within a few miles of Florence, where she is

sumptuously lodged, and enjoys the green autumn of her days in great comfort, respected by every body, and unwearied in deeds of charity and usefulness.

I have a pleasure in speaking about Catalani, if it was only for the devotion she feels for England, which amounts to a passion, and is shown in every thing she says or does. Catalani, in fact, swears by England—she has English grates, English carpets, English chairs, English bedsteads and bedcurtains, and the beds are covered with our counterpanes. She never speaks of England but with enthusiasm, and, if her arrangements will permit, she does not despair of passing the remainder of her life on our shores. Catalani is an universal favourite in all the best society at Florence, on account of qualities that will long survive her voice, for it need hardly be remarked that her vocal powers are a little on the wane.

It put me at ease, during my intercourse with the Florentines, to learn from Prince de Montfort that there is now nothing like the same strict watch kept upon the conversation and movements of strangers, which, but a few years since, rendered an Englishman's sojourn in any part of Italy so hazardous. The emperor, it seems, has never ventured, in this part of the peninsula, to make very free with the liberty of the subject, the distinction

being that he *governs* in the north, but is contented with merely *using his influence* in his Tuscan dominions. Should your politics be suspected at Milan, suspicion and guilt are synonymous, from that moment you are a marked man. Any one, stranger or native, who is known, in the north of Italy, to have spoken or published opinions hostile to Nicolas or his holy confraternity, has his name punctually chronicled in a black book, ready to be dealt with on the first opportunity.

While observing the actual position of the family of Napoleon settled in Florence, I could not help reflecting on the pitiful policy which, at this time of day, excludes these inoffensive people from the freest access to every part of the continent! Yet, here is the poor wife of King Joseph, bed-ridden for years, a mere cripple, on her couch, deprived of the comfort of her husband's society, and all this from the dread of his hatching rebellions, and turning Europe upside down. Surely nothing can be more impolitic or contemptible in the legitimates than this most needless severity—nothing more clearly evidences the feeling of insecurity which still haunts them; besides, the greater number of the kings and queens of Napoleon's family are superannuated, or dead, and three more must soon follow.

The history of the ancestry of this extraordinary

man, some records of which have been put into my hands by a friend of the family, is not, I believe, very generally known. It appears the Bonapartes were always a most ambitious and stirring people. The first of the race known to history was one Jean Bonaparte, and deputed, in the thirteenth century, as envoy to Padua, to procure explanations relative to an armament which that town was fitting out to act against Treviso. A work, entitled the Chronique de St. Mauro, mentions the said Jean as one of the first who received the order of St. Jacques, in Spain. In 1270, we are informed of a Bonsembiante Bonaparte, as a knight of the order of the Cavallieri Gaudenti, diplomatically employed in the northern states of Italy. Nordillo Bonaparte was, in 1272, a syndic of Treviso, and bore a prominent part in the Italian wars of that period. In 1319, the Chevalier Pierre Bonaparte was sent as ambassador to the court of the emperor Frederick of Austria, and his son Oderic to Venice. The family are supposed to have now emigrated, and here begins the *hiatus maxime deflendus* in the Napoleon genealogy. About this time, it is thought, they became divided in their political views, one part espousing the cause of the Guelphs, and the other of the Ghibbelines, and hence these branches of the family got the surnames of Bonaparte and Malaparte. Louis Marie Fortune

Bonaparte passed over to Corsica in 1612, during a war with the Genoese, and finally settled at Ajaccio, which has given rise to the current notion that this race was originally Corsican.

We further discover, in a work entitled the Decime Granducali, that one of the Bonapartes was exiled from Florence by the Guelphic faction, "*ob nimiam potentiam.*" The gentleman of whom this is related, resided in Florence, and was there familiarly known by the name of the Ghibbeline.

Nor were these people less early distinguished for their literary attainments than political enterprise. There is extant a history of the "Sack of Rome" in 1527, composed by a Jacques Bonaparte, who writes as an eye-witness, and details the horrors of that event with great force and eloquence. Besides, a history of the university of Pisa, from the pen of the celebrated professor Fabrucci, acquaints us that several individuals of this distinguished race were remarkable for literary accomplishments, particularly Nicolas, who was the first to introduce the study of the law into that seat of learning; and, to wind up my history, it is recorded in an inscription on a monument in the church of St. Francis, at San Miniato, that one of the forefathers of Napoleon was a priest.

As a specimen of Napoleon's early epistolary style, I insert the following copy of a letter, which

was written by him when lieutenant of artillery, in his 17th year. The original is hung up in a bookseller's shop in Geneva, to whom it was addressed. He seems to have felt a particular interest in the history of his country, and began early to acquaint himself with its details. Query, whether he was not then storing his mind with a view of sending to the press that identical work to which the Prince of Canino alludes, in his lately published volume. The work, it appears, by the prince's account, was destroyed by Paoli, and it is supposed, by fire. The letter is as follows:

"Je m'adresse directement à vous, monsieur, pour vous prier de me faire passer *les mémoires de Madame de Warens et de Claude —— pour servir de suite aux Confessions de J. J. Rousseau,* je vous prierai également de m'envoyer les 2 derniers volumes *de l'histoir des Revolusions de Corse, par l'Abbe Gerucanes,* je vous serais obligé de me donner note des ouvrages que vous avez sur l'îsle de Corse; ou que vous pouriez me procurer promptement.

"J'entend votre réponse pour vous envoyer l'argent à quoi à la montera.

"Vous pourez a dresser votre lettre:

"*A Monsieur De Buonaparte, officier d'Artilerie, au régiment de fere en garnison à Valence en Dauphiné.*

"Je suis, monsieur, avec une parfaite consideration,

"Votre très humble et très obeissant, &c. &c.

"BUONAPARTE,

"Officier d'Artilerie.

"*Valence en Dauphiné, le* 29 *Juillet, à M. Paul Barde.*"

There was nothing in the "Fair Florence" that afforded me satisfaction equal to that which I derived from the popular school establishments; I know that for troubling you with some details of these matters no apology will be necessary. I begin with the arrangement and working of the infant schools; the children were ranged on circular benches tier above tier in the form of an amphitheatre, the teacher seated directly in front, with a desk resembling a painter's easel at his side; upon which were exhibited such objects as were needed to illustrate the subject of his discourse, which was delivered in a way peculiarly calculated to keep up a lively interest among his juvenile hearers, and always having for the aim of his narrative deeply to impress some moral sentiment. The subject of the lecture when I visited the school, was the illustration of a deed of benevolence, and on the easel was placed a painting representing an aged matron relieving a pauper. All eyes were fixed on the picture, and every ear

erect for the explanation. No restraint was imposed upon the expression of their feelings. He who liked might laugh outright or point his finger, or nudge his neighbour, or wriggle about on his seat as much as he pleased. By turns they were attentive; grave or gay, or restless, according as the humour flitted, but never, apparently for a moment, either weary or indifferent. The lecturer was interrupted frequently by some of the party eagerly striving to be the first to help him out with his explanation, or in starting some question, or in making some remark; all of which interruptions met with unlimited indulgence. When a boy rose to make an observation, every eye was fast upon him. To one especial boy, noted for his quickness, they listened with a reverence and respectful silence that would have done honour to a graver assembly. From first to last of the proceeding, the whole party appeared as much delighted and interested as ever was mamma's darling while listening to the story of "Mother Goose," or "Jack the Giant Killer."

As the master concluded each portion of his exposition, the children were interrogated severally as to their notions of what they had just heard, and their misconceptions rectified, or their responses, if correct, encouragingly applauded. When a boy made a slip, generally some other helped

him out; so that an excitement was kept up during the whole of this intellectual exercise little inferior to the eagerness of children engaged in some game. When, as very rarely happened, their attention seemed to flag a little, or wander from the business in hand, the master had only to ring a little hand-bell, and at the first tinkle they folded their arms with the expertness of a platoon of soldiers, and once more fixed their eyes steadfastly on the lecturer.

After the business was over, the little bell sounded, and every whisper was hushed; at a second tinkle the party were on their legs, and the third set all in motion, marching in the lock-step, the whole group filing off and keeping time very respectably until they were halted in the adjoining apartment, where they partook of refreshments. The walls of this saloon were lined all round with benches, covered with plates and spoons. In front of these benches the little army formed in close order, each before his own respective plate, and after chanting a short hymn, which they did in parts with a most pleasing effect, they fell to work with some capital soup.

Several ladies at Florence, of the highest rank, take a personal and active interest in the great and good work of nursing this Hercules in his cradle, who, we are to hope, may one day lend

hand to rid the world of the monsters that still linger in its deserts. Nor does this moral discipline terminate with childhood. Lancaster establishments have likewise begun to be formed here, which receive children from seven years of age and upwards; the grand aim, as in the infant schools, being mainly directed to the exercise of the reasoning and moral faculties. For the more effectual support and protection of these schools, a society is organized to superintend their management, composed of some of the leading noble families of Florence, and their exertions have already been crowned with the most encouraging results.

In the last published report of the society, (printed statements are regularly published for general information) we read, "that its members, after obtaining the most minute information, are enabled to declare that the children educated at these schools have carried with them into the world, the most exemplary habits of sobriety and industry; and moreover, that their superior intelligence above the rest of their own class of life, has in no degree unfitted them (as our parsons have insisted) to look upon the obligation to work for their bread as any hardship or degradation; but that, on the contrary, it has eminently qualified them to succeed in the different lines of business in which they have engaged."

LETTER IX.

Country Schools — Rural Clergy — Agriculture — Cattle-breeding—Landlord and Tenant—Academies—Society of the Miserecordia—Law—Police—Grand Duke.

At Sienna, infant schools are already in a flourishing state. A dogged opposition was attempted by the government, when the people first set about the work; and they were indebted to an old custom for a complete triumph. The Siennese have long been famous for horse-racing. At the approach of the racing season they are in the habit of assembling *en masse* at beat of drum, and to facilitate their congregating, the town is divided into contrade or districts, each contrada distinguished by its proper banners and colours. This custom of assembling the multitude was taken advantage of, for collecting their sentiments relative to the establishment of the schools. The Siennese have ever been conspicuous for rooted republican principles, and the grand duke, seeing the inhabitants determined, and somewhat

formidable by their numbers, was, at last, most *graciously* pleased to accede to their wishes.

Leghorn has had infant schools established under the royal sanction, and a similar boon will, no doubt ere long, be accorded to Florence: at present they are barely tolerated here. But may I not have reckoned rather too sanguinely on the promises held out by these incipient establishments; for even if they took root and spread, who can count upon their continuance for a single day, while the breath in their nostrils depends so entirely upon the caprice of his imperial highness, or his master in the north. The hour of their success, which should make the least uncomfortable impression on the imperial nerves would infallibly be the last of their existence.

The country schools in this part of Tuscany (and the remark, I believe, applies to the greater portion of the grand-duchy) are of the most wretched description, and like some of our worst are solely under the direction of the clergy. Just as at our Sunday schools, the whole amount of instruction is reading and writing, a little singing of psalms and *saying* of catechisms. An English lady, who has lately taken up her residence near to Florence, is doing much to introduce a better system. She has, with a wise policy, conciliated the people, by the introduction of improvements in

agriculture, and such is her influence already with the clergy, that she has obtained their consent to make the bible a school book; the only condition required, being simply that no other version shall be used besides that of the Vulgate. Neither do they prevent her, though a Protestant, from giving her own exposition of its contents: in short, in place of being offended at her interference, they express themselves quite delighted and grateful for the pains she is taking for the improvement of the rising generation.

The clergy in the rural districts are a very useful set of men, always to be found at their post, relieving the distressed, consoling the afflicted, aiding with their counsel, healing differences, or ministering to the bed of sickness, busy at all hours, in short, in every work of active Christian charity. In return, they exact no tithes. Not so much as a single company of infantry is put in requisition to collect a farthing of tax for the church, from one end of the Grand Duchy to the other. This rural clergy are wholly dependent on the gratuities of their flock, and in some places their feet are strangers to the luxury of a shoe or stocking. The higher sort live in comparative ease, and the highest, as happens to the highest every where, are pampered and crammed like Christmas turkeys. A few of the bishops receive

from twelve to fifteen thousand ducats a year—an immense sum for Tuscany, though the average revenue is not above three or four thousand dollars.

These rustic parsons are often put very much to their shifts to make out a livelihood; some have actually so little of the gentleman in their style of Christianity as to stoop to the vulgarity of working, like St. Paul, with their own hands, in the cultivation of a vineyard or a garden, and for this unpardonable profanation the only return made to the church is, that the hard earnings of the poor are spared, and they are enabled to support their families. How very far removed are the humble virtues of such a clergy from the Protestant purity and charity which dignifies the active tithe-hunting apostle of Ireland!

The ignorance of the peasantry on every subject connected with husbandry is perfectly incredible; nor is the intelligence of stewards and factors much more respectable. Large tracts of land are left without any cultivation at all, owing to the government deluging the market with the produce of other countries, though, with any justice to the soil, I am assured Tuscany alone produces more grain than the whole population could consume. Nor is the art of improving the breed of cattle much better understood, or practised. The best cows and horses are imported,

the greater part of the former brought from Switzerland; the horses from the Roman states. My friend, however, is exerting herself to remedy these evils, with a disinterested zeal and perseverance which do her infinite credit. She is especially successful in producing an improved stock of black cattle, so that her cows are now admitted by the natives themselves, to be quite equal to any from abroad. She complained to me, heavily, of the stubborn opposition she had had to encounter to her cattle-breeding, finding it almost impossible to get the people to surrender their prejudice against big heads. ' No matter what quantity of excellent milk her cows gave, how easily fattened, or the flesh how finely flavoured, no imaginable merit could make up to them for a "testa brutta;" although their first poet and authority on the subject, expressly commends an ugly head as the very test of excellence :

——— optima torvæ
Forma bovis cui turpe caput.———

Nothing in the shape of a lease or written contract passes between landlord and tenant. Farms are taken on the ancient immemorial terms of half-outlay half-profit. The landlord supplies a moiety of the manure, and the losses and profits are divided equally between him and his tenant. The

proprietor, however, binds himself to make the fences at his own expense, and to dung the fresh planted vines for three successive seasons, the cultivator providing and repairing the cheaper implements of husbandry at his own charge; the more costly, as carts, harrows, ploughs, are kept in repair at the expense of both parties.

The extent of farms about Florence is, generally, from twenty to twenty-five acres of our measure; the ordinary stock, a brace of oxen, a horse, a couple of cows, and a doctor, by which name they dignify a donkey. There is no farm without its doctor, as there is no family without its parson.

No better landlords are to be found than the Tuscan. Their fault is, to be rather indulgent to their tenantry. The nature of their half-profit half-loss engagement has an excellent effect in keeping up a friendly intercourse. Both have an equal interest in the soil, as their advantages are mutual. In case of any dispute requiring a recourse to the law, the landlord is almost always sure to "go to the wall." If he has a wish to eject his tenant, he may do so at a moment's notice, but if he eject him within the first three years, he cuts off his nose to vex his face, as the tenant, at quitting, has the power of charging half of every improvement he makes, half of every stick he plants, or cabbage he raises, so that the expenses of the landlord for manure, which he is bound to

supply for three years, besides the cost of hedging and ditching, are so much dead loss.

Excepting the land-tax (twenty-five per cent.) and what is called the family-tax, which is trifling, the peasantry have no other public burden. All over and above this is clear gain.

The average rate of a labourer's wages is, from fourteen crazie to two pauls. The grand duke gives only fourteen crazie; but my friend finds the higher rate of wages produces more than an equivalent return. The Tuscan peasantry are proverbially industrious, and are all well clad, *quoad* coat and small clothes; shirt they have none, probably in conformity to the Virgilian precept "*Nudus ara, sere nudus.*" They are, besides, the most abstemious drudges in the world; their ordinary fare in summer, bread and water, or water with a miserable dilution of wine, and in winter a few French beans in place of bread. A fiascone, or gallon, of *vin du pays*, costs about three pence, and no moderate peasant's family consumes more than this quantity in a week. Drunkenness, or any approach to it, is unknown.

While remarking upon the popular schools, it was wrong to overlook some notice of the academies for the instruction of the higher. They are all conducted strictly on the old monkish system: the chief things taught, are Greek, Latin, theology, natural history, astronomy, and experimental phi-

losophy, and as far as I could learn, the lectures are of considerable merit; but the very name of political economy is unheard of, or indeed any work connected with government, beyond the pages of Aristotle and Plato.

The strictest eye is kept upon all new publications. There are two censors, a lay and a clerical; the one, the veriest Philpotts of orthodoxy, suffers no scandal to established articles of faith, while his colleague is no less fastidious in his political creed. Morgan's Italy, is of course proscribed, *et hoc genus omne.* Her merits are, however, not unknown to the Florentines, and her reputation as a writer, they say, would stand still higher with them, "if she were somewhat less egotistical, and not quite so little ceremonious about her facts."

During my sojourn at Florence, an accident occurred which gave me an opportunity of witnessing the working of one of the most ancient and valuable of their charitable institutions. One evening, about eight o'clock, more than a hundred persons were precipitated from the top story of a house to the cellar. The party had been amusing themselves with private theatricals, and their weight, too much for the crazy rafters, bore down the garret floor. The company seeing the floor sinking, and their fate inevitable, screamed so horribly as to be heard all over the neigh-

bourhood. The crash was appalling; six were dug out of the rubbish crushed to death, seventy-eight hurt more or less seriously, and hardly one escaped a broken bone, excepting a woman in a state of pregnancy who threw herself out of the second story. The most prompt assistance was rendered to the survivors by that admirable society called the "Miserecordia," which is formed of persons of all ranks, from the grand-duke down, and has, for its object, the supply of instant relief in all casualties. The signal for the assembling of the "Miserecordia" is a kind of auricular telegraph. Accidents are announced by the ringing of a bell, when the members, without a moment's delay, rush to the place of meeting, no matter at what hour of the night or day, all clothed in black hoods, to prevent their being recognized. When the bell rings rapidly, and rings twice, it is the signal of a very grave accident, and the society are warned to make all possible haste to render succour. If there have been three peals, the indication is that of an absolutely fatal case, and the people take the matter leisurely; but, on every occasion, slight or grave, to avoid exciting unnecessary alarm, a dispatch is sent with all possible speed to apprize the friends and relations of the sufferers.

The grand-duke is always among the foremost at his post. When the sick are to be carried to

the hospital, or the dead to the grave, he is the first to put his shoulder to the litter or the bier. It is a settled rule of the institution, that whoever suffers from an accident (the grand-duke himself not excepted), if he has been succoured by the "Miserecordia," receives one paul a day, until he is pronounced convalescent.

My inquiries respecting the administration of justice, led to information very little creditable to the state of the law and legal profession. The judges are all appointed by the crown, and not only dependent on the will of the sovereign but miserably paid. The laws are a *mélange* of what is called the *Statuta urbis* (a *lex non scripta*), and the laws of the Medici comprising thirty-six folios. The only portion of the code Napoleon retained is, that which relates to commerce, and even this is greatly modified. Every other part of the code is fallen into desuetude, though the royal promise that it should be continued, in its substantial validity remains unredeemed, from the days of the holy alliance to the present. Tuscan law is, in short, but a stalking horse; the rule of justice, summarily the will of the court. The grand-duke is absolute: he may arrest on any pretence, or without any pretence at all. At any hour of the twenty-four a man may be sent to jail for an indefinite length of time, or for his whole life.

The notary, who takes the first *procès verbal* in criminal cases, has an unlimited power to confine the accused until all his inquiries and vexatious interrogatories are satisfied ; he may even compel fasting until the prisoner's conscience is sufficiently purified to enable him to satisfy the notary. If he is brought to trial and condemned, he may appeal to a higher court, but the chances of his being better treated there, we may believe, are hardly less problematical. His last refuge is to a tribunal called the *consulta,* similar to the French "Cour de Cassation," which failing to be satisfactory, there remains the *dernier ressort* by a reference to the grand-duke, who, as matter of course, either confirms the sentence of the tribunals, or remands appellant to the judges who have already pronounced upon his case. The unhappy shuttlecock's purse is in this manner emptied into the lawyer's pocket, nor is it likely to reconcile an honest man to these vexations to see, as often happens, that the most criminal offender, with a smart pair of heels, may take refuge from duke, justice and all, on the other side of the frontier, and be secure against all further annoyance. In the gravest criminal cases, the condemned seldom or never suffer capital punishment, and yet such description of crime is very rare in Florence.

Nor are the police less summary in their way of doing business. I shall mention one memorable instance, to show the extent of capricious authority with which they are invested. One Ciantelli, at the head of his myrmidons, arrested fifty persons at a swoop. It was such an outrage on all decency, that a lady, feeling for the credit of the country, ventured to remonstrate, in the strongest terms, with the grand duke, asking him "if he really considered his subjects as savages." The result of this fair lady's intercession was, that the whole party were set immediately at liberty, and Ciantelli, for his wanton abuse of power, punished with a decoration, 3000 dollars a-year, and leave to retire from his office.

Under such a *régime* it will not be supposed that libels are very frequent. If a man be convicted of publishing any thing unpalatable to the government, he is instantly sent to a superior description of jail, called *casa di forza*, where, according to the nature of his offence, he may have a chance of passing three, four, or five years; though a discretion is reserved to the duke to incarcerate for life. Of late there has been a relaxation in respect to speech. The people are allowed a long tether in the licence of talking, provided their opinions stop short of the press, and it would seem there is some mitigation of late, also, touching the

sale of books, as you may now and then stumble upon such works as Rousseau, Voltaire, Boccacio, Sismondi, and others of this class. The social contract itself is an actual item in the catalogue of the circulating library of Florence.

If he is not greatly misrepresented, there can be no fitter instrument for the purposes of his employer, than his imperial highness of Tuscany; he is bigotted, weak, passionate, and obstinate. His chief claim to popularity rests on his passion for public improvements; he is a prodigious repairer of churches, a picture-fancier and collector, and first-rate road maker. As a proof of his Catholic zeal, no one is admissible to any of the offices under government whose conscience labours under a scruple to swallow, by wholesale, the religion of the state. He gets credit, moreover, neither for good manners nor the best of tempers, and these negations are crowned with, what an Italian never forgives, a *testa tedesca.*

I have already said he is hardly more than civil to my countrymen, who have had the honour of being presented. But it is not, perhaps, quite fair to lay the whole blame upon his highness. The emperor, we are told, wishes the grand duke to make their sojourn at Florence as little comfortable as may be consistent with appearances, and to this policy some ascribe the vexations to which

all foreigners are indiscriminately exposed about passports. When a stranger arrives he must deposit his passport at the *Presidenza del buon Governo*, and if he intends sojourning above three days, fortify himself (*munursi*) with a billet of residence, to obtain which, he is obliged to appear in person once every month, that all the peculiarities of his features and figure, and manners, may be duly re-examined; stating, moreover, how much longer he purposes to protract his stay. This inquisition he is required to submit to with the most unfailing punctuality, and in default thereof may be warned off the premises at a few hours notice.

Apart from any political objection to us, to do the grand duke justice, our countrymen, by all accounts, are far from always the most prepossessing of visiters. One hardly knows what to believe of the many tales in circulation about us at foreign courts. It would appear that these are the places where we are most particularly ambitious to shine. Not long since, an Englishman at a supper which concluded an entertainment given by the grand duke, became so enamoured of the champagne that, in the overflow of his social feeling and good fellowship, he found it impossible to resist the temptation of carrying the bottle about to his friends. A national trait, similar in spirit, I recollect being related while I was in Belgium, of some of

our countrymen who were entertained by the Prince of Orange at Brussels. After the rest of the company had retired, an English party set to afresh, and "kept it up" to an hour so late as to make it necessary to convey a hint that, in future, such testimonies to the good cheer of the landlord would be dispensed with. No one is less likely to relish such manners than his imperial highness of Tuscany, whom all accounts agree to describe as a most inaccessible personage, without one spark of *bonhommie* in his whole composition. His domestics are carefully drilled never to allow him to be intruded upon under any pretence whatever; but, as the best human precautions will sometimes fail us, his Imperial Highness was doomed, on a late occasion, to experience the inefficacy of this domestic arrangement. A card was brought to him inscribed, "American Minister." The servant was desired, by the bearer, to say, that he waited for an audience, which was instantly accorded. The minister had a long interview. On applying to the consul, the duke, to his inexpressible horror, discovered that this American minister was no other than a plain Yankee Methodist parson, who chose to write minister on his card. The affair got wind, and was long a standing joke against the duke. It was an American who related to me the particulars, chuckling "pretty considerably" during his

narrative, at the extreme indignation felt by the grand duke, who, it seems, was annoyed beyond measure to find his imperial affability had been so freely lavished on this demure faced apostle of the Gentiles, the very antipodes of every thing for which he entertained the least earthly respect, whether as to condition, country, manners, or opinions.

We certainly are not popular with the Florentines. Our style of fashion is joked upon. I was doomed to hear one of our ambassador's wives made the butt of many spicy jests for her vulgar affectation of finery, particularly in displaying a blaze of diamonds wherever she was invited, and, having a habit of viewing her person with much complacency whenever she passed a mirror, she got the *sobriquet* of Signora Vittrina. Even to our pink of dandies, Lord Burghersh, they took exception, and swore half the things in his operas are plagiarisms. But what most generally moves their mirth is our affectation of *virtú*, and the money we lay out on pictures which are not worth their frames.

I shall say little about the contents of the galleries, they having been described till the poor Venus trembles at the very sight of a stranger. The different opinions of artists on the originality of some of the objects much dashes the satisfaction

of viewing them. Winkelman cannot believe the Apollo original; Mathews joins Winkelman; yet one of Byron's most enthusiastic stanzas in the "Childe" is full of inspired effusion of the inimitable originality of the god of the silver bow. Mathews speaks of the incommunicable essence of the Venus, as of something which no copy could possibly catch; others will have her a mere composition of patchwork; indeed, hardly allowing her an original leg to stand upon, or even her head to be her own. Why are there so many more Trajans and Adrians than of any other statue? Every collection swarms with these two emperors. Is it that, being the greatest favourites with their subjects, they were most popular with artists? If popularity be the cause, why have the poets not had *their* share of respect? Yet all over Italy I found but one Virgil pretending to authenticity, and not a single Horace, though the *delicias domini* of a prime minister and the prime favourite of an emperor. Should you ever purpose visiting the royal gallery at Florence, do me the favour to take a look at the bust of Leopold on the landing-place. If I can pretend to the slightest judgment in such matters, the head of this grand duke upsets the whole philosophy of Spurzheim and Lavater, for Leopold stands at the head of Tuscany's wisest and most virtuous rulers. In the first place, there

is a miserable want of breadth and depth of cranium; you have a face all jaw, a nose in the extremity of caricature, puffy cheeks, and an overshot under lip, the whole pervaded by a wild, almost idiotic, expression, that claims for this unique performance, in my humble notion, rather a niche in a cabinet of natural history than a gallery of the fine arts. Yet this, we are assured, is an accurate portrait of Leopold the Wise.

The names given to some of the statues are most unsatisfactory. There are two Julius Cæsars; one with a supposititious nose and chin, evidently of modern growth. The next Julius stands within a few paces, no more like the other Julius than Hyperion to a Satyr. Both represent men in advanced life, yet the hairless scalp of the bald first Cæsar, is seen in neither, and one is shrivelled far beyond the age to which he was permitted to live. I remember another in the Louvre, which struck a friend of mine as the image of Lord Sidmouth. Why does every artist omit the baldness?

LETTER X.

Cavalière Servente—Florentine Society—Improvisatore—A Brutal Incident—Trade—Pilgrims—Tower of Storta—A Scoundrel.

But it is time I should say something of the living originals of Florence. It is at least not gallant to have overlooked the sex so long, for the cold lifeless attractions of the galleries. Well knowing how many are more ready to set down things in malice than to extenuate the failings of the Florentine ladies, I have been very cautious in forming any opinion of my own about them: as, of all subjects, this is the one upon which we are bound to be most modest and accurate. I shall therefore content myself with citing other and better experience than my own, and leave your lordship to sum up. My first authority is a Florentine gentleman, moving in the very highest circles. Speaking of that familiar household officer, called a *cavalière servente*:

"The *cavalière*," said he, "is commonly a very harmless person; indeed, in most cases, only a particular friend of the family to which he attaches himself, and to whose confidence and gratitude he is well entitled, by his tried fidelity and unremitting attentions. The very constancy of the connexion with the fair one to whose service he devotes himself, must show the folly of supposing it must necessarily be criminal. For why should he who indulges an objectionable intimacy be found more constant, all other things equal, or longer an object of favour than the husband? Added to the common causes which produce indifference, there is a multitude of onerous attentions to be kept up by the *cavalière*, under the consciousness, if guilty, of living in a round of deliberate crime, and let it not be said that any man's conscience is wholly at liberty to make light of such considerations," &c. Now, the only thing doubtful in this statement, is its proceeding from a person whom I shrewdly suspect of being a *cavalière servente* himself.

His reasoned remarks had nearly succeeded to overset my faith in Morgan, until more than one or two conversations with an English lady, who has been long resident in Italy, well acquainted with the morals of the Florentines, and intimately cognizant of their habits, not only unsettled my

opinions, but gave them a decided bias in the opposite direction. "How can you wonder at the laxity of their morals," she said (I had purposely affected to be sceptical), "if you know any thing of the way in which they are brought up, and the code of morality to which they are familiar from their earliest years? A girl is taken out of a convent, and united to a man for whom she never could have the slightest partiality. Should there be no appearance of a forthcoming family, after a convenient interval, her place is supplied by some other more congenial to his taste, and the same indulgence is accorded with no less toleration to the sharer of his cares. If there is promise of issue, the cartel is still more expeditiously arranged, all that is desired being to insure a legitimate heir to a title and estate, after which their inclinations are mutually accommodated with a *carte blanche* for the rest of their lives. The matrimonial contract is then virtually at an end, and, excepting that it is the mutual convenience of both parties to inhabit the same house, they are, in all other respects, to each other as strangers. Hence, as women are not morally educated, to rise in trials of this sort above the feelings of vulgar retaliation, the obligations of moral duty resolve into simple instinct, and they pursue their sevoral tastes without compunction or restraint;

yes, and what may surprise you more than all, their spiritual pastors* are not among the least fortunate of those who aspire to a preference in their favour." "And can it be possible," said I, "that those ladies whom we now survey on the sofas opposite, looking so very reserved and demure, are any of them guilty of so gross, criminal, and deliberate a violation of one of the most sacred obligations?" "Yes; it is not only possible, but a notorious fact, and they would be no less astonished at your simplicity in doubting it, than you are at the depravity." I alluded in my question more particularly to a certain marchesa, whose looks were expressive of the most vestal innocence. "That woman," she said, "lives separate from her husband, and has had three children by another man, and, what is quite unusual in this country, she has been received back again in society." It seems that living apart from a husband is the most unpardonable of all possible offences against the canons of Florentine chastity. However virtuous a woman may be, she is completely out of the world if she deserts her lares.

* We can hardly wonder at this conduct in the priests, when we recollect that so many of the cardinals themselves live notoriously in a state of concubinage; and surely, if any thing may be supposed more than another to tempt females from the road of duty, it is the free and ready access to their society, at all hours, enjoyed by a licentious priesthood.

Let her only live under the same roof with her husband, she may be as profligate as she likes, and yet lose not one atom of her reputation. The immorality of the sexes in this city was, not many years since, carried to such a pitch as hardly to be exceeded by any thing we read of the Isiac orgies. The parties, which were numerous, (the very *élite* of the nobility) were at last detected, and obliged to disperse; some were sent into banishment, some are dead, but many of them may still be met with in the very first circles of Tuscan society; yet, have we, for years, been carrying our children to Florence to *finish* their education!

From a little work which I met with at a stall in Florence, entitled "La Felicita di Matrimonio," I extracted a conversation between two friends, one endeavouring to reconcile the other to the temper of his wife, whom he was going to send about her business, which furnishes an amusing dialogue, if I could only do any thing like justice to the translation. "A wife, my caro Sebastiano," said the comforter, "may, after all, be a blessing in disguise; do let me implore you to overlook these little caprices and humours. The very absurdities of which you complain may turn to your improvement. They try our patience and mature it. There is no rose, you know, without a thorn. A little patience may make the yoke light. If she

frown on you in the morning, depend upon it, if you go the right way about the business, she may be made to smile on you before evening."—"My dear sir," said the other, interrupting him, "have a little consideration. Believe me, I have borne my yoke, as you call it, with the temper of an angel, but never found that my patience made it one feather lighter, and my rose has grown a positive nettle. Why, the hyena's very smiles throw me into a rage, which I find it impossible to subdue; at other times all the furies in hell perch upon her brow. I married, from affection, Giovanni, and after a very brief honeymoon, Felicia is transformed into the most furious, disorderly, capricious, and pestiferous of the daughters of sin and death that ever was permitted, no doubt, for wise purposes, to curse the earth."—"Yes, but caro mio, there is a method of coaxing by a well-timed compliment, or piece of pleasantry, which would be sure to avert disagreeable issues. A little bit of dress, too, is a great peace-maker, and might mollify, at least."—"Hear me, Giovanni," said his friend, pushed to the very verge of endurance, "I know your good nature, and that what you say is most kindly meant, otherwise, by the body of Bacchus, I would knock you down. Coaxing, well-timed compliments, pleasantry, piece of dress to mollify, forsooth! why, she would pitch you and your

coaxing, and your compliments, to the devil!" "Then shut her up until she is brought to her senses."—"By no means."—"And what better can you do?"—"Yes, I have done better—I have shut her out." The little work from which I took this passage, is supposed to be a satire on the happiness of the wedded state at Florence, and I dare say not a very exaggerated representation.

The minds of the Florentine ladies are commonly so neglected, that all intellectual intercourse with them is quite out of the question. They have, however, the prudence to be silent, but if they talk, as talk they must sometimes, you never hear a remark from their lips above what might be expected from a *femme-de-chambre*. They, of course, have no resources but in a round of soft indulgence. All the ordinary female accomplishments are wanting to alleviate the lassitude of idleness, and divert their erring fancies. Unlike the sex in England, they neither fill albums, make doggrel, knit purses, paint flowers, or engage in any other innocent waste of time. Even the fashionable intellectual commerce kept up on billets of scented paper of various hues, filled with the details of last night's ball or rout, or projects of the vanities or pleasures to come, are wanting to fill up the gaps of their dangerous leisure. One would suppose that, in Italy, so long the seed-bed of vocal

harmony, you must meet with many ladies in private life, who sustain the national musical character. Yet, you seldom hear music of any sort in private, and as seldom, when you do, that it is worth listening to. As for instrumental harmony, no one cares a farthing about it; it is voted universally a bore. At the Princess Lipona's, an English lady performed one of Hertz's sonatas, with most inimitable power and effect; yet no one paid the least attention to it but myself. The lady was sensitive, and the neglect had nearly given her a fit.

One of the most agreeable evenings I passed in Florence, was at the house of a friend, where we were treated with a specimen of amateur improvisation. The performer was a young Tuscan lawyer. The party assembled to hear him were numerous, chiefly composed of enlightened foreigners, and the subject peculiarly interesting, as connected with the revolutionary movement of 1831. After the theme was handed to him on a slip of paper, he required but a very few minutes to collect and arrange his thoughts. It was not a mere string of rhymes he gave us, nor the usual specimen of showy declamation, but a regular built blank verse tragedy, in three acts, of which, in this brief period of preparation, he had contrived to arrange the plot and incidents, and cast the characters. The plot was

simple; the hero a conspirator, who had been betrayed by his father, which was an event not very unfrequent at the period chosen for the action of the piece. Several of the passages were highly effective, and given in a spirit of noble and dauntless indignation, mingled with deep distress, arising from the peculiar horror of the incidents, and the appalling difficulties of a dilemma so rare in the ordinary tragedy of life.

To me the performance seemed a miracle; yet the Italians think it little of a feat, and when the mechanical part of the art is explained, the surprise abates. The main difficulty is getting a good stock of raw material, which is effected chiefly by storing the memory with passages from the most classic of their poets. Mythology contributes largely to the common fund of the improvisatore's preparation; and the only very difficult part of the execution is, the being able to lay his hands on his materials at the right moment and in the right place.

So much, then, for the manners, morals, accomplishments, and amusements of the higher ranks at Florence. It might be some compensation if we were able to set off against their corrupting example, the intelligence and virtues of a middle class. I regret to say the extension of this order is yet extremely circumscribed, and its farther progress not likely to be rapid. As for the civiliza-

tion of the lowest, my limited experience assuredly does not enable me to speak very favourably. I have seen a man kick a woman from one end of the Porta Santa Trinita to the other, and down the greater part of the opposite bank of the Arno, with the same quiet deliberation that he would have driven the most obstinate jackass. The people saw it too, and passed by unheedingly; there was no crowd collected, no burst of either surprise or indignation, or horror. Miss Roe never returned the kick, but walked on before, quite mute and forbearing; a perfect practical evidence of the maxim, that "it is nothing when you are used to it;" and to make her case more impressive, she was large in the way ladies wish to be who love their lords. The fellow's face through the whole process, presented the very white heat of fury. Now, whether it was better to let the thing pass, or throw the rascal into the river, surely could admit of not one moment's hesitation, had there been but a single spark of generous sympathy in the spectators of so unmanly an atrocity; but the Florentines have, perhaps, too much domestic experience of the merits of such cases to be very ready to meddle in their neighbours' affairs Judging by the rule of "*ex pede Herculem*," from so familiar a use of the foot in public, we may suppose what must be its probable caprices in private.

Florence has little or no trade. The heavy exactions of the villanous custom-house operate as a complete extinguisher to all commercial enterprise. Even the straw-hat manufacture, which, a few years ago, was so very productive a business, is dwindled to nothing, and the raw material exported to be wrought up for the benefit of other countries. Oil is the only article which brings any considerable return. The wine trade might become a profitable branch of external commerce, if proper means were taken with the process of fermentation; but the prevailing error is the allowing this process to be completed before the wine is put on board. I am assured, by a person well experienced in the details, that, with the necessary attention to this caution, some of the most delicate of the Tuscan wines, which we never taste on our shores, might be carried to England without the least deterioration.

From the improvements going forward in Leghorn, a stranger would be apt to conclude that commerce must be in a rapid state of advancement. The town-wall, greatly extended of late, and including an extensive space for building upon, is in a forward state of completion; yet, these improvements, you are given to understand, must by no means be taken as any proof of commercial prosperity; but, simply, a fiscal affair, a trap for settlers, and mere device for taxation.

On the 4th of April, we started for Rome, passing several parties of pilgrims on their way to the ceremonial of the holy week. These devotees have a claim, it appears, to be supported during the sacred spectacle, as part and parcel of the *dramatis personæ*, exclusively at the expense of the pope. Their motive in making this pilgrimage we are told, is compounded of penance, avarice, and the ordinary curiosity that takes every body else to that magnificent raree-show. But if penance has really any thing to do with their journey, we could at least observe that these penitents had no objection now and then to a lift in a waggon.

I had always understood that the population very sensibly decreased, as you approach the eternal city; yet did I observe no part of Italy better peopled than some of the most dreary spots through which we passed. Of the fecundity of the women we received some extraordinary accounts. At Viterbo, a peasant in the neighbourhood had produced thirty-one children, and her daughter, eighteen. Apella may believe it or not, as he likes; but to remove all plea for his doubting the fact, it is on record that the emperor, when he last travelled here, commanded these ladies to be brought into his presence, and rewarded their services most liberally.

At 5 o'clock, on the 8th of April, 1835, I had my first view of St. Peter's cupola, from the hill of Merluzza.

About half a mile from a place called Storta, the last stage from Rome, stands a square tower, where I had my first specimen of cicerones. A Stortese told me the fabric was raised by Justinian, and called it the "torre Justiniana," which information, gravely given, looked so plausible to my unpractised ear, that I had treasured it up for future use, until a capuchin whom I next consulted, affirmed with quite as authoritative an air, that it was erected by Constantine to commemorate his vision. This I deemed somewhat suspicious, as coming from a capuchin, and brought to mind the evidence of the town clerks in favour of the old corporations. My first impression remained, therefore, intact, until most officiously the landlord of the inn, with a dogmatic emphasis peculiar to himself, swore it was ridiculous to question that the said tower was put up by any other than Nero.

Ten minutes past four o'clock of the same day we crossed the Flavus Tiberis, and the venerable gentleman perfectly retains his old bilious complexion; but, so far from being a stream of such shrunken dimension as some guide books had led me to expect, it appeared still very well en-

titled to be included in the category of respectable rivers.

We were the subjects of every imaginable kind of vexation and impertinence, from the moment we got into the blessed Roman states. For refusing a gratuity to a scoundrel at a dogana, who had never rendered us the slightest service, and whom, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I had never seen in my life before, he threatened to arrest my horses. I named the circumstance to our postilion, who took me aside, and with a most awful wink, whispered me not to hesitate to satisfy his demand, on the instant. "Pagate, pagate, signore mio, sono cative gente;—we have before us a long and dreary road, and the night is coming on." The argument was decisive. To shake the rascal off would have been no great difficulty, but we should have had to shake off about a dozen other rascals, his associates, cadaverous and most murderous looking banditti; with each, and every one of whom, he seemed on familiar terms. I paid him, of course; and, I confess, with a most hypocritical expression of satisfaction.

LETTER XI.

Colosseum—Via Sacra—Excavations in the Forum—Tarpeian Rock—Ignorance of the Romans—Antiquities—Tomb of a dear Friend—Post-Office—St. Peters—Easter Week—The Pope and Lord Rossmore.

On my arrival at Rome, (the 8th of April), the night was just such as Walter Scott prescribes for viewing the solemn beauties of Melrose Abbey. What is sauce for a goose, I recollected, was sauce for a gander, and so off I went to the Colosseum. It was a resplendent moonshine, and as some clock was striking the hour of nine, I found myself standing in the arena. The moment exactly corresponded with Byron's description—

" When the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene, but doth not glare."

man sprawling on the pavement, for which he narrowly escaped being carried to prison; which would have been no joke, as the penalty for a blow here is confinement in a dungeon at the pleasure of the magistrate.

About that greatest lion of modern Rome, St. Peter's, I shall trouble you with very little. It has had enough, in all conscience, of prose and poetry already expended upon its sublimity and proportions, to make it unnecessary to add one word about either; and to me, it wants the glorious rust and hoary associations of a classic age to clothe it with much interest beyond what it claims for its architectural merits.

The adoration of the apostle is still kept up with great vigour. I have seen the sound and the sick, the delicate and robust, gentlemen and cardinals, beggars and pilgrims, not simply kissing, but absolutely sucking the toe of this image in regular rotation, and without producing one visible symptom of nausea in any of the party present but myself.

I descended the cemetery below the church, where the whole mob of popes lie gorgeously sepulchred; and among the mighty dead I found none reposed so shabbily undistinguished as our Stuarts. Their tombs positively look no better than so many huge whitewashed corn-bins, and

without one attempt at decoration. The notoriety of their virtues has no doubt rendered all record and inscription a superfluity. Indeed none of the tombs or monuments are remarkable for much ornament, with the exception of a heathen sarcophagus which has found its way here, for what reason I could never learn. It is the tomb of one Junius Bassus, a consul, and is conspicuous for a profusion of figures in bas-relief.

The grand buffoonery of Easter collected, as usual, half the world to Rome. To me it afforded nothing but unmixed disgust, as one of the profanest burlesques on the sobriety, simplicity, and purity of the Christian religion which it is possible, in my opinion, for the sarcasm of man or malignity of devils to devise. Don Miguel, a worthy actor in such a scene, gave his pious aid in the operation of washing the feet of the pilgrims. His ex-majesty sat among the cardinals, by far the greatest lion of the menagerie. I spare you the details of the pious farce, which but ill requited the suffering of standing on a cold marble pavement from nine o'clock in the morning until two. The holy week, I understand, is the great harvest of pickpockets. A priest of my acquaintance had his handkerchief nimmed during high mass, and thought it a capital joke.

The difficulty of getting a good place in the church was child's play, compared to the jostling

in the Sistine chapel. The elbowing right and left, to be first at the performance of the *miserere* was fearful beyond description, and the heat suffocating, while remonstrance and expostulation against continued pummellings were absolutely unavailing. All Rome kept rushing into the narrow precincts. Some were nearly in a state of deliquium, and a few bolder spirits had recourse to threats and ill language, as the tumult grew more oppressive and the oppressors more insolent and overbearing. Blows were prevented only by the impossibility of dealing them. The most infuriated foes could only look daggers at one another, face to face. I dwell upon this scene, because I certainly never suffered so much by a crowd in my life. A broad-backed brawny Irish priest, from county Kildare, acted, for some minutes, as a break-water between me and the current, but he too, at last, gave way, and my only resource was, a determined effort to make for the door, which I at last effected, after a most desperate struggle.

The grand illumination of the temple, in the evening, was the work of two hours, at least. I saw it to great advantage, from the balcony of one of the cardinals' palaces, directly opposite. But the tardiness of the operation took very much from the effect of the surprise which would have been pro-

duced by a more concerted and simultaneous movement. By far the best point of view is from the Pincian hill, at the foot of Sallust's obelisk, where I lingered until long past midnight, among thousands of spectators, and where all Rome was perched and swarming on the walls and terraces. The Cardinal's party was composed of the first ranks, lay and clerical,—red-hosed dignitaries, ministers of state, and a whole galaxy of chivalry, all blazing in their appropriate glories. The company were sorted according to their rank and official station; the cardinals, ambassadors, and ministers of state, were accommodated separately from the rest; a distribution of sinners which, however, it may plead scripture authority as a type of the grand separation which is to be made, at the consummation of all things, between the sheep and the goats, was, on this occasion, perhaps, not quite in keeping with the hospitality of the landlord. The invidious arrangement kept an American who accompanied me in a fume the whole evening, and made Kentucky ten thousand times dearer to his heart than ever.

But the fireworks of the Girandola were, to me, a far more interesting sight. I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to the palace of the Pope's secretary, Cardinal Bernetti, from the balconies of

which we had a view of the whole volcanic leger-demain, almost under our very windows. His Eminence gave us a most sumptuous soirée.

The first specimen I had of the orchestra of the Sistine chapel, was on the occasion of celebrating the obsequies of the emperor, and the effect was indescribably impressive. By way of prelude, we had a heavy, somniferous, though somewhat sublime chant, consisting of long drawling semibreves held out in unison, the trebles, basses, and tenors, taking up the wild strain, each in their turn, but no intelligible subject or phrase, or the most distant approach to melody. It seemed equal to any moderate miracle of the Virgin, that so many voices should go together so exactly, with nothing in the modulation to guide the ear. While one of those long-drawn thundering monotones, which made the rafters of the old Sistine tremble, was being protracted to an immeasurable length, by the whole force of twenty or thirty pair of lungs, softening into an almost imperceptible morendo, there was, with prodigious cunning, engrafted upon it, as the key note, the most mellifluous of liquid modulations, the voices dropping in one after another, and, as they proceeded, blending into such harmony as made every nerve thrill with ecstasy. It was now a full vocal orchestra, with all its varieties and combinations, modulating

into transitions hardly excelled by the most inspired of the flights of Beethoven; yet, was the sacred character of the music never for an instant departed from. The strain was truly appropriate to the occasion;—an epicedium solemn as death itself.

Cardinal Weld informed me, that, as one of the chief merits of the vocalist is a strict regard to intonation, he is, from his earliest years, exercised with indefatigable assiduity to sing in unison. The least shade of a note out of tune incurs a fine; it used to be five pauls the note, but since the peace it has been reduced to three. Surely under such a system of discipline, without looking to any superiority of natural organization, we can hardly wonder that Italy sends forth the first singers in the world.

I ought to have observed, that one of the chants was borrowed from the ancient Greek service; and I am assured has come down to us without the variation of an appogiatura. The melody from first to last never extended beyond half-a-dozen notes, of which majesty and solemnity were the dominant characters. I should say it was the massive doric of primeval composition, and positively rivalled the sublimity of Scripture inspiration.

To Cardinal Weld I owe a treat of a very

recherché description; it was a lecture given under his own roof, by one of his chaplains, in explanation of the more mysterious ceremonies of Easter week, intended to possess all pious or curious persons of a correct knowledge of their symbolical meaning, and enable them to comprehend the various evolutions, which, we were told, made a part of the primitive pantomime of church worship.

The substance of the prelection was extracted from the Fathers, going as far back as the second century. I remember, however, but very little of the matter. The use of candles at high mass was accounted for as typical of the resurrection, the fire by which they are lighted being struck from a flint, importing its escape from the earth as the body will burst the bonds of the grave. The present site of St. Peter's church was demonstrated to be that of the ancient Vatican, where Nero had his gardens and grilled his Christians, or made them into bougies to light up the evening promenade. There was a doubt thrown by the lecturer upon the vulgar notions of St. Peter's being bodily buried here, though the legend was admitted to have some claim to probability, that the apostle's bones were carried from a neighbouring cemetery, and deposited among the tombs of the ancient cathedral. It was amusing to hear the extravagancies of the Armenian ceremonial held up

to special reprobation as being extravagantly overloaded with forms, and furnishing a striking contrast to the subdued *simplicity of the Roman ritual.* Surely the reprisals of the pot and the kettle were nothing to this. His discourse was delivered from first to last, with all due gravity, to a most attentive audience of both sexes, chiefly composed of foreigners and unfledged priestlings.

All the world knows, I believe, of Lord Rossmore's gracious reception by the pope; and his receiving from the holy father, the title of "Protestant Defender of Catholic Rights;"—assuredly a prouder title than any of those which courts commonly bestow, as being a proof of a liberality and sense of independence, not often to be found among theelements of courtly merit or titled distinction. The only error which it seems to me his lordship committed on this occasion, if the tale be true, was his offering to kneel before his holiness, as he proceeded to crown him with his honours. This homage the holy father checked on the instant, not thinking it quite befitting the conscience and profession of a protestant. The thing was certainly far from well considered by his lordship, though no doubt perfectly well meant. The pope was not his sovereign, and Lord Rossmore had not read his recantation. I hope there is some mistake, as the manly and patriotic spirit of Lord Rossmore de-

serves a better return, than that his conduct, on an occasion so creditable to him should be unfairly represented.

I know no greater drawback on the satisfaction of visiting St. Peter's on crowded festivals, than the rudeness of the Swiss guards. You have no doubt heard of the treatment of Lady Ongley; how she was pushed and actually struck by these ferocious, unmannerly myrmidons, when about to mount the staircase on her way to the Sistine chapel. I was myself the subject of similar insult, not much less atrocious in spirit at least. The cut of my coat was objected to; and neither the moderation of my manner, nor my passport to the gallery could avail, as the slightest mitigation of the error of my tailor. No red flag ever excited more ungovernable rage in a mad bull, than the first sight of my dress in these hired bullies. I was so provoked at their intolerable insolence, that I instantly despatched the following, to my friend, the Hanoverian minister. I copy the whole letter, as it gives all the particulars as they occurred.

"DEAR SIR,

"I deem it a positive duty before leaving Rome, to acquaint you with some particulars relative to the behaviour of the Swiss guards, at St.

Peter's. I think the statement may be useful to others.

"After Lady Faulkner was favoured with your obliging passport for the ceremony of the *lavanda*, I presented myself in the same plain habit in which I have, on different occasions, made my appearance at the court of England, and on proceeding to the centre of the enclosure, where hundreds were collected in coats and costumes of every colour and fashion from black to blazing scarlet, I was pushed back by the guard and prevented from advancing. The day after, as we were ascending the stairs to the Sistine chapel, armed invulnerably, as we thought, with your passport, I wore a coat, if not absolutely black, yet bordering at least on a very orthodox gravity. But the tailor had failed again in the cut, and just as we were about to mount at the bottom of the staircase, I was again rudely forced back by the guards, and compelled to relinquish all further attemps to proceed. I allude specially to the caprice of this outrage, as on a previous occasion I was freely admitted, without let or hinderance, question or objection, or obstruction of any sort, *in identically the same dress*. But it was a frock coat, and the Swiss guards, it would seem, are authorized to knock down any man that persists to mount the stairs in a frock coat.

"I cannot believe if his holiness knew of these capricious outrages upon frock coats, outrages sanctioned neither by civility nor barbarism, that he would defer for a day to take measures to prevent their repetition. It surely cannot be for the interests of his government that wanton insults like these should be offered to strangers from any country, and least of all, to the subjects of such a country as England. Music was mainly the cause of my visiting his holiness's dominions: but for music and the antiquities (with the exception of a slight gleaning in politics), I had no particular wish to linger on a soil so little congenial to my taste and habits. Such acts as cuffing ladies are worthy of the ignorance and rudeness of a dark age, surely not of the enlightened toleration of Rome in the nineteenth century. If saucy guards are authorized to act in this way on account of mistakes so purely unintentional, it seems but fair that, for the edification of all whom it might concern, the colour and pattern of the visiter's dress should be so clearly defined and notified, that there might be no possibility of an error liable to be followed by such brutal consequences."

To this remonstrance I received an answer from the minister, stating, that he had read my account of the insolence I suffered, with indignation and surprise, and that I might depend upon it he

would avail himself of the facts in favour of those who had to expect his assistance; and I have no doubt my communication did no harm to the Ongleys whose case was pending at the time.

After all, I had no great reason to regret my repulse from the Sistine chapel, as it put me in the way of hearing some exquisite music in another part of the church. It was the *Tenebræ*, performed by thirty of the most select singers in the papal choir. I never was so convinced of the unrivalled superiority of music in touching the heart. Its pre-eminent dramatic power in painting the awful circumstances of the Crucifixion, compared with Raphael's most successful effort on the same subject, must, I think, be acknowledged by the most unpractised ear.

For forty hours after this ceremony concluded, every bell in Rome was muffled, and every clock stopped, to indicate the universal sorrow. But the moment which announced that our Saviour had triumphed over death and the grave, the discharge of cannons, petards, squibs, rockets, and explosions of different kinds, proclaimed the happy tidings with an uproar that absolutely made the banks of old Tiber reverberate. I thought the servants in the hotel would have torn down every bell-rope, from the excessive and continued violence with which they joined in the universal chorus, to testify their exultation.

LETTER XII.

Credulity of Roman Priesthood—Poverty—Naviglio Grande —Terracina and Treponti—Fondi Custom-house—Village of Itri—Banditti.

THE manufacture of the third sex still goes on, and, in spite of the pope too, who, we are told, would most generously forego the luxury, but for the opposition he encounters from the parents of the children. When they fancy there is the promise of a profitable voice, it is like the lottery, they never can resist the temptation of trying their luck, though they very seldom draw even the most moderate prize.

Various are the accounts about the character of the holy father, but all who know him personally agree in admitting that he is one of the very best natured, humble, affable men in the whole world. The instances related of this are without number.

Ignorance is universal through all ranks at Rome, and superstition in as full blow, as in the

fifteenth century. The credulity of the priests is, above all things, astonishing, and would be laughable, were it not so humiliating. To hear what he would say, I related a story to a prior of the church, which has long been current among the Maltese, respecting the miraculous nature of the sanctified cave formed out of a rock in that island, where the Apostle Paul is said to have been confined; assuring him, with all the gravity I was master of, that, although pilgrims and strangers from every part of the world had been cutting away fragments of the rock for eighteen centuries, the cave still remained without one atom of change. "Ecco," said his reverence, turning quick and earnestly round to a friend of his at his elbow, and striking the forefinger of the right hand against the thumb of the left, "Ecco, amico mio, una prova assoluta della sua fonctione apostolica," which proof his friend appeared to accept with quite as assured a conviction as himself. The prior betrayed an ignorance of things that a boy of ten years old ought to be ashamed of. He had never heard of the lake of Geneva, which made his friend stare, and provoked to venture a gentle rebuke for exposing himself. He supposed that he must have forgotten the name of the place. His reverence was astonished when I told him that the Countess of Albani was a descendant of our de-

posed royal family, and it seemed a material accession to his stock of facts, when informed that Ireland is under the same government as England; yet it was a mistake for which you may allow, perhaps, that he deserved some little indulgence. There was a strange wholesale substitution of credulity for rational belief. He allowed unbounded credit to the history of Romulus and Remus. Both brothers, he remarked, showed a turn for architecture, and almost as soon as they had quitted their nurse, "one set about building the houses and the other the walls of Rome." He was a stanch worshipper of the redoubtable Wellington, and asked if he was still alive.

If the ignorance of dignitaries be such, what may be inferred as to the intelligence of the multitude, whose education is entirely in the hands of the lower clergy; yet is the number of popular scholars over Rome very considerable, though beyond reading and writing, and ciphering, the paternal government allows of no liberties with the unsophisticated natural light of the understanding. To qualify children for confirmation by the church, they are sent for eight or ten days to a convent; the stock of theology and learning there laid in being intended to serve for the rest of their days.

One of the principal bibliopolists in the piazza

di Spagna told me that, it was next to impossible for a bookseller to make out the barest subsistence. I could read in his heart ripe treason and deep curses against the "powers that be;" and a very special rooted detestation of the censorship, of which it appears, the head of the English college is the president. No work, however remotely touching on public affairs, or public men, is allowed to be printed in Rome; such blasphemies are on a par with the sin against the Holy Ghost, and punished accordingly, under authority of the vicar (who answers to our attorney) general.

Lady Morgan has, doubtless, good reason to feel flattered by the interest kept up about her in these foreign parts. Nothing of the name of Morgan is permitted to pass the custom-house. A lady who knew even less about Lady Morgan than of Adam, was obliged, after a long and fatiguing journey, to retrace her steps across the frontier, only because her name happened to be Morgan. For a long time she was unable to comprehend the meaning of the objection taken to her at the police-office. It was to no purpose that she pleaded the most perfect ignorance, not only of the person, but of the family of Lady Morgan, and wholly disclaimed all relationship, acquaintance, or connexion with the fair authoress. Remonstrance was vain—back she must go; her name

was Morgan, that was enough. We have heard of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children; but Miss Morgan to be made answerable for the sins of Lady Morgan, for a mere identity in name, was, to poor Miss Morgan, a refinement on the decalogue which she was quite unable to comprehend. Her expostulations were all to no purpose, and she was instantly remanded across the frontier.

The peasantry of the ecclesiastical states suffer the very extremity of destitution, and partly from the same causes which produce the sufferings of Ireland, rack rents, and the tyranny of middlemen.

To the general poverty of the Roman nobility there are but a few exceptions. The Prince Borghese, I believe, enjoys the largest revenue of all. His income is rated at about forty-five thousand pounds a year, but the greater number of his order are struggling with a condition not a great deal removed from absolute indigence.

On the 21st of April, we set out for Naples, and, on the first night, slept at Velletri, so famed as the birth-place, and long the residence of the family of Augustus. We were lodged at an hotel bearing the very classic name of the "Volscian." The country around is much superior to most other parts in the vicinity of the pomptine marshes, having a very respectable sprinkling of villas,

vineyards, and cornfields, presenting a remarkable contrast to the dreary monotony we had traversed. But the ascent to the town is so villainously steep and smooth, that our horses came down almost at every step. After filling my flask, at the dawn of day, from a fountain celebrated for its purity, we arrived in the evening at Terracina, the road carrying us the whole way along the borders of the identical canal still clear and flowing, on which my very esteemed friend, Horace, journeyed to join the memorable conference at Brundusium. We learn, from his diary of this excursion, that in those far off times, my little two-foot poet had to climb up the hill with sore eyes to the town, whereas, at the present day, a level and excellent road sweeps along the sea-shore direct to the inn. This canal is now called the *naviglio grande*, and its thousands of years of conservation, owing to a perennial influx of waters from the marshes flowing through numerous vents and keeping up a constant current. To me this canal, intwined with my first recollections of the poet, is an antique of the first order. There is still the same pasturage on its banks as we read of, when the lazy bargeman sent his mule to graze, while he went himself to snore.

"———— ac missæ pastum retinacula mulæ.
Nauta piger saxo religat stertitque supinus."

There is still, too, the same plenty of good tough sallies with which to chastise any future *nauta piger*, as when the original provoked the memorable drubbing.

> "—— cerebrosus prosilit unus
> Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumbosque saligno
> Fuste dolat :"

Like the snoring *nauta*, we found it very difficult to resist sleep.

Lady Albinia Foster, at Turin, allowed me to see a work of the late Duchess of Devonshire's, which does immortal honour to her taste, and so admirably illustrates the whole track of the canal, and the ruins and scenery in the vicinity, that no enthusiast in these matters should travel without a copy of the work.

At Terracina, we replenished our œnophorum with delicious wine and divers munitions against the necessities of the road, and arrived about one, at Treponti. For two whole hours we were doomed to tarry here in the very heart of the marsh, where, however, I found a mode of killing time, in deciphering some milestones and pillars, which were scattered about the road, and had been taken from the old Appian way, which here deviated a short distance from the present route. On one of the stones was the following inscription :

" Nerva Cæsar Aug. Pont. Max. tribuniciæ potestatis cos. ii. pater patriæ faciendam curavit."

At the bottom was marked in capitals, forty-eight miles from Rome, just three miles further than we had travelled, and accounted for by the deviation alluded to.

The natives of Treponti live like aborigines, hutted over the marsh in a sort of *mapalia* or sheds, each of which has two divisions like a Scotch *but* and *ben*, formed by a matting stretched across the interior, and huddling together the whole family. These huts are scarcely an improvement on some of the poor Irish hovels, but their inmates are certainly less destitute. When we entered, they were amusing themselves at cards over their wine, of which with a most generous hospitality they pressed us to partake. There could be no reasonable question that every man of them was a professional assassin, and yet did they appear in no respect more ferocious than other people, or their conscience less at ease. They had gone to no excess in their cups, and their conversation, though a little boisterous at times, never provoked any reprisals of temper. It was a group for Salvator.

The moment we crossed the Roman barrier into the Neapolitan territory, all nature seemed, for a

time, to have recovered as from some blight or curse. Horace, who had superseded Starke for a good part of the road, now prepared us for a visit to Fondi, where we stopped just long enough to give me time to examine one of the massive gateways, which seems hardly to have suffered the least deterioration since the prætor Luscus was in office. We found the mantle of the said prætor on the shoulders of a collector of customs, who, without either *prætexta* or pan of incense, I would answer for it, is quite as vain, troublesome, and impertinent, as his ever memorable predecessor. I was amused at the overhauling he gave an American about his passport, (the gentleman from Kentucky,) a man of nerves peculiarly sensitive to the vexations of doganas, police-officers, and such like impediments to his republican ideas of free locomotion. The prætor's successor did not, or would not affect to see Yankee's emotion, and luckily neither understood the language of the other. How this unhappy Kentuckian should have been singled out as the subject of such special annoyance was not very clear, but before all was over he was actually compelled to spell his name for the benefit of his tormentor, and translate half the passport into French, of which he hardly understood a dozen phrases. I saw the storm ga-

ther on his brow, before it reached his tongue, the beautiful disdain curling his freeborn lip, while the crimson mounted in his cheek, and I maliciously seized my moment. "This proceeding," I said, "cannot be very agreeable to gentlemen of your country." The remark was as a spark to his tinder. I had hardly said the last word, when making use of a most awful and inexcusable appeal to heaven, he swore he never would set foot again in such an infamous land of slaves, and this he uttered at the top of his voice, alike reckless of time, place, occasion, or any of the other items in the ten categories. A very little more, and I am satisfied the thing would have degenerated into some extremely unceremonious freedom with the person of the officer of customs who, as I have said, luckily understood not one word that had been uttered from first to last, and as he was a Neapolitan, and of course accustomed to allow a liberal discount for temper, the thing passed off without mischief.

We presently entered one of the most barren and horrible spots in nature. Mathews compares it to the approach to hell, and quotes the sublimity of Virgil in a variety of frightful images, all exactly applicable to the character of the vile place and its viler inhabitants. I speak of the village of Itri, with its trailing length of hovels clinging in most disorderly irregularity to a ridge of rocks, the

houses all doorless, and constructed of shapeless stones, without cement, giving them much more the look of dens than human habitations, and suggesting the first rude attempts at masonry after man had emerged from his caves in the earth. Round this straggling village nothing was to be seen but rocks piled fantastically upon rocks, or lying in disorderly and detached masses, and the aspect of the inhabitants still more barbarous and repulsive. Itri is no hypocrite, it looks exactly what it is—a nest of murderers, the very head-quarters of robbery and assassination: every human being you meet has Cain's mark legible on his brow. They eye you with a tiger ferocity, and are only kept in check by the vigilance and determination of a reconnoitring patrol ever at hand and in motion, and by their fears for the revelations of broad day, for it is only in open daylight that travellers now venture to pass this fearful road.

After culling some flowers in a field close to the village, I had no sooner regained the highway than I observed an eye fastened upon me with a steadfast gaze: it was the eye of the foulest-looking fiend I ever saw in human shape. He was labouring in a field by himself, and kept his eye on me without winking for a full minute. At last he turned round with a dogged air, and resumed his occupation.

No one could doubt what was passing in his mind, but it was noon, and our party were numerous.

The rising brood of assassins, not more than two or three years old, may be seen crawling over the rocks of Itri without a rag to hide their mahogany pelts, or any body to look after them, more than if they were so many wild goats.

Ever since the alacrity shown by the Neapolitan government in the punishment of the murderers of Captain Hunt and his wife, there is much less danger in this part of Italy from the desperate attempts of banditti. The promptness of the government on that occasion did the king infinite honour. The moment the matter reached the ear of the minister of the interior (de Medici) he reported it in person to his majesty, who gave instant orders that all the passes by which the murderers might possibly escape, should be blocked up without a moment's delay by detachments of the army. Old de Medici put four horses to his carriage and hastened to Salerno, accompanied by the British minister to aid in the search, and encourage and animate the informers by the authority of his personal presence. In a few days they were all discovered, and after a short legal process, hanged every man of them. On all former occasions the process of conviction at law consumed whole

months; and operated as an encouragement to the gang. The remains of Captain Hunt and his wife were, contrary to usage, honoured with admittance at once within the walls of Naples, and without paying the customary toll—a thing unknown of before, and their remains interred in the English burying-ground. The number of robberies since those examples were made are comparatively few; still there are occasional attempts. Not long since a gang attacked a house on the Salerno road, but an intimation being given to government, four *gendarmes* were posted inside in ambush, while a party of the police invested the exterior. When the police tapped at the door, there was a general cry of "*Tradimento*," and the thieves rushed to the door to escape, but were instantly fired upon by the concealed *gendarmes*: two were killed, the remainder succeeded in forcing the door, and all were made prisoners but two, of whom one was the priest who led them on, and were executed on the spot.

LETTER XIII.

Beggars at Naples—The Albergo dei Poveri—Poor of Naples—Bargaining—Pickpockets—Education—Growing knowledge—Censorship—Espionnage—Vindictive passions.

We never had to complain of the heat of the weather since we set out; hardly one day so warm that we should have considered a good fire a superfluity. The trees were as unfledged, and vegetation generally little more advanced than in England at the same season. About noon we entered Capua, that wretched relic of the rival magnificence of Rome and Carthage, and in the course of the evening were safely lodged in Naples. As it is little better than a great Lazar-house, I shall begin my rambling details with the beggars. The last census acknowledges 40,000 professional mendicants; and these wretches fasten on the new arrival with the pertinacity of their mosquitoes. I found it a great mistake not satisfying their importunity, that is, if you have any taste for a quiet life, especially as the blessing is purchased at so

very small a sacrifice. I had a beggar-woman in my neighbourhood who regularly persecuted me for eight successive months, and though I never gave her a sous, she dunned me with increasing vigour every day. One day she was allowing me to pass quietly, when I put six sous into her hand, and she never dunned me again. In some instances an abrupt refusal converts their howl into the sauciest mimicry, particularly if you have to do with grown-up boys, who, when they perceive no chance of success, meet your repulse with a loud laugh, and dog you to your door. One special she-beggar, who affected to be hardly able to crawl, I one day saw start off full flight after an English carriage which had just arrived; and, though carrying an enormous monster of a fat child in her arms, never pulled up till she reached the inn, a long way off, where the carriage stopped. She had evidently not been well received, as I met her returning with a face flaming with rage. The carriages of the natives are never followed at all, nor is the Italian pedestrian less safe from annoyance: the reason is this; when an Italian's charity happens to glow, it so seldom produces more than a grano, that he is never dunned at all.

To the other causes of poverty which have degraded these people, may be added the number of their charities. Among countless establishments

of this nature, an enormous national poor-house, called the *Albergo dei poveri*, large enough to contain the two Sicilies, is open to the whole beggary of Naples. The Albergo will justify some observations, as it is an academy and house of industry, as well as a refuge for the poor.

This establishment, if it were completely filled, I am told would lodge between 6 and 7000 persons. It is under the direction of the brother of the minister of the interior, a Colonel St. Angelo, who conducts the details on strictly military principles; and so jealous is he of any interference with his management, that he has been known to refuse the king himself to infringe upon his rules. The Albergo, as a school of art, embraces every kind of instruction which is necessary to fit the rising generation for earning their bread without begging. Book-binding—lithography—working in lava, bronze, brass, and steel—the manufacture of pens, pencils, nails, and glass—shoemaking—tailoring—needlework—hatting—turning—spinning—weaving in all its branches, and in every kind of stuff—carpenters' work—sculpture—women's work—type-founding, &c.;—all these branches of industry are in constant activity; besides which, there are schools to teach drawing, music, mathematics, and languages. The Lancaster plan is the one adopted for the children.

Their punishment extends no further than disgrace; and every boy, when he commits a serious offence, is tried by a jury of his equals. The accommodations are of a superior order, and comprise all kinds of conveniences; kitchens—bakery (from which twenty cantars of bread issue every morning) — washhouses — cellars — wardrobes — die-houses — infirmaries — apothecaries' shops, &c.; and a spacious chapel, for the general use of the public as well as the poor, is appointed with steady useful clergymen, and the sick supplied with the best medical and surgical assistance. The whole is under the tutelar guardianship of St. Gennaro and the *Donna della concezione*, but priests are allowed to have no share whatever in the direction.

This institution is maintained partly by government and partly by subscription, assisted by the industry of the inmates. The food is excellent and abundant; and every attention paid to health. When the weather is unfavourable, there are spacious saloons separately appropriated for the exercise of both sexes.

I found, however, that the poor had no great relish for the Albergo; nor is it, in such a climate and with such habits, very surprising. Liberty is dear to all, and rags and vermin felt as a grievance by none. If a pauper gets but half a dozen granos

by his profession, and it must be a poor day's work that fails to turn in double or treble that amount, he can breakfast and dine for half that sum, and lay by the remainder for the madonna. Should an epicure of the craft take a fancy to indulge himself more generously, he can provide three very satisfactory meals for a carlin, consisting of maccaroni, fish, fruit, and of wine as much as he can desire, for a farthing. For a farthing he has a tumbler of ice water, for three farthings the same tumbler with an addition of lemon juice, or the juice of the blood-orange; and if he spends one penny more, he commands a dash of capillaire that makes a draught for an alderman. Nor have the poor of Naples much reason to envy the more honourable and industrious occupations. A soldier's pay is but seven granos and a half a day, and a labourer gets no more than fourteen to find himself in every thing; all wages, in short, are miserably small. Even a valet-de-chambre rarely earns above twelve ducats a month. The daughter of a major in the army (a friend of Lord W. Bentinck's) hires as a sempstress at 4½*d.* a day.

All the world knows that their cheating is on a par with their poverty. The fact is accurately as Forsyth states, that "every bargain is a battle;" and, battle as you may, you are robbed. To be as furious and uncompromising, and cry out as

lustily as your antagonist, is your only chance of fair play. One day I had occasion to go to the shop of an English grocer, who had set up in Naples, a very quiet, intelligent, and reserved sort of man;—I had a good deal of conversation with him on the state of trade with England, and no sooner concluded what I had to say, and turned towards the door to look out, than my quiet friend commenced squabbling most furiously. An Italian was bargaining about some article he wished to buy, which occasioned the uproar. After he had left the shop, I asked him why he got into such a rage? "Why?" said he (in a tone of surprise): "why? for the best of all reasons, sir, because it is the only possible way you can hope to avoid being bullied and cheated by these unprincipled knaves." His temper at this moment had nearly cooled to the *statu quo*; at least there was little left of the fury which disgraced his countenance a minute before, with the exception of a slight contortion which his Saxon blood had as yet not had time to adjust. The Italian, too, had assuredly squabbled very stoutly during the whole transaction, but the composure of his muscles the moment after was as unruffled as if he had been sitting for his portrait.

And yet are these knaves trustworthy in a certain

sense; but it is the fidelity of barbarians. A father will overreach his son in a bargain, or pick his pocket without compunction, but will never betray a trust implicitly reposed in him by the greatest stranger. The clerks in the public offices of Naples are all known to be most faithfully exact in their accounts. Many have no more than a dozen piasters a month, yet hundreds of thousands of ducats pass through their fingers in the course of the year, and no Palmer or Fauntleroy has ever been detected.

The degradation of the baser order of pilferers is lower here than in any part of the universe. As pocket-picking is practised without any sense of immorality, so is th[redacted]uent detected without betraying the sligh[redacted]ing of shame. A street thief, whose hand I caught in my pocket, marched off after the exposure as if nothing had happened, and with an ear deaf as the adders to my whole volley of rebuke. Your first impulse, of course, is to knock him down; but such a step requires consideration. An Englishman was obliged to pay 48 dollars for this summary mode of abridging the law of Naples, besides suffering a most uncomfortable overhauling by the police. Three handkerchiefs, a snuffbox, and other articles, were extracted from my pockets during my first week on the Toledo, which determined me on closing

their outside openings during the remainder of my sojourn: one day the stitches had broke loose, and I was minus a pocket-book.

But we can scarcely wonder at this gross immorality. Education here, as at Rome, is wholly in the hands of the priesthood, who are never wanting in a plausible pretext for slurring over their task, or getting rid of it altogether. One of their devices, when they find a peasant particularly desirous of having his children instructed, is to affect warmly to second his wish: but mark the knavery. When a child is sent, every thing is done to puzzle him at starting, that his reverence may be able to furnish himself with a plausible reason in his stupidity for dismissing his pupil at once; or he, perhaps, finishes by flinging the horn back at his head, to give verisimilitude to his indignation. The parents are then easily persuaded to give up the idea of education altogether. In Murat's time there were upwards of 7000 Lancaster Schools, not one of which is now in existence. So deplorably ignorant are the clergy themselves, though the fountain of all knowledge to others, that you may see them every day at the corners of streets dictating their thoughts, without a blush, to be wrought up into epistles to their friends, by a professional amanuensis—an artist in universal request. And yet some of these clergy, who, from a defective

acquaintance with the alphabet, are obliged to commit the church service to memory, have actually reached the very highest preferment in their profession. Nor is the ignorance of the very highest order of nobility less disgraceful. I have been solemnly assured by a Neapolitan, that one of the king's brother's gravely put him a question as to the position of Gibraltar on the map of Europe.

Yet is the progress of social and political improvement in foreign countries not seldom the theme of conversation among the better instructed. The revolutions of France and Spain, Portugal and Belgium, are lights which the legitimates find it impossible, by all their devices, to put under a bushel; neither can the advances which have been made in foreign countries in the arts conducive to national prosperity, be wholly concealed; nor the greater wealth, nor other numerous and mortifying advantages resulting from a liberal spirit of government, whose conquests over ignorance and oppression are every day being proclaimed in the ears of all people, and commented upon by the press. Added to this, the superior style of living of the subjects of liberal governments who visit Naples, most of whom surpass in luxury the wealthiest of their princes, provokes a comparison that little tends to reconcile the natives to their lot. It is but stating a notorious fact, that an

English footman lives better than many Neapolitan nobles. The consequence of all this is, that a middle class is gradually coming into existence even in Naples. The very nobility seem friendly to it. A nobleman, of the highest rank and standing, confessed to me that it was impossible the present state of his miserable country should very long continue. "How can it?" he said. "Observe how the country is governed. The whole time of one of our ministers of state is taken up with attending high mass, and to qualify him for officiating at this service, he has obtained a dispensation from the pope." He could only, it seems, get a dispensation for what the Italians call "dry mass," and became very wretched at the disappointment. The dry mass is so called because not allowing a power to administer the sacrament.

The censorship at Naples, as in other parts of Italy, is composed of priests; and the president possesses one of the best stocked English libraries out of England, and well he may, since all the books which he chooses to consider contraband are ex-officially his own.

There are a great many more journals admitted into Naples from France than from any other country. Of the contents of the English papers the editors are satisfied with merely making occasional extracts. The political movements of

France attract more notice than ours, and are taken as the surest standard for regulating the funds. They consider the changes in our affairs too rapid and inconstant to be depended upon in such calculations. Besides, as England is isolated, her tumults give no more alarm than so many cases of plague at Constantinople.

The only English newspapers I have seen in Naples are *The Times, Standard,* and *Morning Herald*; no printed goods of a different description of political manufacture would be allowed to come in, though, I believe, there is now and then a good deal of smuggling of liberal articles, which they cannot prevent. You may suppose I was not a little surprised to see an advertisement, announcing the sale of your work on the advantages and pleasures of science, posted at the corners of the streets, which I consider, in itself, not one among the least of the signs of the times. To show how fastidious the censors are, a book was suppressed the other day, only because it contained a passage describing Tasso as a "*man who added lustre to the reign of his sovereign.*" Yet we are told the number of printing presses at Naples is on the advance. In 1806 there were only seventeen, whereas in 1829, they had increased to fifty-one, and are still increasing; but what matters the number? Imagine what benefit liberty would

derive from an increased number of our *Times* and *Standards*.

A strictly organized and expensive system of espionnage works in concert with the censorship. Its agents roam about in a thousand shapes, so that appearances are no security; the nearest relatives have been known to inform on each other. The establishment of spies is of a twofold character, Austrian and Italian, and is not confined to Naples, but spread all over the Peninsula. Every commune in the kingdom of Naples has its *juge de paix*, as well as each of the twelve districts of the capital, all aided by informers. Arrests, of course, are often most arbitrary. A Calabrese gentleman, of excellent character, was seized the other day, on the information of a notorious blackguard, to gratify an old grudge, and imprisoned for eleven months. No proof forthcoming he was let out; but how let out? to be under special surveillance, and interdicted, like poor Paddy under the coercion act, from being seen out of bed at a certain hour, and all public places of rational and innocent amusement were shut against him. It is even dangerous for a native to be seen too often in a coffee-house, or too curious about newspapers or public news. The suspected person is examined by a *juge de paix*, and he may be many months afterwards cited again, and if his depositions taken

at these different periods vary from one another in the least constructive tittle, he is remanded to confinement. When there is actually nothing proved, he simply is enlarged, but without receiving the slightest reparation, *amende*, or compensation whatsoever. If his case goes to be tried in a court of law, he is probably ruined by costs of counsel. The police have a large discretion, even on the most trifling occasions, for abusing their power in the punishment of offenders. An incautious noble walking the streets of Naples came, one day, in contact with a hackney-coach, and was landed in the kennel. The driver was instantly bundled off to prison. I knew him, and as honest and civil a fellow as I ever met with; but no apology short of a month's confinement would be accepted for the offended dignity of the capsized grandee.

How can we wonder while so much is done to brutalize and sink the character of the people, that they should be addicted to those violent starts of passion which are deemed so peculiar to the Italian temperament? I have seen a misunderstanding about the most perfect trifle blown up, in five minutes, into a contest which has thrown a whole street into disorder, or ended in a general battle. On most occasions the effervescence is soon over. I remember an urchin, at Castel-a-mare, who very deliberately flung a huge stone at his mother's

head, which most probably would have been fatal had it taken effect. What did the mother? She got his head into chancery, and pounding it for some seconds with both fists, let him loose, and the whole affair ended. I have seen a fellow absolutely sobered with the excess of his rage. In the very whirlwind of fury he often marches up to his adversary as steady as a ship will sometimes do in a gale, before her fatal plunge, and then placing his fist within half an inch of his antagonist's nose, the thing is over. This sober moment is the crisis for good or evil. It is only in the gravest cases, generally cases of long-suppressed antipathy, and premeditated malice, that the stiletto is planted. Under this demoniac impulse, two respectable-looking men disputed in the market-place, a few days before I came away, and the argument concluded with the fatal plunge of a knife. Murder on such occasions is on a par with their other venial offences, adultery or theft (rapes are never heard of), and the penalty is perhaps not more than a year's imprisonment.

And as if they feared their passions might rust for want of use, they are kept in practice on the most trivial occasions. I was amused with an instance of this at a billiard-table. One of the players had an unlucky run; his ball passed by his adversaries within a hair's breadth, so many

times in succession, that the lookers on were astonished. Without betraying the slightest notice, by his look, or otherwise, of what was passing in his mind, he took up four balls (the game, if I recollect, was played with five), and let them all fly at his adversary's with such fury, as set the whole party in a roar. He was as cool as a cucumber, and joined in the merriment.

LETTER XIV.

Fidelity of Lazzaroni—Regard to Decorum—Corrupting Example—Necessitous Nobility—Ostentation—Degeneracy—Signor Castellini—Instrumental Music—Clergy—Religious Confraternities.

THERE is no spot about Naples so famous for the work of the stiletto as Torre Annonciata. Assassinations have been unusually frequent here of late, and to elicit confessions, the Jesuits had recourse to the following rather curious expedient. They gave out that Vesuvius was to spread indiscriminate ruin over the country, unless the men immediately surrendered their stilettoes, and the women their tambourines. On a particular day, fixed for the peace-offerings, the priests assembled, and many thousand stiletto-bearers arranged themselves rank and file on one side of the street, and the ladies on the other; the latter in fearful apprehension, and deprecating the mountain horrors on their knees. All the tambourines were given up but not one stiletto, which clung fast like the besetting sin; even the terrors

of the church are impotent to dissolve the clasping charm of the dearest of their passions—the love of revenge.

These would seem impolitic experiments on the credulity of the mass; a repetition of such false alarms by their clergy, one would suppose must lead to some distrust of the infallibility of their authority. Not so. Their reverences are never without a back-door to escape. Their prayers can always turn the current of any prediction to which they may be committed, and the failure, in place of being put down to the score of imposture, will be swallowed as confirmation strong of the church's omnipotence; which, as in this particular instance, is not only able to move mountains, but to keep them quiet.

Yet degraded as these people are, if there be virtue in any class it is in the lowest. The lazzaroni redeem the nation. They are kindly and affectionate in their families, and though it is said they will now and then hire out a wife or a daughter, yet have they manly qualities to which the rest of their compatriots are strangers, and especially faithful are they to their friendships. A short time before I left the country, a lazzarone was imprisoned for declining to give evidence against a gentleman who was implicated in a riot, and of which, as he was a witness, he would have hand-

somely profited by disclosing the particulars. No torture could prevail with him to commit his friend.

There is the strictest regard to decorum in public. By no chance do you ever see bronze-faced harlots in the street, however numerous in private; though there were, during my visit to Naples, 3000 bastards in the "Convento del Annunciata." I speak it with shame, that they are much more attentive to the decencies of exterior behaviour than the lower class of our own country. To be sure, there are not, perhaps, on the habitable globe, women with more of the infirmities of mortal ugliness; indeed so very hideous are they, with scarcely an exception, that had Ulysses lived in our day, I am satisfied he might have faced the whole generation of these modern sirens with perfect impunity. The exceptionable part of the sex are relegated to their proper retreats. Government takes them under its especial protection with the view of preventing a greater evil; but whether more evil may not result from the protection is a moot point that seems extremely questionable; its benefit at least is equivocal, while the radical remedy of education and good example are so utterly overlooked. What indeed are any provisions of government likely to avail against the notorious licentiousness of the influential classes themselves?—how shall

the stream flow pure while filth corrupts the very fountain? A dowager queen of Naples (*haud ignota loquor*) has been known to become so reckless of character, that the pope himself has felt called upon to take her to task. Her defence was edifying. His holiness, she said, might thank God for the blessing of a cool constitution; but for her own part she was not so favoured, and if the holy father had one particle of charity in his composition, she thought he ought soberly to consider the state of the case. I have heard a priest at Rome urge a defence of the sex not very different in spirit. He bottomed his argument upon climate. "Look at Turkey," said his reverence, "and confess how much more frail they are there than among us; they must be watched every instant, and their virtue placed under the perpetual restraint of veils, eunuchs, and confinement, and all little enough for its security: they are neither permitted to see nor be seen." Now this was all very well, if, in directing my eye to the south or the east, his reverence had not shut his own upon the north. If female virtue is to be measured by Reaumur or Fahrenheit, methinks he might have discovered some rather staggering facts where the thermometer stands a great part of the year at freezing point, without looking even so far towards the pole as the country of Catherine and Nicholas.

When the conduct of too many of the sex among

ourselves comes to be tested by the requirements of our religion, I confess I can see but very little difference between the crime of Italian infidelity and many of those marriages of convenience so common in moral England, where the union merely rests upon considerations of self. One of the most disgusting descriptions of this sort of marriage, is when a moneyed demirep solicits the attentions of the young of our sex. A case of this kind, I was told, occurred not very long before I left Naples. The lady was English, and her Lothario a half-pay general, on whose youth she speculated, no doubt, as ardently as he did on her purse. The disparity in years was considerable, the lady numbering somewhere about 75 winters, and the youth about 60. She had been married before, and the inducement to a fresh experiment on our sex was said to be her disappointment in the satisfactions she looked for in the society of her buried Sichæus. The whole fashion of the villa-reale were amused at the style of their flirtation. Being a pair of extinct volcanoes, the difficulty of acting a passion which was not felt gave rise to some very ludicrous efforts. Cupid was never harder put to it in his life. For want of dimples in the lady's cheek, he was compelled to perch on a crop of brandy blossoms, beset with a woful shrubbery of gray hairs; but she was extremely rich, and there can be no doubt the

parties would have submitted to the soft yoke, but for the unseasonable interference of a relative of the lady's, who, I was told, at last got her to perceive the motive that prompted her lover's passion.

The worthy toad-eaters of England have no idea what small account is made of nobility in this country. Several of their palaces are sold for magazines or huxters' shops, to pay their debts. Yet do they bear their reverses well. In no instance could I learn that a single Castlereagh had cut his carotid.

Much are the times altered since Forsyth spoke of the Neapolitan nobility as "pure both in heraldry and opinion." "Nothing degrades them," says he, "but misalliance, commerce, or a hemp rope!" Until I read this passage, I confess it was quite unknown to me that they had been liable to the last of these drawbacks upon their purity. But as to the other causes of debasement, times must be indeed changed since Forsyth's day, as it is notorious that they will marry any woman who has money, no matter what her birth, parentage, or education; and in respect to commerce, all the world knows what shifts they will make to turn a penny. Pictures are their staple commodity, and all sorts of bawbles, antiques, family relics, and furniture, to the very tawdry trappings of the beds their fathers reposed upon, nay, sometimes the bed

itself, is sold for what it will bring to meet the urgent call of the moment.

An advertisement which appeared in Galignani's Messenger will convey some notion of the difficulties to which they are reduced, as well as of the value which the order have come to set upon their honours. The notice runs in these terms: "To be sold, an estate in the kingdom of Naples, producing a well secured revenue, and conferring the title of duke. The title and arms of duke will be transmitted to the purchaser by the present owner, who will relinquish one and efface the other from his remaining bearings. For further particulars apply, *post paid.*" One of the consequences of the dilapidated state of the finances of the nobility is a frightful number of scroccones, or men who live by sponging. But I must not be understood to ascribe the ruined circumstances of the Neapolitan nobility wholly to the change which has taken place in their government, though it is a principal cause. Several have been beggared by their profusion, of which Prince F. V. is an illustrious victim. He entertained in a manner that drew expressions of astonishment from the emperor himself, and is now little better than a scroccone, daily dining upon his friends and renting a miserable chamber at about three or four carlins a day. Others have been reduced by the

overreaching of their domestics. The late King Ferdinand was a dupe of this description, and had his family defrauded to an enormous amount by a favourite valet-de-pied, who had access to him at all seasons. This catiff laid siege to the royal heart in its last moments, and obtained the sign manual to a carte blanche which he filled up afterwards at his discretion. Our own nobles will draw from this a lesson in favour of the schoolmaster. Had Ferdinand not been brought up to despise the accomplishment of writing, this accident had, most probably, been avoided.

The impoverished nobleman who knows not where or how to provide a dinner, may be seen flaming in a barouche and pair on the corso; or, if he can afford no carriage of his own, he sticks a chasseur hired for the hour behind a common fiacre. This foolish vanity is trained and fostered from their earliest years, and their very children are lackeyed by tawdry footmen through the streets. But their idea of appearances differs in these parts remarkably from our own. I have been carried by a certain marquess through the halls, galleries, and saloons of his palace, and in one of the gorgeous apartments a tailor has been squatted on a table hard at work, not improbably patching his lordship's breeches. The marquess viewed him unmoved as we passed, betraying no uneasiness that I had been allowed to see this

very homely proof of domestic economy. How one of our English exclusives would have been thrown off his centre by such an exposure! But our aria sostenuta is a windy infirmity quite unknown and unintelligible to the Italian as it is indeed every where else but among ourselves.

A love of display descends to the very lazzaroni. The lowest of the multitude may be seen doffing their rags for hired finery on grand gala-days and huddled together in a jarvey, men, women, and children, at the rate of 14*d.* an hour. The party is usually composed of friends who club towards defraying the expense the whole earnings of the week. The very neediest of those slaves have a special horror of appearing in the streets to be employed in any servile office. No one will stoop to carry the smallest parcel in public. No distress compels the condescension. I have known the daughter of a field-officer who earned only 4½*d.* a day by her needle, and was literally starving for want of proper sustenance, pay a porter to carry home the dinner she had received in charity from her employer.

In the upper ranks the leisure of both sexes is divided between the gratifications of sense and the torpor of exhaustion. In the summer they lounge the whole morning in their dressing-gowns, with their casements closed and chambers darkened; at noon they dine *en déshabille*, or, if I may believe their compatriots, sometimes in a

state bordering upon nudity, and always before any of the operations of the toilet have been thought of. If the weather be oppressively hot they pitch their exhaling persons on a sofa until about four, when the toilet becomes the serious occupation of two or three hours to prepare for the corso. The theatre then entertains them till near midnight, after which the lounge is to finish at some trattoria, or to devour shell-fish in their carriages among the lazzaroni in strada St.-Lucia till perhaps 3 o'clock in the morning. A Neapolitan noble prefers spending a life such as this to residing upon his estates in the country, where, with a moderate attention to his affairs, he might pass his days in comparative affluence. The sentiment of proper pride seems to be as much on the wane as their circumstances.

During my stay at Naples one of these unhappy incurables got into a scrape with an English coachman in a common wine shop, and was threatened by John with a sound thrashing, which he very narrowly escaped, and only escaped indeed by alarming his antagonist with an appeal to the British minister. The scuffle continued loud and long, and ended in John's getting off with flying colours, and all the honours of the whip untarnished.

His Majesty of Naples sees but little of his

nobility; unless those who have some official connexion with public affairs. He has, however, one or two grand reception-days in the year, especially during the carnival, when he entertains them in the gross; but even at these levees they have no distinguished place. An Italian, of the very highest rank, assured me, in a tone of deep mortification, that on all such occasions, they receive less attention from the king than the most commonplace stranger. "Our only resource," he said, "is to entertain one another, the best way we can, in some out of the way corner." Not liking to dwell on so tender a subject, he shrugged his shoulders a dozen times during the narrative, broadly hinting that much more might be understood than he he chose to disclose. Nor are some of this nobility less servile in feeling, than they are sunk in condition. Of this I witnessed an awful instance at the academia (the Almack's of Naples), where the king was present. His majesty addressed two or three words of commonplace civility to one of his subjects as he was passing, and the noble instantly dropped on his knees in the attitude of the "knife-whetter," and kissed his majesty's hand. I happened to stand close to the parties, and could observe the royal features narrowly, which did his majesty much credit, as speaking volumes of the pity and contempt he felt for the croucher. A

friend of mine who took great pains to vindicate their intelligence, could muster but two or three out of the whole number with any pretension to learning. Pure Italian, to many, is a dead language, and his majesty jabbers a *patois* himself, as did his fathers before him; yet are they all men of easy and affable manners, courteous, and *au fait* at the small attentions and decorums of social intercourse.

Though I was not prepared to expect much from their instrumental music, I certainly did not think there was so utter a dearth of respectable fiddlers. I sent for a violin professor, the only one I could find disengaged from the theatres, and as there was something peculiar about him, I will beg to make you personally acquainted with my friend, Signor Castellini.

I was dressing when his arrival was announced. The message had hardly reached me when I heard a fiddle in full work in the adjoining room, which continued executing the wildest extravagances until I entered. Signor Castellini began by a brief apology for having only three strings to his bow and resumed his modulations with vigour "et totus in illis." The violin was just such a one as we see in the hands of an itinerant beggar, yet I could not help saying its tone was soft. "It is an *amate*," said he, "the tone is balsamic;" and

on he went until the fit of inspiration fairly exhaled. The process from first to last was a rambling cento of incongruous passages played out of tune, in which staccato, and sliding up and down the fingerboard, were the chief feats, and the whole performed with infinite labour. You wished, poor fellow, that he could play better for his own sake; for poor Castellini is about seventy, and struggling with distress to the very verge of nudity; a tall gaunt figure with long gray hair partially powdered, and straggling about his ears; his look wild, and every limb thrown by his muse into a state of galvanic excitement. Though this artist, after many vain inquiries, was my last hope to find a secondo for Spohr's duets, I clearly saw he would not "suit," and as a pretext for escaping the operation of playing with a lunatic, who I have no kind of doubt would have made much the same sort of music on four strings as on three, I managed to back out, by saying I had sent for him merely to copy out some quartettos. He brought the copies, contrary to all Neapolitan custom, most punctually at the time appointed. I paid him more than his demand; when, after staring hard in my face, he bolted. The creature is very inoffensive; he was, in his best days, one of the opera band in London, but a love fit, he says, destroyed him. His genius is fastidious and sensitive;

for example, if he were sent for by an amateur, the first bungling attempt of his employer, no matter what the possible detriment to his own interest, would send him off at a tangent, and he is heard of no more for ever, by that party. No one can tell you where he lives, nor indeed, could he very well tell it himself, as, from the fluctuation in his finances, and the effect of his temper on the numerous landlords where he lodges, he is perpetually under a necessity of shifting his address at the shortest notice.

But my disappointment in finding instrumental amateurs was more than compensated by falling in with a lady, beyond all comparison, not excepting the very first-rate professors, the most accomplished performer on the violin I ever heard: the individual I speak of is from Courland, and, to do her justice, the least of her accomplishments is music. My introduction to her acquaintance I owe, among other favours, to the kindness of our minister. Her academias, or, as we should call them, morning concerts, were the rendezvous of all the fashion of Naples.

At Vienna there is an orchestra wholly composed of ladies, where violins, clarionets, flutes, oboes, violoncellos, double basses, trombones, serpents, are all played by fair fingers, and, what is more remarkable still, the style of the performance is

much more distinguished for fire, and even power, than any orchestra of the male gender; while the sentiment, as we might expect, is a great deal more touching—of this order of excellence is the lady to whom I have alluded.

Never did that text of scripture, "like priest like people," receive a more practical illustration than in this land of saints and sinners. There is no wanton secularity the clergy do not commit like other men: in the first place, what do you think of bishops thieving? Mathews mentions the case of a "little chocolate-coloured bishop," who plundered a friend of 20 dollars. I fell in with a bishop who so exactly corresponded to this description, that on the spur of the moment I was irresistibly tempted to ask whether he had been acquainted with a certain Mathews who had written a book upon Italy, to which he replied in the affirmative. This gave me a clue, which, assisted by other circumstantial evidence, quite satisfied me as to his personal identity. The avarice of the bishops of Naples is proverbial, and seems to be a failing of this holy order from the days of Timothy to the present.

A right reverend guest drank tea at my house one evening: he was carried to my lodgings as the umbra of a parrocho, or rector of a neighbouring church. The party consisted of his lordship,

the rector, and the bell-ringer, the latter bringing up the rear in his cowl and sandals. We all sat and conversed together, and made out a very agreeable evening; but my clerical friend had lingered to so late an hour, that the crowd outside the church where his lordship was expected to officiate were defrauded for that evening of spiritual comfort; but as the function of the bell-ringer had been suspended during our symposium, it is probable the people would have concluded that there must be some most substantial and pious reason for the omission.

There is nothing they will stop at to make money. An English gentleman of rather irritable nerves, living in the neighbourhood of a certain church, sent a message to the bishop that his repose was every night insufferably disturbed by the ringing of the bells. The prelate instantly saw a case to be turned to account, and instead of attending to the expostulation of the petitioner, ordered the bell-ringer to redouble his assiduity, and infallibly must have rung the sleepless gentleman out, or sent him to the campo-santo, had not the complainant discovered, before it was too late, that the nuisance might be abated by a consideration to the church. Another lodger similarly assailed, but not of so liberal a purse, decamped from Naples a week after his arrival.

Several of these dignitaries are wealthy:—the bishop of Castel-a-mare has a revenue of 1200 ducats a year; the great bulk of working parsons receive only about two carlins, or 9*d.* a day, which is fished up in masses from the most ragged of their flocks; and, as I speak of fishing, those spoilers of the poor who compose the sharkery of Franciscan beggars regularly keep a deputy in waiting on the beach, that they may clutch a portion of what is taken at every haul of the nets; and if, as often happens, the poor fishermen catch no more than rewards the hard toil of their day's work with three or four sardinias or anchovies apiece, the barefooted mendicant with the shaven crown will have the face to insist, perhaps, on half for the church. The harvest of the ocean is a source of revenue, from time immemorial established and recognised, for the support of these fishy friars of St. Francis.

All below the rank of parish priest are paid by the mass; their superiors are remunerated by government, or draw their subsistence from endowments annexed to their several churches and religious establishments; but we must take care not to infer, from their habits of grinding the poor, that they are deficient in the work of charity: by no means; the grace I allow takes on somewhat of a peculiar form, exercising itself not so much in directly affording pecuniary assistance to the needy,

as in recommending them for relief to others. I had several applications made to me of this kind, of rather more importunate urgency than I thought was quite accounted for on a principle of disinterestedness. But whatever the body may be exposed to, the soul of the Neapolitan can have little cause to complain of neglect. It appears, from a statistical report of Del Re, a recent writer of credit, that in 158 parishes, there are not fewer than 303 churches, 25 chapels, 142 confraternities, 689 priests, 41 monasteries and convents filled with *crociferi*, Dominicans, Austin friars, Minorites and capuchins, 339 monks and friars, besides 17 monasteries of Santa Chiara, 6 of Santa Maria and St. Peter, and 4 of other denominations, enclosing 283 nuns, besides 4 conservatorii of S. Eligio and S. Maria Madalena, containing 148. According to one of the last reports, the entire kingdom of Naples numbers 25,912 Frati, 11,380 monks, and of different other descriptions of the craft, a complement swelling the sum total to 46,522. Nor is Naples less liberally provided with professional men, for the conservation of body and property, than for the care of the immortal part. I have forgotten how many doctors, but it is a statistical fact, that there are 1600 lawyers to provide for the peace of the metropolis.

LETTER XV.

Education — Schools — Processions — St. Januarius — San Philomena—Sermons—Pompeii.

I HAVE said that the education of all, from the prince to the peasant, is in the hands of the clergy. You may see the young scions of this threadbare nobility, trooping every day, rank and file, through the streets, under the ferula of some domine of an ecclesiastic, who marches consequentially at their head, and this ignoramus continues fastened upon them until an age, when their prejudices may be trusted to have taken sufficient root to brave all the impressions of reason and common sense to disturb. No overseer watches his galley-slaves with a severer eye than these pious guardians of the public ignorance look into the conduct of the youth committed to their keeping, and the more effectually to extinguish any little glimmering of intelligence that has lingered among the people since the wreck of the Napoleon dynasty, not only

are the mutual schools shut up, but no schools of any kind are for the future to be tolerated, unless licensed by the king; and still more completely to prevent these licensed seminaries being of use, the parents of the children are required most inconveniently to contribute to their support. There is an anecdote told of the minister of the late King Ferdinand (Cavaliere di Medici), when that minister was earnestly urging the suppression of the gratis schools established by Murat. "Your majesty must ged rid of these schools," he said, "or your government is in jeopardy."—"How," said the king, "can that be done? What will the people say, when they see the board taken down?" (The board over the school-door).—"The matter is managed with the greatest ease," replied the minister; "let the board remain where it is."

To reconcile the multitude to their degraded state, the government is doubly diligent to amuse them with festivals and processions. Some of these processions are much closer imitations of their pagan originals than I had any idea of. That of the Madonna del Arco, which is one of the most popular, is only a christianized and mitigated copy of the bacchanal procession in honour of Ceres, and is so favourite a festival, that they economize for the whole year to be able to enjoy it in perfection.

But the Virgin has no such honours paid to her, as in her character of Madonna di Piedigrotta. On this occasion there is a regular turn-out of the whole garrison, horse, foot, and artillery, and a turn-in of all the peasantry for twenty miles round Naples. You have red-faced rustics and town-faced pale citizens, all elbowing to get nearest to the spectacle. No one is permitted the luxury of a carriage lest the royal cortege, which makes a great figure in this special foolery, should meet with any obstruction. The procession passed under my windows, giving me an opportunity of closely observing the whole pageantry. When the king came in sight all the vessels in the harbour, English, American, and Neapolitan, kept up an unceasing cannonade, backed by volleys from the rusty throats of the guns on Castel-Ovo. After the train halted, ices, fruits, and every kind of sweet-meats, were carried about promiscuously to men and officers, of which they partook, most socially, in common. The royal cortege was composed of about twenty coaches, each drawn by six horses, his majesty's the only one distinguished by eight, and it was followed by thirty royal lackeys, clothed in the ancient Spanish costume, and wearing dancing-pumps and lofty waving plumes. No poverty can plead being so poor as to refuse its mite to the lady of the Piedigrotta; the contribu-

tion goes by the name of "tribute," and is as duly paid by the king as the most destitute of his subjects. This festival is the grand settling-day for squaring accounts with the Virgin, and paying up the back-rent; and the activity of the priests, who are her middlemen in the office of collecting, is little inferior to that of the agent of an absentee Irish squire.

But the devotion of the Neapolitans to San Gennaro throws every other saint into the shade. While they are blessed with his favour they can smile at all the terrors of hell and Vesuvius; when he withdraws his continuance, or gives the slightest sign of being out of humour, they are plunged in the deepest despair. It is only in such afflicting trials that they condescend to make their supplications direct to the Almighty, and then the petition is not that he would himself relieve their distresses, but merely to use his interest with their patron to vouchsafe that favour.

The anniversary service in honour of this guardian angel of Naples furnishes, perhaps, the most awful exemplification in the whole universe of the omnipotence of ecclesiastical humbug. The cathedral was crammed in every corner and recess, where man, woman, or child could be stowed together, and all in breathless expectation of the miracle of miracles—the liquefaction of the martyr's

blood. The leading character in this piece was sustained by an old lady, who, as a lineal descendant of the saint, was put forward to interpose her prayers in behalf of his dear Neapolitans. You might have heard her incessant howling half a mile off. At last came a procession of priests, with the carafa, or bottle, containing the sacred lymph, which was borne in the van by a personage of high ecclesiastical rank, inceding with a most solemn gravity towards the altar, and flanked on each side by a fellow dignitary. In the centre was carried, high over the heads of the solemn train, the effigy of Januarius, having his face bespread in a very gingerbread fashion, with copper-coloured leaf. No sooner did they deposit their precious burden than the whole procession dispersed, and hurried off in different directions, as if quite ashamed of the thing, leaving behind only a single ecclesiastic in charge of the carafa, which was enclosed in a box, for the purpose of being presented to the eager multitude, for the baccio, or kiss. An enlightened Italian, who accompanied me to the spectacle, was one of the most fluent traducers, without exception, that I ever heard cut jokes on the trickery of priestcraft. He importuned me to descend the steps of the altar, from the platform where I was standing, that I might have a nearer view of what was going forward. I objected, on the ground of

my being unwilling to be placed in circumstances that might, by possibility, cause me to appear guilty of intentional irreverence for the rite, which must be the case, if the box were presented and I refused to do as others. "Of that," he said, "I will answer for it there can be no possible risk;" and I descended. To my inexpressible horror, one of the first acts of the officiating priest was to offer me the said box for the customary homage, before the dense and gaping multitude, which I declined, by several distinct and, as I thought, most intelligible motions of my head; but all to no purpose. I suppose he construed these motions like the nods of Jupiter, to mean assent in place of refusal, and still persisted, thrusting the thing in my very face, till he compelled me to retrace my steps, which I did, boiling inwardly with indignation at the scrape my enlightened friend got me into, whom, on turning round, I discovered fast upon his knees, with his hands locked and uplifted, and his eyes raised in the veriest ecstasies of devotion. The fellow beslavered the box from side to side, and had his temples and face rubbed with it from his crown to his chin :—the knave, I never shall forget him, and I dwell on the circumstance only, to show how much real credit he deserved for the sincerity of his devotion. And after all, the liquefaction did not take place

until nine o'clock that night, when it was announced by a tremendous volley from the batteries of the fort and castle; this very unusual delay caused a panic over the whole of Naples, the people concluding that some dreadful calamity hung over them; and I was assured, had they been kept much longer in suspense, the most serious consequences might have followed, affecting the peace of the community, if not perilling the very safety of the state.

Many doubts have been raised about the *rationale* of the liquefaction, and it is admitted even by the most orthodox, that the blood is by no means so tractable for miraculous purposes in cold weather as in hot, the operation being somewhat regulated by the state of the thermometer; but it is the most dangerous and unpardonable of heresies to hint at this or any other mode of solving the mystery. Not long since, two English sceptics, who had laughed during the ceremony, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the populace.

But the saint who was getting into most favour when I left Naples, was a certain Philomena, who, ever since she vouchsafed a propitious ear to the petitions of the late queen for an heir to the crown was carrying all before her. She had already put Januarius's nose out of joint, and bade fair to be at the very top of the calendar. I have myself heard

the most learned of the priesthood at Naples, members of the Herculanean academy, most gravely affirm the miraculous energy of Philomena, not only in the procreative way, but in curing the most hopeless disorders. An instance of the latter, they said, had occurred but a very short time since. A French lady had become a mass of infirmity from head to foot, her joints were noded with gout, cancer preyed upon her nose, pains racked her frame night and day, and her bones absolutely stared upon her. Hearing of the powers of St. Philomena, this poor lady started from Paris, and arrived at Naples more dead than alive. Duly initiated in the forms of propitiation, and having all the requisite quantity of faith, she was in a few days restored to perfect health; the cancer ceased, her skin became fresh and soft as Naaman the Syrian's, her bones were covered with good substantial flesh, and the lady from Paris stood forth a miracle, carrying over hundreds of converts.

One of the bad effects of turning religion into such habitual mummery, is a familiarity with sacred things and names, which is to the last degree unpardonable and offensive:—one church is called after the New Jesus, and another goes by the name of the Old—you have Holy Ghost place and Mother of God square, and over their shops our Saviour is actually daubed as a sign.

The discourses from the Neapolitan pulpit are generally in the *patois* of the country; the greater part of them confused ranting rhapsodies, and not unfrequently accompanied with a violence of gesticulation that leaves far behind the orators of the Molo. I found but one remarkable exception, and he was a cardinal; his eminence officiated, when I heard him, at the grand festival of the Assumption—the cardinal's name is Caracciolo, a near relative of the poor fellow who was hanged at the yard-arm of a British man-of-war some thirty years since, to glut the rage of a harlot and a queen. The subject of his discourse was the inestimable merits of the Virgin: its object, to acquaint his auditory with a proper sense of the precedency due to her in the cabinet council of heaven; which he managed by demonstrating that as the mother of our Saviour, and in virtue of the same relationship, the mother of mankind also, she must obviously be the fittest of the heavenly family to whom we should address our petitions, seeing that her maternal bosom, fraught with the susceptibilities of her sex, must necessarily be more sensitive to the sufferings of her children, more alive to their complaints than any other individual about the celestial throne; and, of course, more affectionately interested to give weight to their petitions, and enforce their claims for redress

upon the attention of the Great Parent of all, who, without such intercession, might of course be indifferent or forgetful! The sermon was delivered in good Italian, and listened to with eager attention.

Having said that I would suppress all my antiquarian lore, I shall consume but little of your patience about Pompeii or Herculaneum.

Before leaving the long subterranean gallery or passage, which goes by the name of Diomedes's cellar, and which is spacious enough to contain the vintage of Magna Græcia, I had an amusing trait of the credulity or impudence of cicerones: the guide very unceremoniously laid hold of both my arms, and planting me with my back to the wall, desired I would look steadfastly at the opposite side. I at first thought him mad, or about to commit some outrage. "Ecco," said he, staring at me with a wild expression, as if he had seen an apparition. I looked, but could see nothing. Not being able to make any thing of my dulness, he at last stooped down, and tracing with his finger the outline of some patches of damp, or it might be faded paint, assured me they were "original portraits of Diomedes's wife and children;" all striking likenesses it seemed, miraculously imprinted on the wall, by the contact of their persons in their effort to force their way out in the agonies of suffocation; and, as

he uttered the amazing nonsense, his countenance maintained as earnest a cast of seriousness, as if he had been reciting one of the most authentic miracles of the Virgin. What hours of inconceivable horror must have been the last spent here, with death threatening under so many torturing aspects, and equally certain and horrible in all;—slow suffocation by sulphur, or by the rushing in of the liquefied ashes through the airholes; inextricable imprisonment under a rapidly accumulating mountain of burning cinders and raining ashes; slow roasting, if they survived so long, by intolerable and increasing heat, and even if these could be braved, inevitable starvation at last!

These vaults must evidently have been used for other purposes than cellarage, or why so unnecessarily spacious, why take so much pains with ornamenting the walls? They have a beautiful cornice, and there are some distinct traces of fresco painting. Their legitimate destination I have not the smallest doubt was that of a crypto portico for recreation in very hot weather, for which purpose they certainly are admirably adapted.

Before one half of Pompeii is excavated, that portion which has already been disinterred will have fallen into utter decay. At present there are but forty excavators employed, and not above one-

fifth of the city has been laid bare, whereas Murat kept one thousand men constantly at work. The government are quite indifferent on the subject; the more so as many more objects have been collected already than they have room in the museum to accommodate; and the consequence is, that many of the most precious articles furnish a very profitable contraband trade. I am myself the purchaser of some of these articles, which are equal if not superior to most of those which adorn the walls of the studio. I mentioned this to different custodes and persons connected with the museum, which occasioned no surprise whatever; it is a secret well known to every body. The objects dug up during the day are, with a mutual understanding among the parties concerned, covered over, and removed in the night to a convenient place for the smuggler's purpose. To account for the paucity of unwieldy property, such as statues, vases, and various massive utensils in bronze, the Cannonico Joiro, the most renowned historian of the antiquities of Pompeii, is of opinion that a great many of the things which hurry, fright, or confusion prevented being removed during the eruption, were carried away afterwards; and that excavations were made at different periods not long subsequent, he thinks is a fact put past conjecture by an inspection of the ruins, and the situations

in which several valuable articles have been found, as if placed there only until the explorer should avail himself of another opportunity to take them away.

It is curious, that though rubies and many other descriptions of the most precious stones have been met with, there is no instance of stumbling upon a single diamond, and yet we know that this luxury was not unfamiliar to the Romans when the Campanian cities were overwhelmed.

Some are of opinion that the town was not buried by the first eruption, but by several consecutive eruptions. The bowels of Vesuvius could not, they think, have contained materials sufficient for completing the inhumation of the cities at once, and on this hypothesis there would be sufficient opportunity to take away, with ease and at a small expense, every thing that repaid the trouble. If this be a correct theory, we have rather to wonder that any thing of much value should remain for the modern discoverer than that so much is left to reward his curiosity.

As we were desirous of seeing some new ground broken, the government, at the request of the British minister, gave an order for an excavation to be made for our special gratification. These orders are made a favour, but generally turn out a hollow compliment. The fruits of our search were a few amphoræ (one of them of the largest class) an iron

door-bolt, a fragment of a glass vessel, some nails, a burnt portion of a doorpost, and part of an earthen pot. The bottom of this vessel was still black, and close to it was a fireplace, a little sunk below the level of the floor, containing charcoal and white wood-ashes. For these objects we had to uncover the entrances of two small houses, which the director of the workmen was of opinion were occupied by persons who prepared hot or medicated wines for sale. As the excavators lifted away the rubbish we found large fragments of scoriæ, and of those porous stones which Pliny alludes to as so formidable in their descent; some of several pounds weight. This writer, you will remember, speaks of his uncle carrying pillows on his head to protect him against these masses so far off as Stabiæ.

Here, then, you have before you the whole result of an operation to which I had impatiently looked for wonders. But no excavation yields much which is not expressly commanded by his majesty. In other parts of the Neapolitan territory, especially about Nola, antiquities are fair game. They cost you nothing besides hunting for them; which, however, may be quite dear enough in the end, as, before the looked-for prize turns up, you may have, possibly, a week or two of hard labour to pay for.

It was an interesting lounge to examine the writing on the walls and columns; but they are so

provokingly obscured by modern scrawls in pencil as to be hardly legible. The frequency of this practice has occasioned an order to be issued by the government, that no such impertinences shall be suffered by the guides in future. The Pompeians appear to have had as great a rage for this scribbling as ourselves. In some places ribald phrases have been found, and low abuse of public characters, but no positive obscenity. In general, all the writing is vilely scrawled, and shows they never dreamt in those days of the perfection to which the secretaries of Day and Martin should arrive in our literary age. The following couplet, which I copy from a marble slab taken from the public baths, is curious for its construction, the nominative case supposed to be one of the emperors:

"Odit, amat, punit, *conservat*, honorat,
Nequitias, leges, crimina, jura, probos."

Whoever this conservative was, we see, at least, that his power must have been above that of a subject; the allusion seems clearly, I think, to the emperor Titus.

By an inscription taken from the temple of Venus, we learn that gallantry was under the special protection of government. Among other things, we read that one Rufus Posthumus, a duumvir of justice, had acquired the privilege of

shutting the windows of the temple for the sum of 3000 sesterces, and enjoyed the right of raising a partition wall, within which to enclose the sanctum sanctorum of the college (a corporate body of libertines styled Venerei) from the prying eye of the profane. How this advertisement is to be reconciled with the conservative verses aforesaid, especially with the punishment of *nequitias* and *crimina*, I am at some loss to conjecture.

The apartments in the best houses are by no means of such confined limits as description had led me to conclude. Most of the bedrooms are, I allow, little better than pigeon-holes, but what are some of the recesses appropriated to the purpose of bedrooms in Paris and Edinburgh? I paced the area of several of the Pompeian chambers, and if due allowance be made for this summary mode of admeasurement, I believe my report of their dimensions not very far from correct. In Sallust's house there is a bedchamber twelve feet by nine, and some of the apartments are from ten to thirteen; one was nine feet by eight, another, thirteen by nine, another twelve by nine. Pansa's dining-room is thirty feet by twenty-three. His house from back to front is fifty-eight yards long, and contains eighteen rooms, besides the kitchen and its dependencies. The tragic poet had a saloon seventeen feet square, and from

front to rear, this mansion measures thirty yards—the tablinum is sixteen by twelve. Close to the forum, in Strada del Teatro, you find rooms fifteen by ten, and twenty-seven by eighteen. Nor are the streets of such very moderate breadth as some have represented: the main street is fully twenty-seven feet wide. To be sure, many are so narrow, that if two carriages happened to meet, there seems to have been no possible alternative but "backing out," but other streets, *trottoir* inclusive, measured twenty-five feet in the clear.

I have never met any body able to explain to my satisfaction, why the Pompeian houses seldom aspired above one story. The dog-star, no one will doubt, must have been quite as furious at Pompeii as at Rome; yet at Rome, such was the rage for lofty buildings, that a special law interdicted the redemptor from raising any private mansion above ninety feet. Lofty structures, one would suppose, were a necessity in a climate like this; the apartments in Pompeii, more especially the sentry-box bedrooms, despite all the contrivances for darkening, must have been as suffocating as so many garrets. Various are the conjectures about this matter:—an officer of the museum was of opinion that the lowness of the houses may have been the effect of a sumptuary law, prohibiting a colony of despised merchants

from vying with their betters. Others ascribe it to the prejudices of their Greek inhabitants in favour of their ancient style of architecture, which seems, I think, a sufficiently satisfactory account of the matter.

Never having been able exactly to understand the position of the guests in the triclinium, I examined the dimensions and structure of some of those which still remain in best preservation. It is evident that the position of the guests could not have been straight from the top to the bottom, as some have imagined, but oblique, the distance from the edge (next to the banqueting-table) to the bottom being much shorter than that of an average man, and the same remark I found applicable to the triclinium in the garden of Sallust, one of the sides of which measures in depth not above four feet and a-half.

Though so many relics, pointing out the great progress which the arts had made, survive to acquaint us intelligibly with the luxury of the Pompeians, yet have I heard many express great doubt of the splendour with which these diminutive apartments were furnished; but their limited dimensions are surely no ground to justify an opinion on the subject one way or the other. To form any notion of what was really the splendour of fitting up, we must draw largely on the records

left us by classic writers: to picture any thing approaching the magnificence of the finishing of these houses, let us call to mind the luxurious reign of Titus, the proverbial effeminacy of the people inhabiting this coast, the immense wealth of the Romans at that period; all the civilized world tributary to their wants and fastidious refinements; let us recollect the unlimited command they had of so many costly materials in ivory and precious woods, and gems, and metals, the taste of their hangings, and carpets, and couches, the

> ——— " Varios pulchrâ testudine postes,
> Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyrëiaque æra.

Besides, how graceful must have been the varying fashions of the day, all the nameless objects of convenience or luxury which adorned their chief apartments, cabinets, boudoirs, produced by an exquisitely cultivated taste and invention, every day improving on the finest models from Greece, and Asia, and Egypt. Nor ought we to overlook their means and facilities; the immense number of artists, whose services, as their condition was not above that of slaves, could be commanded by a patron for a mere trifle. But as if envious time had resolved, that not only the things which have perished, but even the pleasure of surveying

those he has spared, should be denied to the profane eye of our curiosity, antiquarian scepticism has been carried so far as to throw a doubt on the very authenticity of Pompeii, boldly asserting that the town to which we give that name has no decided claim to be considered the actual "*opidum celebre*" destroyed by the eruption of 79. These doubters insist that the site of what we assume for Pompeii corresponds not at all with the record, and a great deal of lumbering verbiage is pressed into the proof of the extravagant improbability. They will have it that the town we call Pompeii was buried by the mountain in a later age; but this absurdity is got rid of at once by the consideration, that, if this were true, it is impossible that some notice of the fact should not be furnished from the wreck of history, or tradition, or by some existing monument; whereas one trace or indication, statue, bust, or painting or inscription of any sort, has there not been found in the buried city later than the reign of Titus, with the solitary exception of a head of Cæsar Domitian, and every body knows that that emperor familiarly received the title of Cæsar some time before the destruction of the city.

LETTER XVI.

Pompeii — Herculaneum — Castel-a-mare — Convent of Gragnano— Frescoes—Musical Notation—Window-Glass.

On the 12th of June we commenced our visits to the "city of the silent," before the air had yet lost its freshness, or the sun acquired its full force. These noonday visits were attended with one advantage, and not a moderate one: our enjoyment was undistracted by groups of visiters, who pour in at a later hour, when it becomes equally impossible either to indulge your revery or to obtain satisfactory information from the guides; in this crowd, while the cicerone, who never leaves you for a moment, is replying to the multitude of interrogatories which come showering upon him, no one remark meets due attention. We wished to see it by moonlight, but it was impossible without a special order from the government, no one being permitted either to enter or remain within the walls after eight o'clock in the evening. A

great deal has been said about the advantage of viewing such scenes by moonlight: I much doubt whether the solemn impression would have been greater by moonlight than ours was in the broad blaze of the silent noon, while the sun's rays revealed the most retired recesses of the awful desolation.

Our pilgrimages to this "city of the silent," generally ended with a thunderstorm. During one of the most frightful, the "house of the poet entertained us most hospitably against the extremity of the skies," while a sulphurous cloud gathered its horrors so thick about the ruins as to exclude for a time almost every glimmer of light, with the exception of the lurid flashes of lightning. It seemed as if the wrath of heaven were yet unabated against the devoted city; indeed, so appalling was the tempest at one of our visits, that the guide seriously apprehended a fresh inhumation, and what heightened his dread, he recollected a prophecy of the church, that, in this or the succeeding month, there was to be a grand finale of the eruption which so imperfectly expended itself the year previous. I certainly never saw a man suffer more agony of terror than he did during the whole of the time we were immured by this sublime episode.

Among the guides who bewilder you with their

illustrations of these ruins, let me recommend Antonio Parabelli as, without comparison, the least of all the bores. He is intelligent enough not to trouble you with much information, and shines in a pleasant sort of inoffensive gossip of the various characters and personages who have pilgrimaged hither from time to time under his auspices. He lightened the toil of our morning with some capital lagrime which awaited us under the vine awning of a romantic cottage looking directly, almost perpendicularly, upon the temple of Isis and houses adjacent. From this elevated spot the distribution of the compartments of various buildings lies open to your view, as intelligibly as if you were looking upon the ground plan of the architect. With this comprehensive map spread before us, Parabelli gave an additional zest to our refreshments, as he recapitulated, in a kind of lecture, various particulars of the principal objects which we had just been examining.

After contemplating the effects of its ancient wrath, it might be expected I should have ascended to the fountain of the mischief. But there was little in this for me to enjoy. Vesuvius is but a wart to Mount Ætna which I had already scaled during one of the most awful of its displays that have occurred for a century. I have not only ascended this first of living vulcanoes, but de-

scended into the crater of two dead ones, in the island of Lipari, quite as famous in their day as Vesuvius. I ought to remember it well, the feat having cost me an especial part of my dress (which as there were ladies of our party I least could spare), owing to the caustic effects of the sulphurets which fringed the lip of the crater; besides, the heat of the season was discouraging to the present attempt, and when I had nearly made up my mind to it in the winter, we had a report that old Salvatore, the guide, who was missing for three days, had just been dug out of the snow near the top.

Vesuvius, I think, appears in greatest glory in the autumn, when, as I have frequently observed, the sun emerges direct from between its two summits, or when the broad harvest-moon lingers over the top, throwing its softest tones over the bright blue ocean. Nor is its winter aspect less picturesque, when robed in snow, as this year it was, nearly to the very base, and the smoke issues in curling folds, crimsoned by the splendour of sunset, giving to the burnished vapours the appearance of flame.

Fresh excavations have been making in Herculaneum for the last eight years, and yet very little of the town has been opened up. The houses are upon a much larger scale than those of Pompeii;

the rooms lofty, the passages ample, and the gateways spacious. Nor is the superior order and wealth of their owners less conspicuous in what survives of the architecture and beauty of the decorations. The frescoes below the cornices of the best houses, when viewed minutely, are exquisite; while the cornices themselves display a symmetry not inferior to the choicest carving in ivory. One house has an arched ceiling beautifully painted, and almost in all the freshness of recent execution. The surface of the stucco in many of the apartments shines with more than the lustre of polished marble, and the colour, in some places, is quite untarnished. All the houses which I explored have subterranean passages leading to the theatre, with which as if supplying one of the prime necessities, not mere refinements of life, these passages communicate like so many conduits to bring, as it were, the luxury to the door.

The cicerone showed us a deep bathing-trough of *terra cotta*, in which the skeleton of a man was found stretched at full length; possibly some poor helpless invalid, deserted by his friends, and unable, through his infirmity, to extricate himself before the fatal flood enclosed him. What could have tempted him to bathe at such a time? Why think about improving health, while life itself was in instant danger? Does not this discovery seem

to lend some colour of truth to the opinion that the destruction of the city was altogether unexpected, and that the story about so many thousands being destroyed in the theatre is far from so very apocryphal as some suppose?

The excavations under the town of Resina have been discontinued. The inhabitants opposed the work from terror of the ground giving way, and his majesty is prevented carrying it on towards the fields from a similar objection on the part of the landowners. The few workmen at present employed at Herculaneum are occupied in uncovering the road outside one of the great gates, but no object has been met with worthy of notice.

I accompanied a friend to witness an excavation above the site of Herculaneum, where we discovered some walls supposed to be part of a suburban villa. We came, at last, to the entrance of a doorway, the threshold of which presented in tessellated work, two fishes with trident-formed tails; but nothing besides of any interest, excepting some unusually vivid fresco-paintings on the side walls, the green tints of which had very little changed, though of all colours green is the most rarely found unfaded.

The lava over these ruins consists of a congeries of lapillæ compacted with loose earth almost as easily removed as so much sand. The walls had

sustained much more injury than any which I observed in the town below, and stood in broken dislocated fragments; owing, no doubt, to their nearer contiguity to the torrent rushing direct from the crater. It seems strange the government do not set the excavators at work here; yet very little has been attempted beyond Resina, since the reign of Charles the Third. The expense would be trifling. A moggio of ground, which is about equal to one of our acres, might be purchased for 250 ducats. My friend and I thought seriously about buying a few acres for our amusement, and there is not a shadow of doubt that we would have been repaid by a rich harvest of discovery; for who can tell the extent to which the villas of a first-rate provincial town might have been sprinkled over the base of the mountain;—a site commanding so magnificent a prospect of the bay, and sweeping from Sorrento to Cape Misenum. My friend made an application to the minister of the interior, with whom he is on terms of great intimacy, in the hope of obtaining the consent of the government, but was told there was not the most distant chance of prevailing over their objections to allow of any excavations but such as it might please his majesty to direct.

To facilitate my access to Pompeii, I took apartments in the picturesque village of Castel-a-mare.

However this place may be thought of by others (and few localities have been more lavishly be-praised), to me it was intolerable. Though in the month of June, I never enjoyed my health or spirits for a single day, and this I am compelled to say despite all that Galen writes of the peculiar salubrity of Mount Lactuarius which overshadows it—its hanging woods, romantic rides, and antique associations, more especially as the site of the memorable Stabiæ, where the elder Pliny was suffocated under the sulphurous vapours of the mountain. In truth Castel-a-mare had very nearly suffocated me too. During the whole of my sojourn it was one everlasting depressing siroc; and a great part of every day a dense fog belted the mountains, for which the sun was no match, until the scorching noon, when the heat grew alarming, and made it absolutely impossible to do any thing but gasp on a sofa. Added to all these miseries, you are beset, from the moment you arrive at Castel-a-mare till you depart, by troops of donkey-drivers, and ragged paupers, as clamorous as crows about a carrion. You may always tell a fresh arrival by the half-naked procession of the vagabonds who escort him to his lodgings.

The grand *piacere* is scaling the woody hills, or making parties to Pompeii, on which occasion sometimes every ass in Castel-a-mare is in requisi-

tion. The noisy cavalcade, as it issues from the village, tells you almost to a minute the hour of the morning or evening. The unmerciful thwacks of a score or two of bludgeons on the hides of these wretched animals, resounding far and near about the town, and filling up the pauses of braying and hallooing, admonish you that it is time to call for your proper donkey to swell the concert. The urchin who tends your donkey runs by its side the whole day, if you like, for 4½*d.*, and when tired he is taken in tow by a grip of his tail. These boys are very vain of fast-going donkeys, to which they give superfine names. My own especial ass was Rafaniella, much esteemed for her fleetness and docility ; but one day Rafaniella loitered beyond her wont, and the recollection of former services was of no avail in saving her from some most fearful bastinadoes. The same day her companion *de voyage*, ridden by a friend, lay down leisurely on the high road. The heat was excessive, and there being about half a foot deep of dust, Paulina deemed it just the place for a refreshing roll. She "posed" so gradually that the rider hardly suffered an inconvenience beyond that of being laid flat on his back, but with full time to get out of the way before being made a party to a movement which, to him at least, must have been any thing but refreshing. We are too apt to con-

sider mules and asses as particularly sure-footed—I had long treasured up this notion with the confidence of a first principle, having, nearly a quarter of a century ago, ridden down the side of Mount Ætna on a donkey without a trip. A ride across the island of Ischia first disabused me of my confidence. The confounded brute, who must have been foaled in an eclipse, came down all-fours, with a celerity not outdone by the most spavined hack; but to do the Castel-a-mare asses justice, the poor devils are absolutely ridden to death.

Of the town or its neighbourhood I carried away but one agreeable reminiscence—the hospitality of a neighbouring nunnery, at a place called Gragnano. I was introduced to the virgins by a canon of the church of one of the most noble and distinguished families of Naples, a gentleman no less remarkable for the extent of his knowledge than the liberality of his principles, more especially as an advocate for popular education. The nunnery contains thirty-three fair prisoners, of ancient descent, some of them still young and captivating, with a tone of high breeding, very pleasingly softened by devotion. They are in for life; nothing short of a special licence from the pope can avail to let them pass the threshold. The nunnery of Gragnano is famous too for a most savoury kitchen. When our arrival was announced by the

canonico, the ladies came flocking to the window of the parlour, and we had a great deal of pleasant conversation on different topics connected with our travels, and what hardly admitted of explanation, they seemed to take as much interest in the affairs of the world as if they actually belonged to it. We had a luxurious collation of sweetmeats, liqueurs, wines, and ices, and of the portable portion of the dainties we were compelled, by their hospitality, to carry away as much as our pockets could contain. As I remarked to the canonico upon the great sacrifice these interesting creatures were making, at a time of life when the privation of liberty must be so painful, "How all-powerful," said he, "must be the religious sentiment which can render so great a sacrifice delightful!" I should have closed with his opinion, could I have believed the sacrifice voluntary, which, in a great number of cases we know to be the very reverse.

After reviewing, as Mr. Bulwer calls them, the "disburied" cities, I enjoyed a double measure of satisfaction in examining the objects in the museum, on which I shall beg to offer a few brief remarks; and first, of the frescoes. Nothing can more decidedly show the superiority to which the ancients had arrived in the art of fixing colours than their wall-paintings. Many of them which have been taken from Pompeii are

actually in a more vivid state of preservation than Michael Angelo's are at this moment. What I find most conspicuous among the excellences of these wall-paintings is a great manner and masterly freedom, and often a fine touch that compensates every other defect, while the design and the composition have always more or less to call for admiration. Some of the frescoes are evidently copies from pictures in Rome; those of Castor and Pollux, in the house which goes by their names, are exact copies of the antique statues of these gods, which may be still seen in the capitol.

The mode of peeling off fresco paintings is very simple and expeditious. A flat piece of wood of the size of the painting is placed firmly against the picture, round the edges of which a deep cut is made, with a sharp instrument, into the stucco, more especially over the upper part, and the whole is then detached and lifted off with ease and in perfect integrity. Many attempts have been made to revive the antique mode of fixing colours, but hitherto all have alike proved fruitless.

It has been doubted whether the ancients were acquainted with musical notation, but there is a fresco in this collection which I think renders the presumption at least extremely probable, if it does not put it beyond any reasonable cavil. In this

painting, a female sits singing to the accompaniment of a lyre played by another, assisted by a male performer on two reeds, evidently a music-master, or professor of the art. The singing lady holds before her a scroll, marked with straight lines and several dots, presenting an appearance altogether different from what is observable in any other fresco, and so nearly resembling our own mode of noting sounds, that the similarity forcibly struck a friend of mine when viewing it, as well as myself. Some may think that this scroll represents not the music but the verses of her song, but it does not appear probable at least it is generally contrary to modern experience, that she should have required such a refresher to her memory in a matter that may be presumed so familiar to her from habit. Be this as it may, the characters struck me certainly as very different from any I ever observed before, and both Gell and Jorio agreed to believe my speculation might be justly founded. The performer on the reeds has his foot raised as in the act of marking the time, just like the leader of a modern concert.

Many doubts have been entertained by travellers as to the use of glass in windows by the ancients of this period. To me it seems put beyond all question, that its use in admitting light into houses was perfectly known to them, and that its not

being more generally in use was a matter of pure taste. Had we discovered glass only in a flat form in Pompeii, we might certainly have been justified in doubting whether the art of shaping it into vessels was arrived at; but having found so many specimens of all forms, flat and round, it is, I think, hardly rational to question that it would have been used in any one of these modes as readily as another, whenever it might be deemed either a convenience or a luxury. Much of that kind of glass which we call ground glass, Sir William Gell told me, was found in the Pompeian baths, and obviously for the same purpose as we are in the habit of employing it ourselves, when we wish to admit light but to prevent the interior of an apartment from being seen from without. If semi-transparent horn was, as we know, often used for windows, would the ancients have been likely to overlook a more diaphanous substance, of which they were equally in possession? I confess it has always appeared to me absolute trifling to make the thing a question at all; but that glass was actually so applied, a fragment of it may still be seen in the house which goes by the name of the Faun. The special preservation of this fragment is owing to the narrowness of the aperture, which resembles a loophole, and to the circumstance of the glass being firmly fixed in the cement.

That glass windows were not in very general use is probable, not because they were expensive or because the people were ignorant of their peculiar convenience, but for this simple reason, they were not needed for their climate. The luxury at which their architecture chiefly aimed, was to exclude light and admit air; and it is so still in a great proportion of the houses in Naples, which are therefore unprovided with glass windows. Workmen and artisans who require light, prefer, when the weather will allow them, to carry on their business in the open air, and hence so many of the streets of Naples are crowded with blacksmiths, coopers, braziers, shoemakers, and a multitude of other handicrafts, as no doubt the streets of Pompeii were in ancient days. The very tailor of this climate has been tempted to forsake squatting for the more creditable posture of sitting like a man in the fiesh air. In their very few dark days, the workshops are lit up with oil.

LETTER XVII.

Pompeian Pantry—Silver Vessels — Cose reservate—Mr. Bulwer criticised—Manuscript Library—Vases from Apulia—Herculanean Manuscripts.

We shall now turn to the contents of the Pompeian pantry. We were assured by the learned keeper of this unique collection, that the olives, if soaked in water, give out very sensibly the flavour of the fruit. You are aware, that among the surviving dainties, there is a large mass, of a soluble material, which, when diluted, gives out a very perceptible vinous odour. Gell believed it to be wine converted into this form for the convenience of carriage, packing in a trunk, or the like; just as we do with our portable soup, and that the pieces were cut off with a chopping knife as they were needed.

It seems the Emperor of Austria had the curiosity to break the shell of one of the eggs brought

hither from Pompeii, but found that the entire contents had escaped, with the exception of an extremely minute portion of a yellowish powder, not yet evaporated. Possibly in a century or two more this may disappear also.

Some of the very rarest specimens of silver plate were brought to light from a Pompeian house, only a few weeks before I left Italy, in the form of ewers, jugs, and sugar-basins, and so modern in appearance that they might be placed on our tea-tables without exciting a remark, if the inimitable chasing did not provoke it. The figures are in high relief, and some suppose not "brought on," as the silversmiths phrase it, but actually cut out of the solid material, as a sculptor works in marble. The subject of one of the groups is Chiron and the infant Achilles; one of the vessels is circled with a luxuriant wreath of vine-leaves and grapes. These precious relics were found in the house called Maleagers, along with a pair of rich gold amulets and several rings, the latter incorporated with the rusty remains of an iron key, to which a label, in bronze, is attached, presenting the name of Eutychia or Eutychios, or more probably, as Gell suggested, the genitive case of one or other of these names to denote the possessor. The rings are of virgin gold, one of them set with an agate, bearing the device of a bird. From some

appearance of network impressed on the rust, it is conjectured that these articles may have been enclosed in a purse or reticule, and so have been carried, probably, by the housekeeper or mistress of the house.

To view these remains, an order from government was at first required, but this is no longer necessary, and I wish, for the character of the directors of the institution, that all other objects might, with equal impunity to the cause of good morals, be released from their secluded position. I allude to the things called *cose reservate*, which I shall not stop to describe more particularly. Why are such things shown? why not remanded to the earth, or cast into the deep sea? Do we want any illustrations of the bestialities of a heathen age? I grant that neither women or children are ostensibly allowed to see these cose reservate; but is this a reason for reserving them at all? The very mystery of their reservation is one of the strongest motives to a vicious curiosity, and after all there is but a moderate difficulty in procuring the necessary order. Miss Starke, as becomes her delicacy and maidenhood, is not only decently silent on the details of this especial cabinet, but very properly has allowed us not so much as to suppose that she saw it at all. In her whole work there are, indeed, but two or three allusions to a

Priapus. I have no wish (surely no motive) to lean heavy upon Miss Starke, but it seems to me that even these allusions, delicately as they are managed might as well have been avoided. Our countrywoman, talking like a Neapolitan about such matters, bespeaks a deliberation in the offence for which neither sixty years of age nor her philosophic temperament are any valid apology. In the senza-soggiogazione style of Lady Morgan there is much that is redeeming in her wit, but Starke is didactic and has no excuse.

Somehow or other, the author of the "Last Days" is far from a favourite at Naples, and I hardly think has fair play. It may be they are jealous of him; certainly they find a hundred objections to his book. Among other offences, he makes English dandies of some of his characters; and the whole of his drama is an unclassical anachronism. Nydia is deemed quite an *extravaganza*. To be able to thread her way through the tumultuous crowds of panic-struck fugitives, while Vesuvius was thundering over their heads, and stifling them with sulphur, my Neapolitan Aristarchus thinks impossible by the touch, and not very practicable by the smell, though the scent of the essenced dandy of whom she was in pursuit no doubt lay pretty strong at the time. "What instance have we ever seen," said he, "of a blind

person, whether so by nature, or accident, making his way with any rapidity through the streets, or even on the open uninterrupted highway?" It is objected too, that the author makes a gladiator seize his adversary by the *throat* in place of hooking him by a *collar* or *chain*, which depended from his neck for the express purpose. This I think must be *ærugo mera*, as after carefully examining, I find no such passage. Such exquisites as Clodius, and Glaucus, and Lepidus, and Sallust, not omitting Ione of the other sex, it was specially insisted were not among the description of inhabitants lodged by Pompeii at any period of its history. This town was no watering-place, nor place of fashionable recreation, or resort of any kind like Tibur or Baiæ, but merely a trading town, and such personages would, of course, have been exotics, as much out of their element at Pompeii, as Almacks at Birmingham. My critic affecting an acquaintance with the English language was angry at such words as *disburied*, and *rejuvenated*, *intangible*, *unembodied*, &c. He insisted that no such coinage is to be found in any of the dictionaries he consulted. The illustrious author is convicted, they think, of something not very far from a bull, when he makes Clodius speak of the "bay, as the most animated part of the city," nor is he allowed to be too faithful to mythological

topography, when talking of Lethe disappearing in one part of the earth to rise in another. These are only a few of the moles which are supposed to disfigure the fair skin of this otherwise most interesting romance.

The manuscript department of the royal library is accounted one of the richest in the lore of the middle ages of any in Europe; they show you an autograph volume of Tasso's, on beauty (a moral treatise in prose dialogue), so full of interpolations, corrections, and erasures, as to be quite a sealed book.

The most superbly-embellished manuscript I ever saw, is a prayer-book of the year 1546, by Julius Clovis, and to be seen, requires a royal order: it was the missal of the Cardinal Alexander Farnese. The vignettes and paintings which cover the margins are in a style that would do no discredit to the pencil of Raphael; the covers are of solid gold, richly embossed by Benvenuto Cellini, and the arms of the Farnese family blazoned before the title-page.

None of the manuscripts are ever allowed to be taken out of the library without special permission from government. The rule, however, was waived in favour of Sir Walter Scott, who became a prodigious favourite with his present majesty. The

novelist was anxious to take a copy of a particular legend, but found it impossible to obtain leave, but on the condition of transcribing it within the walls of the library. Sir Walter wrote direct to the king, and an order was immediately in the hands of the curator to place the manuscript at his disposal, with a verbal message to say that he was at perfect liberty to take it to his house, and retain it as long as he liked. During his short stay, we are told he occupied himself laboriously in preparing matter for a new romance, founded on the story of Massaniello, when he was compelled, by the rapid decline of his health to set out for England.

A very valuable supplement was lately added to the collection of vases from Apulia, one of which far exceeds in dimensions any that had previously been met with, and is richly ornamented with illustrations of the Iliad. The figures are of singular beauty, admirably drawn, and grouped with a skill not inferior to the execution. The chief objects are triumphs, battles, processions, religious ceremonies, sacrifices, and domestic scenes. One of these vases contains a bronze ladle, and a painting on the outside, represents a man dipping an utensil of precisely the same form into a vessel identically similar. On the lesser

fictilia there are delineations of various articles of domestic economy and luxury, of caskets, toilet ornaments, parasols, presenting all the lightness and finish of modern manufacture, fans in different patterns, and sofas furnished with luxurious squabs; but nothing exhibits the refinement of the taste of that far distant period more remarkably, than the graceful flowing robes of the women. The Canonico Jorio is of opinion that these vases are as ancient as Pestum or Cuma, and Strabo remarks that the time when these cities were founded is beyond the reach of history. Among the various attempts at imposture practised at Naples, in imitation of the antique, none have so eminently failed as the forgery of vases. It is found impossible to approach the grace of the drawings, while the lightness of the material is the despair of all potters. Some of the originals so nearly resemble our Wedgwood ware, that at first sight you might be led to think they were among the latest importations from England.

Every body knows the difficulty of unrolling the Herculanean manuscripts, but I had no idea that the labour was so tedious and unpromising. If the process goes on at the same rate as at present, another eruption may bury the whole lot afresh before the work is completed. There are few hands employed, and only five interpreters of any ability; besides, those to whom we principally owe what

has been already brought to light are either past work or gone to the tomb.

The papyri are deciphered by the aid of a lens of only very moderate power: a strong magnifier is found to render the letters more or less illegible, by bringing into view the fibres of the material on which they are written. The subdued steady light of the shade answers best, and no lens is so good as the naked eye when the sight is clear. It seems next to impossible that any error should make its way to the press, from the care that is taken with the copies. After the text has been committed to paper, and undergone a strict scrutiny by the Acedemia Ercolanense, it is then engraven on copper and carefully collated with the originals, which are kept preserved in frames for future reference: the whole is then subjected to a fresh and final examination and revision by the academy, before the last irrevocable step of sending it to the press. The quantity of matter in each page of the originals is generally equal to an octavo page of our ordinary pica type. The lines contain only about 22 letters, but, to make up for the deficiency, there are commonly 47 lines in a column. The authors put into type do not amount to a dozen; they are all Greek but one, and fathered, with few exceptions, upon Epicurus and the eternal Philodemus. The greater number of the 1300 undeveloped papyri are compacted so firmly, as to

render any attempt at unrolling absolutely hopeless. It was under an arched roof in Herculaneum that the least injured manuscripts were found, and their preservation is supposed to be owing to their protection under the vault from either extremes of heat or moisture. Those are first selected for the operation of unrolling, which, after perusing a portion of the matter the interpreter deems most likely to reward his pains. But before he can form any opinion about this, it is often necessary to continue the examination for a good half-year. In some rare instances the author's name is alluded to early in the work, or may be inferred from the text, before much labour has been expended; but this happens very seldom, as the first few columns are almost always destroyed by the fire, and the name of the writer not discovered until the whole of the volume is unrolled, and then they are found in the concluding column, for the custom was to subjoin as well as prefix the title.

It is provoking to see the process creeping on at this snail's pace. Why are not some hundreds of these idle ecclesiastics put in requisition for the work? We are told that Hayter unrolled forty MSS. in two years, and with the same industry the whole collection would be unfolded in little better than half a century. Sir Humphry Davy despaired of arriving at a speedier process, and in his

own attempts sacrificed not fewer than twenty-five volumes, at last owning his belief, that no better plan of development was ever likely to be hit upon than that which is at present in practice. The common opinion is that the manuscripts found in Herculaneum belonged to a private collection, and that we may fairly hope, if the excavations be carried on, that we shall one day arrive at the treasures of a public library. It is very gratifying to hold out such expectations, but *cui bono?* While the process of development goes on as at present, our enjoyment of this treasure might be reserved for the millennium.

The lines and letters in some of the papyri have a regularity almost typographical, and no doubt were executed by professional copyists; others are scrawled hastily in such a way as to suggest the idea of their being done by the author himself; a suggestion further corroborated by corrections which have every appearance of being the result of reconsideration. The persons employed in the slow, sedulous, and most bilious occupation of unfolding these carbonacious scrolls, are miserably remunerated. The highest price for unrolling and engraving a column on copper, is twenty-six ducats; subordinate labourers get ten ducats a month. The chief interpreters receive only thirty, the principal librarian forty. Government is quite apathetic,

and seem as if they cared but moderately whether the manuscripts, museum interpreters, custodes and all, shared the fate of Empedocles and his slippers. One of the head librarians had, at his own expense, and after years of labour, made out and published a complete catalogue of the books in the library, in three massive folio volumes, and the only return made to him by the government was a present of ten copies of his own work.

A few general observations will convey some faint notion of the kind of trash which rewards your toil in the perusal of these fragments. I shall take Philodemus, who, as every one knows, is one of the most voluminous and incontinent prosers which have been dug up; and he still keeps the interpreters busy. In a work of his which treats of domestic economy, he dwells at considerable length on the advantage of having a wife to superintend our household concerns, in opposition to the opinion of Theophrastus and some other philosophers, who are for refusing to women all share in domestic matters beyond that of the procreation and care of children, and doing the work of an upper sort of servant. The author devotes a lengthy space to consider the best mode of choosing slaves; he enlarges upon their disposition, age, form of their bodies, size, habits, the quantity of wine necessary to keep up their condition, &c.

&c.; which topics are discussed just as the farmer's magazine disserts upon the best mode of breeding and feeding, and choosing our working cattle. Among the good points of a slave he tells us that he ought to be neither too dull nor too lively, and is clearly of opinion that, if slaves labour well, they should have some remuneration besides their maintenance. The distribution of their tasks he recommends to be regulated according to their respective strength and capabilities, and their flogging (contrary to our more enlightened notions in the British army) reasonable and gentle. He proceeds next to discuss the nature of true economy in the accumulation of wealth. A wise man he recommends to divide his property so as to be derivable from different sources, in order to prevent the untoward consequences of any sudden accident involving him in inextricable ruin. Speaking of the office of a steward, he distinguishes between two several kinds of agencies; one he calls the "Attic," and the other the "Persian." The former he severely condemns for leaving the factor at his entire discretion in the matter of purchase and sale. The Persian stewardship has his unqualified approval, as requiring the eye of the principal over all the transactions of his agent; these functionaries, it would seem, being in classic times pretty much what they are in our own.

Anticipating the maxim of Lord Chesterfield about taking care of the pence, he insists largely on the prudence of economizing in small matters, and we are told, with all due philosophic gravity, that it is unworthy of a wise man to rise earlier, or go to bed later than his slaves, adding the prudential caution, that he ought never to be without a dog at his door during the night. In another place, treating of the proper use of riches, he advances a position which the world, I rather think, might be less disposed to close with, than with some of those which have been mentioned. A wise man (he strictly confines himself to the wise) ought always, he says, to be a poor man, and it is his duty to indulge a cynical contempt for all wealth beyond what is required for his immediate necessities. Now this hypocrite, from the allusions to him in Horace and Cicero, we know, was himself among the most notorious rakehells of his day, one of the most sensual in the sty of Epicurus. Lastly, he expatiates on the inestimable benefit of having a friend, though he candidly admits that the said friend is sometimes liable to become a bore ἐνοχλεῖ δὲ τοίουτος.

Such is the precious stuff of which the works of this renowned writer (and he is the choicest game that has been yet started), is manufactured, and every one of these profound propositions is

smothered under mountains of verbiage. To account for his exhaustive style, these observations of Philodemus are supposed by his apologists to have been delivered in the form of a lecture to his disciples; and that as his principles of economy were diametrically opposed to those of the stoics, he may have considered it necessary to anticipate all his adversaries' possible, as well as probable, cavils.

None of the stuff of these manuscripts has been translated into any modern language, a favour for which the world is indebted to a resolution passed by the Herculanean academy.

There is a treatise by the same author, on music. It is of a purely moral character, and gives no hint at all on its principles as an art; the whole is a laboured anathema against the enervating influence of soft sounds, and intended to confute the reasonings of one Diogenes of Seleucis, who had written much on its effects in humanizing the passions. Philodemus considers it purely a sensual affair, with the single exception of one description of harmony, consisting of those manly, severe, and sublime strains which raise the affections to the Gods.

That in some places the text is not very faithfully restored by the interpreter, is evident from the fact, that the words introduced, though they

make perfectly good sense, often overrun or fall short of the *lacunæ*, which ought to warn us against placing too implicit faith in any restorations, especially where the hiatus are considerable, and even where the admirable connexion with the context would seem almost to ensure fidelity. The morsel which I present is, I believe, the solitary piece in the Latin language, which has hitherto been found in Herculaneum. It is the opinion of some commentators, that the poem in its integrity embraced the entire transactions of the Egyptian war between Octavius and Anthony. I have copied the lines with care ; the orthography, you will see, is peculiar, and the diction frequently obscure, but upon the whole, this piece is extremely admired by the Neapolitan critics, and by some ascribed to no less celebrated a pen than Varius. The fragments are unconnected.

Quem Juvenes : Grandævos erat per cuncta secutus
Bella fide dextraque potens, rerumque per usum
Callidus adsiduus tractando in munere martis
Imminet opsessis Italus jam turribus altis
Adsiliens muris : nec defuit impetus illis.
* * * * *
Funeraque adcedunt patriis deformia terris
Et fœda illa magis quam si nos gesta laterent
Cum cuperet potius Pelusia mœnia Cæsar
Vix erat imperiis animos cohibere suorum
Quid capitis jam capta jacent, quæ præmia belli ?
Subruitis ferro mea mœnia ? Quendam erat hostis.

Hæc mihi cum domina plebes quoq. nunc sibi victrix
Vindicat hanc famulam Romana potentia tandem.

* * * * *

Fas et Alexandro thalamos intrare Deorum
Dico etiam doluisse deam vidisse triumphos
Actiacos, cum causa fores tu maxima belli
Pars etiam imperii. Quæ femina tanta ? Virorum
Quæ series antiqua fuit ? Ni gloria mendax
Multa vetustatis nimio concedat honori.

* * * * *

Sæpe ego quæ veteris curæ sermonibus angor
Qua fugitur lux erro : tamen nunc quærere causas
Exsiguasq. moras vitæ libet. Est mihi conjux
Parthos qui posset Phariis subjungere regnis :
Qui sprevit nostræq. mori pro nomine gentis
Hic igitur partis animum diductus in omnis
Quid velit incertum est, terris quibus, aut quibus undis.

* * * * *

Delectumq. forum quo noxia turba coiret
Præberetque sua spectacula tristia mortis.
Qualis ad instantis acies cum tela parantur
Signa, tubæ, classesque, simul terrestribus armis ;
Est facies ea visa loci, cum sæva coirent
Instrumenta necis vario congesta paratû.
Undique sic illuc campo deforme coactum
Omne vagabatur leti genus, omne timoris.

* * * * *

Hic cadit absumptus ferro : tumet ille veneno
Aut pendente suis cervicibus aspide mollem
Labitur in somnum trahiturq. libidine mortis.
Perculit adflatu brevis hunc sine morsibus anguis
Volnere seu tenui pars inlita parva veneni
Ocius interemit laqueis, pars cogitur artis,
Intersæptam animam pressis effundere venis ;
Immersisq. freto clauserunt guttura fauces
Has inter strages solis descendit et inter.

* * * * *

Sic illi inter se misero sermone fruuntur
Hæc regina gerit : procul hanc occulta videbat.

Atropos inridens inter diversa vagantem
Consilia interitus quam jam sua fata manerent.
Ter fuerat revocata dies cum parte senatus
Et patriæ comitante suæ cum milite Cæsar
Gentis Alexandri cupiens ad mœnia venit
Signaque constituit. Sic omnis terror in artum.
* * * * *
Obterere adnisi portarum claustra per urbem
Obsidione tamen nec corpora mœnibus arcent
Castraque pro muris, atque arma pedestria ponunt.
Hos inter cœtus talisque ad bella paratus
Utraque solemnis iterum revocaverat orbes
Consiliis nox apta ducum, lux aptior armis.

One of the restorers complained to me, that "although the originals, together with the restored matter and the annotations, have been regularly transmitted to the British museum, yet that we never publish more than the naked text. When the restorations accompany the text, the annotations," he said, "become necessary to vindicate the licences of the interpreter." The great objection urged against restoration is its liability to mislead; but the publication of the very errors of the restorer is not without its use, as a means of suggesting more successful attempts. The difficulties in the interpretation are often fearful; indeed, that in many places any sense can be made of the author at all seems next to a miracle, while you have often for a quarter or half a column together, only here and there a scattered syllable, or even a single letter, to guide the inferences which are to fill up

the blanks. The substituted words, in order to give verisimilitude of fidelity to the restored portions, must, of course, be made accurately to fit in with the spaces of the lacunæ; and, to increase the puzzle, the idiom of the language must be kept to, and the very style and manner and spirit of the author strictly followed. Now, let us only reflect what an undertaking this would be in bringing to light any material portions of so mutilated a work in our mother tongue. I own that the notes of the interpreter have always appeared to me to contain by far the most entertaining part of the volumes which they have printed on this subject, and support the sense of the author by a variety of citations, authorities, apposite passages, and analogies, which exhibit a familiarity with classical learning that is truly astonishing; but the restorer has committed a mistake in supposing that our museum has been guilty of any omission such as he alludes to. None of the Herculanean manuscripts transmitted to this institution ever see the light under its sanction or authority; every portion of those manuscripts which have issued from our press is published by private individuals, purely on their own responsibility.

LETTER XVIII.

King of Naples—Neapolitan Army—Naval Force—King of Naples—Baiæ—Cumean Sibyl—Catacombs—Ischia and Procida—Procida Women.

THOUGH *ex officio* the patron of all the arts and sciences, the King of Naples has but a moderate taste for antiquities, as may be gathered from the fact well authenticated, that though residing a great part of every year within seven or eight miles of Pompeii, he has never been there but twice. The museum he visited only once, and then only for about half an hour, and seemed impatient all the time, as well he might under the torment of a corn. He contents himself with inspecting the antiquities when brought to him, and the privilege of seeing them before any one else is one of the royal prerogatives. His majesty's hobby is his army; it is his delight, his pride, his daily occupation, and certainly, as far as *appearances* go, does him infinite credit. No troops in Europe are better clothed and fed, muster a sleeker carcass, or

whiskers more warlike;—but this is all. That part of the people who take the liberty of thinking are not well pleased with the numbers they have to support of these redoubtable heroes. Forty-five thousand, some rate them as high as sixty, are considered rather more than enough for a country in rags; while they recollect that in more ancient times the whole force did not exceed 8000. This army is composed of three descriptions of men, who cordially detest one another, Neapolitans, Sicilians, and Swiss. So great is their jealousy of the Swiss auxiliaries, that they are never seen by any chance on duty about the palace. His majesty's intention is to get rid of them altogether as soon as he conveniently can; but they amount to 6000, and, rated by their courage and discipline, are worth half his army. The Sicilian troops are also much superior to the Neapolitan, but they are even more cordially detested by the Neapolitans than the Swiss. His majesty wisely makes no distinction either as to officers or men: even the officers who served under Murat are employed in the service, and participate in the royal favour in common with the rest. They are all miserably paid, at least all below the rank of field-officer: the subalterns of the *garde du corps*, chosen from the nobility, have only 15 ducats (not much above four guineas) a month, to find themselsin every

thing but horses and provender. It is but justice, however, to allow that his majesty never loses an opportunity of rewarding merit wherever he finds it, as an instance will show. While I remained at Naples, three children had fallen into a draw-well, and were saved by a soldier who plunged in after them. The soldier was commanded to wait on his majesty next day. On his entering the presence-chamber, the king came up, and, striking him familiarly on the shoulder, "Bravo, bravo, cavaliere!" said his majesty, "you have indeed behaved nobly, and you shall not be forgotten." The troops were called out next morning; the soldier was dubbed a cavaliere, and presented with a decoration from the hand of his sovereign.

His majesty is a strict disciplinarian; he has been known to send a blundering general direct from parade to prison; sometimes he punishes the men by whole regiments, ordering them on long and fatiguing marches. He delights in sham-fights, and besieges Capua with great skill and courage, on which occasion wounds are not seldom given and received, especially by oversets in the charge, when the macaroni loses its equilibrium.

The whole naval force of the two Sicilies does not exceed a brace of ships of war of the first class, and a few frigates. In point of courage the Neapolitan sailor is rated much above the soldier.

They tell you a pleasant story of an encounter between one of their men-of-war and an English frigate, in Murat's time. The frigate lay at anchor at some distance in the bay, and was fired upon by the Neapolitan, which kept up the attack with great vigour, the beach all the while covered with spectators hallooing, quite cocksure of a victory, and Murat himself among the most vociferous. "Inglese" bore all most passively till, just when they looked for his hauling down the colours, he opened his fire, and with one well-directed broadside, nearly sent his adversary to the bottom; and not content with this, he took him in tow round the bay two or three several times, to the infinite mortification of the crest-fallen crowd, and, after throwing a shell into old Castel Ovo, quietly resumed his station.

There is one admirable trait in his majesty which it would be treason to overlook; he never pays the smallest attention to any tale or gossip which is carried to him. The occupation of the whole fry of eaves-droppers is gone. It was told him, that a most frightful conspiracy against the state was hatching in the Abruzzi, and he visited the province the following day, without guard or attendant of any description but his servants. In his domestic habits he moves like clockwork, dines at two, holds a levee in the evening, and is

seldom out of bed at twelve. In the morning he meets his council, and with the good sense and industry of the King of Holland gives audiences to the humblest of his subjects. It is perfectly impossible for a sovereign to be more prudent or economical—in fact he never spends one grano that he can avoid either on his vanities or his pleasures, but goes on living like any other plain honest gentleman, a little out at the elbows, in order to redeem the public debt. The frolic which I am going to relate will show his majesty's sentiments on the subject of public economy. One day he availed himself of the occasion of the queen's absence at Caserta, to disguise himself in the habit of a bourgeois, and hiring a jarvey, took a friend with him, intending to surprise her majesty in his incognito. He bargained stiffly with coachy for five carlins; the fellow wanted six. In the squabble about the odd carlin, the coachman at last pleaded poverty. "Why don't you apply to the king for relief," said the monarch. "The king!" said the coachman, "the king! why, signore, the king is the very last man in the whole world to give a poor man a baiocco; no, no, signore, he is too fond of his money—there is not a pauper in Naples but knows how useless it is to go to the king with complaints of his poverty." As they were just about to pass the front of the

palace, his majesty ordered Jehu to drive into the gateway—Jehu refused—the King of the two Sicilies insisted. "I dare not, caro mio," said the coachman, "for my life; I should be taken up by the police, and crammed neck and heels into a dungeon." His majesty commanded him sternly, and was obeyed at last. As they were proceeding through the entrance of the palace the king opened the breast of his coat and showed his orders to the officer on guard and passed. The coachman was a perfect petrifaction of astonishment to find it was no other than his majesty himself he had been so unceremonious with, and was going to take to his heels, recollecting how freely he had delivered his sentiments on his majesty's avarice. The king insisted on his remaining where he was, and after a few minutes sent to him with orders to present himself in the palace. When he entered the apartment the king met him half way. "My friend," said his majesty, "you say you are poor, and that the king is avaricious; here are forty-five piasters to buy you a coat, and twenty to get you a dinner and drink his health—say no longer that he is avaricious, but when people tell you so, tell them in return that he saves his money only that he may be able to pay his father's debts, and to relieve those who really need his assistance."

The power of the King of Naples is defined in the following terms, in the *Manuale per gli Uffiziali Amministrativi:* "In qualunque modo faccia egli conoscere la sua volonta debbano i sudditi obbedire." In other words, he may tax, incarcerate, sport with life, send you to the galleys, put you in the pillory, starve, bastinado, or in any way indulge his fancy on your person, in torture or in death, and he is as safe as our hunting parson. The government is, of course, as pure a despotism as that of Turkey; and as to the masses, they have shown themselves utterly insensible to all its defects. When in the last disturbances they were told of the immense benefits they would reap from a constitution, they mistook the word for constipation, and asked what it could mean. When the meaning was explained, "Oh, if that be what you want," said they, "we are all for the old Spanish constitution as we have been used to it." There are many of the intelligent classes opposed to free government. One of the most thick-and-thin Tories I ever met was a Neapolitan professor. I was not prepared for such a *lusus naturæ* here. He deprecated constitutional government, using the Tory argument that the people are not ripe for it. "They will not be ripe," he said, "for a century yet."—"Ripe?" said I: "how can you hope that an eternity of centuries should ripen them while

the fructifying sun of knowledge is so completely excluded ?"—" I set no value, said the slave, on forms of government," and turned the subject.

The council of state consists of superannuated bigots, who, for form's sake, hold meetings at the palace, to decide on matters submitted to them by the king. His majesty has also the nominal aid of an assembly or *consulta*, composed of men of his own choice, priests, merchants, and others, who confine their consultations to merely local affairs, and such matters as he desires their opinion upon, which opinion he accepts or rejects as he pleases.

The divine right of kings flourishes here in perfection. His majesty and consort receive the same honours that are paid to the Virgin. Their statues or portraits are placed, on public festivals, in conspicuous niches, enshrined in flowing draperies, half a dozen tall wax candles blazing in front. On the birth of the heir the vestibules of the churches were hung with their portraits, illuminated like the Madonna, and as the people passed they bowed the knee. I have seen his wretched serfs, the moment his carriage has come in sight, crouch like spaniels, and continue motionless until the very noise of the wheels could no longer be heard.

I shall say little on the remains of the buried glories of Baiæ. To form a faint idea of the changes we have only to turn to the first few lines of

the fifteenth ode of the second book of Horace. Here we are told of sumptuous palaces which covered the whole coast, so crowded together as hardly to leave room for the plough to turn; the whole of this magnificence now gives place to a few scrambling mulberry-trees, poplars, and gloomy cypresses, while the laurel and plane tree spread their leafy awnings nowhere but in the page of the poet. In place of palaces, you find here and there fragments of sculptured marble or a broken frieze, pieces of stucco, or of *opus reticulatum*, scattered bricks, crushed arches, the remains of a staircase, or walls upset at every angle of incidence, or reduced to shapeless masses. In one place you see the interior of an apartment laid open as by a vertical section, presenting patches of the original painting, and suggesting excellence in the almost vanished outline. With the exception of these mementos, the ruins are incorporated with the soil, and fertilize it for the production of that brushwood with which the whole face of these hills is turned into jungle for the harbour of vermin.

The site of the town of Misenum was among my desideranda; where could it have stood? At the foot of the "aerial mount," as Virgil calls the Cape, there is no space for the meanest village. The same difficulty meets you in ex-

plaining a passage of Pliny, where he talks of escaping to the *plain* during the horrors of the eruption. No flat ground exists, but a mere margin of shore a few yards broad, on which the sea is daily encroaching, and must soon entirely annihilate. It seems quite palpable that this slip of coast is the only surviving remnant of the memorably recorded plain, and to allow of an escape from the vapours and the earthquake, which made these hills to skip like rams, it must have extended from Misenum to the promontory at the foot of Monte di Procida, called Miniscola, which was skirted by the ancient Domitian road. All is now under water, the road, in some places, still visible through the waves. There was no other way to escape, no other possible practicable egress, without encountering hills, and going still nearer to the mischief, and we recollect the historian tells us that their carriages, during the eruption, could scarcely maintain their perpendicular even on the level ground.

In my excursive survey of all that lingers of reputed authenticity among the classical remains of Baiæ, the Sibyl's Cave could not be well overlooked. It is an arched passage like the grotto of Posilipo; its real purpose, no doubt, to open a communication between Cuma and this part of the coast. I declined the cicerone's importunity to

visit the cell of the prophetess, the operation necessary for this, being one to which I have a special objection, that of suffering to be carried in a leapfrog posture on the shoulders of my guide. Besides, I must have had to descend to a place as dark as Tartarus, through a narrow passage, looking as steep as a draw-well in the company of three ruffianly lazzaroni, and not above an inch of our torches unburnt.

From a book lately published at Naples, it appears the Cumean sibyl was originally from Babylon; her art of gulling, the veriest model for a state church. It consisted of a complication of means to compass a ready and obedient faith through the instrumentality of terror. To do this with effect, she made the very hair of her votaries stand on end, by the application of several powers, moral, physical, and mechanical; by electricity, phosphorus, chemical agency, fireworks, horrible noises, speaking automatons, and every contrivance calculated to work upon human weakness. When a candidate for the priesthood was about to take orders, he was exposed to a fearful ordeal and dreadful secrecy. To aid in giving authority to her prophetic skill, she stationed a number of the initiated in the lodging-houses at Cuma and its vicinity, from whom she learned what was to be known of every pilgrim's history who came to con-

sult her. These ministers of the shrine picked up their information from every description of persons with whom the pilgrim was likely to have any intercourse—from servants, butchers, greengrocers, shopkeepers, tradesmen, and such like. This notable sorceress maintained her prophetic sway up to the fourth century, and her tomb was still exhibited in the eighth. What is called the sibyl's cave is supposed by some to be one of those numerous subterranean places of refuge, in which the aborigines or Cimmerian inhabitants of Magna Græcia passed their lives, and where, in succeeding ages, the Christians held their sacred meetings secluded from their persecutors.

The catacombs of San Gennaro, near Naples, was a similar place of rendezvous. The early Christians met here to celebrate their (agape) love feasts; and for many centuries after the Christian era the triclinium, on which they took their temperate repast, was still shown as an object of veneration. When Hannibal attempted the conquest of Naples, it was in these caves his cavalry were placed in ambush, and from which they made some of their most desperate though unsuccessful sorties. From the inscriptions found in the catacombs of S. Gennaro, and still extant on different monuments, it is proved that the Greek language continued to be spoken at Naples down to the eighth century.

Martorelli, a late professor of Greek, and curator of the manuscript library in the Museo Borbonico, has, in a well-reasoned argument, demonstrated this fact; and further shows, from a variety of inscriptions bearing the names of Roman emperors and consuls, that, until the eighth century the Greek usages and customs remained unchanged among the bulk of the people. "Sæculo octavo Græcanicam vivendi rationem in Neapolitana republica viguisse patefactum est;" and to this day Greek abounds in the Neapolitan patois.

Should you ever visit Baiœ, let me recommend you never to leave your faith at the mercy of Antonio di Judice, who figures as cicerone in these parts. This flippant archaiologist has a knack at baptizing temples and villas with a most audacious effrontery; I found him out calling a ruin on the Acheron by the several names of Apollo, Pluto, and Proserpine; and the knave is expensive to boot. The last time we traversed this coast was in September—the day's labour was crowned with an ambrosial repast of roast beef and plum pudding on Cape Miseno, spreading our napkins on the terrace-wall of the palazzo of a Marchese Masquales, immediately over the ancient harbour. Nothing is so faithless as this "heavenly climate." Two hours afterwards we narrowly escaped being swamped in a squall, crossing to the island of

Ischia; we were snowed and sleeted upon for more than half the distance, and Vesuvius had his cape powdered to his haunches. Our chief motive for visiting these islands was to see a grand procession in Procida, when the women appear in their aboriginal hellenic costume. After reaching Ischia the weather became so stormy that none of the boats would put to sea, so that we were disappointed of our object. The evening of the next day we reached Procida about sunset. The weather obliged us to pass the night in a wretched *locanda*, where the only thing to make up for our disappointment, was the good humour (not the good cheer), of the landlord, who gave us some historical traits of the inhabitants, and produced his daughter, a fat, full-grown, rosy blonde, full-clad in the antique costume, which they gravely assure you has come down without the innovation of a stitch or a plait, since it was first fresh from the mantua-makers, about the time of the Trojan war.

It seems Procida owes its population, like the globe itself, to a single pair, who, in a few prolific generations, stocked the island. This productive power is still in full vigour; our host has thirteen children, who have, in their turn, produced thirty-seven. The last census gives 14,000 inhabitants to a surface of seven miles in circumference. The women are miraculously chaste, but to prevent

accidents they are interdicted by their parents from enjoying the usual amusements permitted to their sex in other places. Neither are they suffered to keep company with men until marriage, nor to inhabit the same part of the house; and to make assurance complete, one of each family by custom and prescription immemorial must be a priest, and so it is that the compliment of clergy required to secure the chastity of this most Greek, virtuous, and Platonic of islands, amounts to more than 300.

LETTER XIX.

Ischia—Lipari Quack—Virgil's Tomb—Virgilian Scenery —Agriculture.

We had no time to visit the celebrated baths in Ischia, and there were few remains of antique ruin about them to tempt us to tarry another day for the purpose. Besides, such baths were not new to us. One of the most remarkable in these parts resorted to by the ancient Romans I saw years ago, in the island of Lipari, and the circumstances connected with the event are still green in my memory. Our party consisted of, besides ourselves, a British artillery officer, an Irish lieutenant, and a Lipari quack, all of us mounted on donkeys. The artillery officer betrayed an amusing irritation of temper in belabouring his ass for laziness, who, during his chastisement on one special occasion, not having the fear of the artilleryman before his eyes, nor a great deal of consideration for the snow-white *propreté* of his unmentionables, made a very un-

ceremonious use of his ability to retaliate, and his antagonist, after a few stern-chasers, was really not presentable. What makes me particularly remember the circumstance, was the entertaining contrast between the tempers of the parties. The process of expurgation kept the man of war long in the rear of the procession. We at last arrived at the baths, after picking our steps over a long, rocky, rugged surface. Every body was now on tiptoe to have a sight of the place to which Tiberius sent his rheumatic troops. The Lipari doctor was looked up to with the utmost deference, every one waiting to hear him expound the virtues of the hallowed fountain of St. Caloghero, its patron saint. After his position close to the well was taken, which was not very easy from the unmerciful jostling of his eager auditory, he put his hand with some display of self-importance into a pouch, and brought forth a thermometer, to his infinite dismay all shattered to atoms. He could not believe his eyes. Hardly a fragment of glass remained. Charlatans are not readily discomposed, but this broke all the measures of his patience. "Christo," said he, "ecco," holding it up to our view, and, as if we had not seen and regretted the catastrophe enough, he kept repeating his "ecco" till the party burst into a loud laugh. "Corpo di Baccho," next drew forth a still more unmannerly

roar, when at last, finding so little sympathy, he left us to expound the virtues of the waters for ourselves. The artilleryman by this time had come up, and was the best-humoured man of the party, chuckling heartily, though most maliciously, at our disappointment.

Before taking my leave of Naples, I cannot pass over some notice of the tomb of Virgil. My visits to this venerable ruin were made, perhaps, with little less devotion than that of Silius Italicus himself, of whom we read, that he pilgrimized to the shrine once every year, with the same reverential feeling as to a temple of the gods. The spot was familiar to me at all seasons, but most of all in the autumn, while the coronals of purple grapes festooned the enclosure, the pomegranate displayed its golden fruit, and the busy bees, as if in honour of their post, were plying their *opus redolens* over the wild thyme on the top of the tomb. Laurel now there is none. Its place is usurped by a cherry-tree, and the whole canopied by the extended arms of an ilex, branching from the opposite side of a deep ravine. Having obtained permission, just before I came away, from the custode, who represented herself as the sister of the owner of the little farm where stands this venerated monument, I planted a fresh laurel with my own hands, on the 21st of December, 1835, with all that devotional

respect which will be intelligible to an idolater of the bard. She was told that I was on the point of quitting Naples, perhaps for ever, but that I religiously confided my laurel to her keeping, to which she responded with the most solemn assurances of fidelity. About a month afterwards, I brought a party of friends to share the pleasure of seeing my laurel flourishing in the promises of an honoured futurity. The laurel was no more! The place where it stood was undistinguishable. Such is Neapolitan faith. The mercenary custode had doubtless speculated on the profits of fresh perjuries, in being paid by future enthusiasts for the liberty of planting the like perennial monument. It was some consolation, however, to learn, a few days afterwards, that a friend had been served precisely the same sort of trick, yes, and a worse trick too, for he had actually been at the pains of erecting a marble tablet, with a glorious inscription to record the act, and, if I mistake not, had even spelled his name in full to posterity.

It turned out to be the foulest of falsehoods that the custode's brother was the owner of the farm. It is the property of a branch of the ancient house of Caracciolo. Disappointed in my first attempt, I applied through a friend of this family for leave to plant a fresh laurel, holding out the inducement that I would at my own expense repair the top of

the tomb, which is falling fast to decay. The permission was given, and a tablet, forthwith under the sculptor's chisel, had advanced to a forward state of completion, when I received a message from this scion of nobility, requiring (compenza) payment for permission to put it up, which I refused in terms of stronger indignation than perhaps was altogether warranted even by conduct so unlike what might have been expected from the illustrious house of Carracciolo.

Had I yearned for immortality in this pious proceeding, like my scurvily-used predecessor, there might have been some colour of excuse for the demand, but my intended memorial gave neither name nor country. It was simply a prose statement, with a solitary line from the pen of the immortal bard himself. *Eccolo qua.*

En iterum laurus tibi viret
VIRGILII,
advenæ manu posita.
"Illum etiam laurus, illum etiam flevêre myricæ."

So far from there being any clear evidence that this is Virgil's tomb, one atom do we not possess of respectable proof that it was so much as a cenotaph to his memory; yet, to my surprise, Sir William Gell was disposed to accept the common creed. There is no au wihhothority from we can collect any notice *conclusively* as to its locality,

whether, indeed, it was on the Posilipo side of the bay or the opposite. I consider it but an inconsequential argument (and yet is it one of the most plausible that Eustace presses) which concludes that because Silius had made a purchase of Virgil's tomb, and of Cicero's Puteolanum, these purchases must have both been situated on the same side of the bay. It is just about as rational as to say, that because a man buys a house in Naples and another in Yorkshire, they must be both in England. Another of Eustace's reasons for believing in the present tomb, is an expression of Dion Cassius, who mentions it as lying "close to the shore." Even at the present day, it is a full quarter of a mile from the shore; and let us bear in mind that this part of the coast has been immensely encroached upon by the sea.

But why be astonished at this uncertainty about the poet's place of sepulture? The site of Pompeii and Herculaneum was only conjecture for ages, and by some of the very sagest antiquarians referred to spots remotely distant from where they were at last discovered.

It was a lounge of mine to read the pastorals of Virgil in the fields where he once had wandered. I have reclined under covert of the beechen shade, *tegmine fagi*, and raised the dead; while all nature before me was a living commentary on the

immortal text, clothing the subject with a reality, and deepening its interest in a way I never felt before. The soft repose of the landscape, the character of the scenery, the dress, the manners and happy air of the rustics straying about with their flocks, the loud song of the wood-cutter, the wild strain of the rural pipe, the noontide uproar of the cicale, every thing above and about in earth and skies, is glassed in his description to the very life. Drawn from the scenery around Naples, I could fill pages with illustrations, showing the exact propriety and appositeness of the poet's epithets, many of them no doubt taken from the features of this lovely country. His pencil is dyed in the very hues of nature. I found but two or three epithets which I had difficulty to understand. What could he have intended by applying *horridus* to the arbutus? He speaks too of the *rara umbra* of this shrub as a protection to the flocks from the heat of the sun. Perhaps he meant by *rara* what we mean by "choice." Assuredly the shade of the arbutus, which grows to a considerable height here, is any thing but a thin shade; the ilex, too, he calls, in different places, the *arguta ilex*; he might intend something analogous to our "whispering shade," but how is this borne out by fact? I have listened for many a half-hour with the greatest attention at all seasons, in calms and in

storms, and at all hours of the morning, noon, and night, but never could find that the ilex sent forth any peculiar sound different in quality or degree from the rustling of the leaves of any other given tree furnishing the same quantity of foliage.

One would suppose that contrary to the irreversible canon, scenes like these must make a man a poet whether nature consented or not. But I am apt to think, poets have as small a share of sympathy with rural objects as other men. We both of us know an artist of no mean celebrity who, I perfectly well remember, used to court the Nine in the broad bright noon of a summer day, with his windows fast closed, receiving his Pierian visiters in an apartment lit up with a pair of tall candles at the further end, giving it rather the appearance of a body lying in state, than a bower to which the Muses were likely to be seduced. This evidence, I allow, is a little defective, as I happen not to be prepared to say whether he used the candles when he achieved his immortality. Assuredly, at the time to which I allude, his best friends allowed that his hippocrene had begun to run a little dry; in fact, he had pumped out every drop a good score of years before.

The effect of an infamous government upon the state of Agriculture and commerce, will justify a few remarks. This most favoured of lands, the *magna*

parens frugum, whose domain encloses the birth-place of Ceres, yields hardly more than what is barely sufficient to save its wretched serfs from starvation. Xenophon enumerates five things as necessary to render a country prosperous and great; namely soil, situation, industry, population, and good government. With the exception of the last, all these advantages are available here to any extent, but wanting the last, they want all. The small proprietor is oppressed by high rents, and a grinding tax called the *fondaria*, or land tax. The least interruption to their unremitting toil is ruin. A farmer, who rented a few acres of garden-ground near Castel-a-mare, a spot so specially lauded by their prince of poets, as among the most fertile parts of the Campania, was obliged to throw up his holding, in consequence of some enemy having cut down a hundred head of cabbages in the night. Yet, the whole amount of public burdens does not exceed five ducats a head; they are oppressive only, because they fall unequally. But the custom-house duties are exorbitant. Every description of produce and live-stock is levied upon enormously at the barrier, before entering the capital; a lamb is taxed twenty granos, an ox, five ducats eight carlins; a goat, thirty granos; a cow, more than four ducats; a sucking calf, a ducat and fifty granos; and a pig, one ducat seventeen gra-

nos. A cantar of white bread must pay eighty granos, brown, sixty; and every thing that enters Naples, in the same proportion. Nor is the rigour with which these exactions are made, one whit less uncompromising than in the days of Massaniello. An American ship of war wished to send a quantity of rice, that had been a very little damaged, as a present for the poor of Naples. The dogana would not allow it to pass without a heavy duty, and Jonathan, in a rage, flung the whole cargo before their face into the sea.

The prices which a farmer gets for his live-stock will hardly cover the expense of rearing them. A cow fetches not more than thirty-five ducats, a horse from thirty to one hundred. A pig can be had for from thirty to forty carlins. Wheat brings about from thirteen to sixteen carlins the tomolo (a measure nearly equal to our bushel), and barley not more than eight.

The tenant of a farm must provide every thing he needs for the culture of the soil, at his own expense. In many places the commonest farming implements are wanting, and the spade compelled to do the work of the plough.

The peasantry are great bigots to their system of husbandry; nothing will tempt them from their old routine. A Neapolitan proprietor of my acquaintance expended large sums in hydraulic

machinery and other improved farm apparatus; but was at last compelled to relinquish his speculation in despair, as he found it impossible to prevail on the people, by any reasoning or entreaty, to make use of them. They have no cause to complain of the dearness of labour; there is no spot on the face of the earth where labour may be had cheaper. From the Abruzzi mountains there descends annually a troop of labourers who migrate, like the Irish, in hordes in harvest and seed-time, and are content to work merely for their maccaroni and a lodging in an outhouse. They are a Patagonian race of great muscular strength, and stand work like their oxen. When paid in coin their wages do not exceed fourpence a day of our money. Landlords seldom or never reside on their estates, having, for many a long day, forsaken the country for glory and a garret in the metropolis. The common extent of a farm rarely exceeds ten acres, and as leases are granted only for a term of nine years, the cultivator has no interest in making any improvements or expending more of his skill or ingenuity than is necessary just to make but a hand-to-mouth subsistence. In the remoter districts rents are paid in kind, the use of a money medium being altogether unknown. Despite these drawbacks and discouragements a company of Dutchmen have farmed, for 600,000 ducats a year,

the whole plain (tavoliere) of Apulia, which, though the most fertile tract in the kingdom, has long been a mere grazing common for sheep at so much a head, paying a small tax to the government. Many are of opinion that the speculation will turn out a failure, as there is so very inadequate a demand for the produce. Besides, the Neapolitan wheat is generally liable to the objection of being soft, or what they call a *grano tenero*, which, though excellent for immediate use, is unfit for long keeping or distant exportation. Such is the fertility of Apulia, that one year's average crop is calculated as abundantly sufficient for the support of its entire population for ten. Many speculations of the above description have been ventured, but on a more contracted scale; all, without exception, have miscarried, and very lately five entire companies of these adventurers become bankrupt.

A few individuals have amassed considerable wealth by purchasing the estates of the nobility. These purchases were effected by advancing money at an usurious rate, which the needy noble found it impossible to redeem by any other mode than parting with his acres. One of these lucky purchasers kept a coffee-house in the Toledo, who, besides realizing a large income, acquired from the property the title of baron, and he now may be seen figuring in a splendid equipage and sumptuous

palace, while the late master of the estate contents himself with the comfort of a long line of ancestry, and the humble luxury of a hired fiacre. The heir-apparent to the baron still sticks to his shop, which is famous for the best ices in Naples. A company of Neapolitans have lately accumulated immense sums by advancing money, not only on the acres, but on the goods and chattels of the nobles. My landlord filled his garret with the gaudy lumber of one of their palaces, lackered skirtings of walls, rotten bedhangings, faded window curtains, rickety chairs and sofas, piled on each other, and presenting a most humiliating spectacle of their fallen condition.

So long as extravagant duties continue to be levied on foreign goods, there can be no hope of relief to the agriculturist. Foreign traders will not take his corn while their manufactures are the next thing to be excluded. The principle of reciprocity makes no part of the Neapolitan commercial system; in place of this, an inveterate prejudice that *"every country ought to be sufficient for its own wants,"* is acted upon with the most unrelenting and pertinacious obstinacy.

Various nostrums for the evil have been proposed. Some have suggested an extensive cultivation of cotton for the supply of the foreign manufacturer; others of madder, on the experience of its astonishingly successful cultivation in France

and other countries. Many are for substituting a pastoral in place of an agricultural economy, for the production of cheese, wool, and leather. But the wool is of an inferior quality; the fleece of the best breed of Spanish sheep soon degenerates in this climate into a wiry coarse material of little value. Metals have been lately discovered in considerable abundance, and it is alleged might be wrought very profitably; coal-mines also, but the coal is too much mixed with sulphur for domestic use. There is, in short, no end to the palliatives for allaying the miseries of neglected husbandry resulting from bad government. The consequence is that the people, accustomed to drag on a weary existence, have become quite indifferent to their condition. They know that any greater exertion to improve their husbandry would be only for the benefit of the landlord, who would raise his rents in proportion.

The only produce of this fertile soil that has a steady vent is oil. The wines are generally inferior. The other common articles of their peddling commerce are hemp, wool, cheese, fish, honey, wax, manna, safron, gums, capers, maccaroni, salt, flax, cotton, and raw silk, and the trade in these articles is confined for the most part to the shores of the Mediterranean, seldom at least passing beyond the Greek islands and the coast of Spain.

Nor can I speak more favourably of their manu-

factures, which are all alike wretched. Their best broadcloth will not stand a third of the wear of the most ordinary article imported from France or England; and even their once famed silk stuffs have degenerated to the vilest description, and all from the absurd policy of thinking the whole secret of giving an impulse to home manufactures consists in laying enormous, almost prohibitory, duties on imported goods. An extensive cotton-spinning machinery has been for some time established at Salerno, and yet has no native ever yet been tempted to copy it. The rock and spindle will not be supplanted by any such refinements. Murat made an attempt to introduce machinery of different kinds, but with no better success. The bulk of the population are content with the coarsest stuffs, because they cost little. A coat of this material can be had new for ten shillings, and one which has been a little worn for four. But even were the people disposed to set up an improved description of manufacture, there is no capital and less credit; money can only be had at a most usurious rate. There are no banks to lend, and the borrower has no securities to offer; besides, there is a public office where every man's property who needs to borrow must be registered to the last farthing, together with all his liabilities by mortgage or otherwise, so that speculating on credit is altogether out of the question. And even if credit could be

obtained, the profits of any manufacture in which a man might be disposed to speculate would arrive too late to cover his outlay, and meet the inexorable creditor, who (such is the universal want of confidence) never waits an hour before resorting to the most summary means of recovering his debts.

Government holds out no encouragement by schools of art, or in the shape of premiums. There is, to be sure, a farcical sort of exposition once a year, where all the best specimens are manufactured by foreigners, and exhibited merely to make a show, as jockeys pepper a horse's tail at a fair. These exhibitions answer their object, however, in furnishing a fine puff for the *Giornale di Napoli*.

The manufactures in which they are least clumsy, are gloves, coral ornaments, hats, artificial flowers, gold and silver thread, lava trinkets, jewellery, bronze utensils, gilt iron, porcelain, tape, and fiddlestrings. In the preparation of strings for musical instruments Naples has long been pre-eminent, but those for the violin never reached such perfection as within the last two or three years. They are manufactured without oil, which imparts quite a peculiar clearness and steadiness to the tone. The invention is due to a Signor Avalloni, whose strings, though in universal request all over the continent, I found no one knew any thing about in England.

LETTER XX.

Manufactures — Smuggling — Climate — Annoyances — Society—Academia—Our National Hauteur—Toadeaters—Exclusives—Patrician Hauteur.

To show, by an instance or two, the extent to which prohibitive duties on foreign merchandise are carried, a coat or a gown, cut or sewed, pays not less than six ducats at the custom-house. An English gentleman fancied an India-rubber cloak from England, the first cost of which was thirty shillings, and the duty was two pounds fourteen. The weight of many imported articles must tally to a nicety with the weight specified in the bill of lading; if there happens to be one pound over, a fine is levied. Not long since, a grocer gave an order to his London correspondent to send him out a certain quantity of Cheshire cheese. Owing to an unusually dry season the weight became reduced the full amount of an entire cheese less than appeared by invoice; it was concluded that it was smuggled, and the penalty was levied accordingly.

After the arrival of a cargo, should a merchant deem it to his advantage to consign it to some other port in the peninsula, he must pay extravagantly to the customs before it is allowed to leave the harbour. The consequence of all this is an unbounded smuggling, against which no restraints or vigilance avail in the least. To prevent the introduction of contraband goods a lofty wall is raised round the city, and fortified by an army of sentries, stationed at short distances, and yet is it found completely ineffectual. The smuggler so long as he is inside the wall cannot be touched, though contraband goods were actually found upon him; he has, of course, only to pitch them over the wall to the receiver on the other side, at a moment fixed upon between the parties, with both of whom the sentry is not seldom in collusion, and the thing is done. Yet this wall has cost government 700,000 ducats to raise, and requires 20,000 annually to keep it up. Every intelligent Neapolitan with whom I have conversed on the subject gave it as his confident opinion, that a reduction of the import duties by a full half, would, in a little time, double the revenue, by preventing this extensive practice of smuggling. But the turkey-brained government cannnot or will not understand that it is the consumer who,

in point of fact, pays the duty; neither can they be made to see that if home manufactures had due encouragement, prohibitive duties would every day become less necessary—a fact which is proved before their eyes, in the sale of the single article of gloves; their gloves being superior to those of most other countries, when a foreign merchant brings gloves in the hope of a market at Naples, finding no buyers, he becomes himself a purchaser of the Neapolitan manufacture, and makes it a very profitable speculation. It is no less notorious, that a cantar of raw silk, purchased at Naples for forty piasters, is returned, and sold in a manufactured state to the Neapolitans for 400. Before I left Naples, the chief officer of the customs had an interview with the king's ministers, for the express purpose of showing how far they would be gainers by altering their commercial code. The lecture was listened to and that was all; yet is there more of the fox than the goose about these rulers—the real motive is to keep up a *matière gouvernable*, and if they can but do this, the people might be reduced to their primeval acorns for any thing they care.

The climate of Naples I consider as one of the most unhealthy, in consequence of its excessive vicissitudes, and relaxing heat. The extreme heat

sets in about the end of June, and is rarely mitigated until the middle of September. There are some sultry weeks, when persons unaccustomed to a southern climate become the subjects of a suffocation against which no contrivances of shade or ventilation avail in the least. But a Neapolitan, so far from suffering from tepifaction, is never so well as in the hottest weather: he has no repugnance to the nauseous process of perspiration; it is his delight; he frisks under it, while foreigners may be seen crawling along and gasping at every corner. The shirts a man sullies in the course of the day by corporeal exudation is the great test of health, and a subject of congratulation exactly in proportion to their number—four, I have understood, is about the maximum of enviable vigour.

The salubrity of the climate may, in some degree, be judged of by the statistical report of last year. Throughout the population of the Two Sicilies, the births were as one to 24·96; the deaths as one to 26·77. Forty-seven is the average number calculated to die daily over the whole kingdom; yet, at the last census, fourteen had exceeded a century, twelve of whom were females, and of these one had actually reached her 112th year. If there was no other objection to the climate it is surely undesirable to have one's philosophy at the

mercy of the winds, and the spirits in a man rise and fall with every change in the thermometer; and I know few of our people who have not had severely to complain of these most uncomfortable fluctuations. But what seems rather strange, although the siroc is so proverbially depressing, it does not appear that the instances of self-murder hold any proportion to those in our Serpentine river or in the Seine, not to speak of the various other modes of throwing off this mortal coil; and this impunity exists, though all the commonly assigned causes are, with the exception of the month of November, in more active force here than in England;—such as over-eating, sedentary habits, monotonous life, and all the distresses which may be presumed incident to poverty and political degradation, and moral debasement. Under all these the Neapolitan nerves stand proof, and are able successfully to kill the time which kills us.

What then can possibly be the inducements which draw such mobs of our countrymen to this part of the world? Yet, year after year, they are floated in as regularly as herrings on the Dutch coast. To enjoy Naples all our most cherished habits must be laid aside. There seems actually nothing even in the way of amusement or vice, to attract either debauchees or men of fashion, and the proportion of antiquarian visiters is but mode-

rate. The English are a walking as well as a riding people, but to the amateur pedestrian, with the exception of the public gardens, there is literally no room to stretch his limbs free from the pressure of a filthy crowd. The miseries, indeed, are indescribable, while you get entangled in the eddies of the human current; and if you happen to have rural predilections, the country, from the steepness of the hills, is quite inaccessible in the way that an Englishman is used to. Deviate from the dusty road, and you are up to your ankles in the loose earth of some vineyard, or your temper is incommoded by getting into some pathless or tangled thicket.

The night also has its annoyances. The whole insect creation attack you,—fleas, mosquitoes, possibly bugs (I have been walked over by black-beetles and cockroaches, and once by a rat); nor are the sandflies much less troublesome, as no curtains keep them out. The mosquito and sandfly retire about daybreak, and are relieved by the bluebottle, whose activity increases with the heat and light. There is a species of mosquito that sounds no note of preparation before his onset, a skulking guerilla—and the imp sees in the dark. Should you cover every part of your face, leaving out your nose only, as of necessity you must, in a very few minutes you will have evidence that one

of these miscreants has been sitting on its tip. A new comer is worse off than a man who has had a seasoning; he is quite as marked an object of attack to the *animalculæ*, as to the beggars and pickpockets. I have known a new comer so metamorphosed with mosquito bites, that to discover his personal identity has puzzled some of his most familiar acquaintance.

If you happen to have pitched your tent in a fashionable part of the town, as it was my misfortune in the *chiatamone*, your rest is a compound of nodding and starting, from the noise of carriages sweeping to and from the Chiaja, the strumming of guitars and harps, or the gander tones of the clarionet (this trio was for two months stationed under my balcony from nine o'clock to midnight), or the zampogna, worse than all the rest. It may have been that my sensibilities became morbidly increased, but even the sparrows, of which a myriad had roosted in the ilexes opposite to my window, sounded to my ears more obstreperous than any where else.

What, I repeat, is there at Naples to make up for all these nuisances, especially to a "serious Angle," fond of his comforts and inveterate in his customs? Punch and Vesuvius? The opera is robbed of every thing worth hearing by France and England, and all the world knows what the society

is made of. Even the society of our countrymen and women, I regret to add, will not always redeem the drawback. I have known toothless decrepitude, approaching the last stage of cadaverous decay, forgetful of the grave and bedizened in all mockery of youth, throw open its doors to a description of characters that even a Neapolitan would admit with reluctance, if at all.

Next after San Carlo, the most select and fashionable reunion is the *Academia;* it is the Almacks of Naples, where the court and its parasites amuse themselves during the winter. No one can appear here who has not been presented at the court of his own country. There is a very invidious distinction in respect to the natives, which I regard as a most humiliating slur on the march of intellect. No man who has made his fortune by his talents, or in business, would have a readier reception at the Academia than a case of cholera, and to this rule not even the judges of the land are permitted to be an exception; while the most empty-headed ass, the most profligate *roué,* if he has only had a title of nobility pinned to his name, is ever sure of a ready welcome. Literary men are therefore excluded from society; the professors of the universities must either live in complete retirement, or form a circle for themselves.

Nor do I think this capital deserving of the

commendation I have heard lavished upon it, for the opportunities it affords in the way of education. Masters, with a few exceptions, and those of a very confined range of accomplishments, are of extremely moderate pretensions. For the less juvenile part of either sex, I need hardly say that I consider Naples a moral pestilence.

But with all their miseducation, and prejudices, and ignorance, their nobility are social and courteous in comparison of ours. They have nothing like our *hauteur* either in church or state. It appears to me that we do not sufficiently consider the demoralizing effects of this very prevalent vice. We can hardly be surprised at the mischief our national character has sustained by the long rule of an oligarchy, whose will has been law, and with such a command of patronage that there was hardly a man in the kingdom above the productive classes who was not accustomed to look to them directly or indirectly for a provision. It was a greater temptation than John, with all his enthusiasm for Magna Charta and his love of independence, had a constitution to withstand. John, of course, became a toadeater, and the land is overrun with the vermin. In every corner of society the animal may be found a compound of spaniel and parrot, the consumer of his master's offal, and repeater of his opinions.

The strife produced to stand well in a patron's graces is another effect of this patrician ascendancy. Directly in the teeth of our church, which we pay so handsomely to promote good will among men, this emulation, to be taken into the favour of the *great*, builds up walls of adamant intersecting and disintegrating the whole of society, and so universal is the baseness that it casts no special disgrace on the truckler. The degradation is to be found in every condition. A Polish prince declared to me that in no part of Europe, Russia not excepted, had he ever seen so much servility of manners as before he left the first hotel to which he was carried on our shores.

The two principles of patronage and cringing react with a most prolific energy and mutual aggravation. The peer robs the parasite of all gentlemanly feeling, and in return the toady's

> ———" supple knees
> Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees."

If we look closely, we must see that the office of the toadeater, *alias* toady, is recognised even as a part of our glorious constitution. Gibbon tells us that " Augustus and Trajan would have blushed at employing the meanest of the Romans in the menial offices, which in the household and bed

chamber of a limited monarch is so eagerly solicited by the proudest nobles of Britain."

We need only look at the airs of our spoiled oligarchs to be convinced that none but a servile people could endure the insolence. What is the "exclusiveness" we hear so much of, and about which so many novels have been written to expose. God knows were it not for its effect in other ways, this heartless "keeping off" is the last thing that ought to be complained of, since it saves from much contamination, which a more familiar exposure to the follies and profligacies of an influential order must occasion. But this very exclusiveness, like repulsing a spaniel, only causes the toady to fawn more diligently, and if he only succeeds at last to be permitted to wear the collar, he cares not for the prostitute arts by which his ambition has been gratified.

Our aristocratic insolence, or, as foreigners term it "fierté" is a disorder altogether peculiar to our island. It has an intensity and malignity which it acquires in no other climate. The christian, in other countries, loves that he may be loved; the exclusive's luxury seems the luxury of devils, and hates that he may be hated; whereas, in reality, he misses his aim with all whose opinion is worth having, and is simply despised or laughed at.

There is nothing in the Herculanean manuscripts more interesting than an essay (ὑπομνηματικον) of

Philodemus on pride, whose maniacs are classed into eight varieties. He makes them all speak grandiloquently of their wealth, ancestry, and splendid attire. The disorder, it is curious to see, was precisely the same 2000 years ago as it is now. He insists, after the notion of the Dean of St. Patrick's, that some brutes have a superior nature to man and are never unsocial with their kind. But here I differ. The Greek was a slovenly observer of nature, if there was such a thing in his day as a pet lapdog. Assuredly pride may be communicated to quadrupeds as easily as they give us hydrophobia. Who has not observed the honest contempt of some plain dealing country dog as he struts by the pampered cur of the drawing-room. If we could get at his actual feelings, I am convinced there is not one atom of difference between the nasty pet's self consequence and that of the puppy exclusive, more than between the indignation of honest Cæsar, and the instinct which sets O'Connell on pulling down the high looks of the lords, and Sydney Smith on exposing the pride of the reverend bench.

But we are told that these oligarchs have compensated all their insolence and follies, by their protection of rising genius and their patronage of the arts; besides, that quite independently of any aid from Day and Martin (by which they certainly

shine) they are our most polished examples of good manners—the very glass of fashion. Where, among them, are the patrons of genius? Where is there another educated class (for I assume they are educated) much worse qualified to estimate genius? Why, these hereditary heirs to wisdom, deem it absolute condescension to company with literary men who do not derive their genius as they do, by propagation: but for your success in your profession, you would have been but tolerated as a lion yourself. And as to their protection of the arts, every body knows, and the poor protégé himself to his cost too often, that it is to the last degree capricious, if not ruinous; the protection of any given poet, *e. g.* does it not rather resemble the whim that amuses itself with some pet animal, than the homage claimed by genius. I instance the poet, because a poet is a giraffe in the patrician menagerie; besides, he sometimes gives praise for pudding. Still the man of rhymes may believe me, whatever importance he arrogates, that he holds his patron's knife and fork on quite as precarious a tenure as any of the Duke of Newcastle's "own."

I shall say nothing of our patrician polish; all the world who know any thing of good society abroad, must be convinced of the superiority of foreigners in all that constitutes a well-bred, en-

lightened, and social companion; in fact, as I have observed before, the vulgarity of *Milord Anglais* is absolutely joked upon.

The whole evil is clearly referable to the political position of our lords, quite as much as leprosy or plague is to juxtaposition, and in this I find their best apology. We complain with a bad grace of the consequences, while we surround men with irresistible temptations. It might as reasonably be expected, if the crowd were admitted gratis to our gin palaces, they should come out sober, or a bishop be a humble laborious Christian, with 10,000*l.* a year, and his dignity pulling him in the opposite direction.

If a friendly opinion could be of use to our exclusives, I should counsel them to recollect they are living in the nineteenth century;—you ought to meet what awaits you with manly fortitude, and accommodate to it, composing your robes decently, like Cæsar. Consult the interests of your children, they will soon be rising about your age, and their children's children will want bread, and can no longer be fed on the public purse; remember, too, that the wealth of commoners will soon outstrip your own, (there are grocers, and cotton-spinners, and blacking-makers, who have more hard cash at command, than a great proportion of yourselves,) and that you may have to struggle for

situations for your offspring as zealously as you were toadied for sinecures in the palmy days of your power. The French nobility are now rational and useful; and Tory Burke tells us, "it was a foolish imitation of the worst part of the manners of England which impaired their natural character."

You may deem all this somewhat unbefitting and indecorous; but, considering how pride lies at the root of some of the greatest evils of our society, I think we cannot too much expose its foulness. I have said no more, after all, than Swift 100 years ago, who told us, that "our nobility are a composition of spleen, dulness, arrogance, caprice, sensuality, and pride, (adding) yet no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered, without the consent of this illustrious body." With the Dean, too, I must be permitted to confess that, "I can be reconciled to any of the natural vices, but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience, neither shall I ever be able to comprehend how such an animal and such a vice could tally together."

LETTER XXI.

Education—Agitation—Ballot—House of Lords.

THE prophecy in my first letter respecting the annihilation of Tory power was hinged upon the condition, that the "leaders of the people do their duty," and every thing I see and hear, convinces me that my inspiration was genuine. I have expressed myself strongly about the apparent indifference of the people; but it is not *their* apathy which is so much to be censured, but the apathy of their leaders; for what can be expected of the masses when they are neglected or deserted by their friends.

Education, Agitation, and the Ballot, are things equally all important, if we ever mean to carry the provisions of the Reform Bill into effect, and render the sense of the nation a prompt and effective check on corrupt rulers. It is with the mass as

with the individual, education is indispensable to bestow the requisite knowledge to prepare for action: agitation answers in the one case to the impulse necessary to remind the individual in the other of acting upon his knowledge, and ballot is equivalent to liberty of speech. Of what value is a man's knowledge to society, if he is asleep when he ought to use it, and to what purpose is he awake, if he is hindered from imparting his knowledge? The very same remarks obviously apply to the great aggregate body of the people. Education, Agitation, and Ballot, like Faith, Hope, and Charity, are all alike most vitally indispensable to the salvation of popular liberty, but the greatest of all, is education. If any one of these three be wanting, the people must be impotent to enforce their wishes, and their reforms are a blank. If Ballot be wanting, they are turned into liars and enemies to themselves; if education be wanting, they grope in the dark, or they are at the mercy of accident; and if not agitated, they are exposed, as at the present moment, to be dangerously inactive, when they ought to be most alert, and show the most determined front.

It is monstrous hoodwink to require of a constituency to use their right of suffrage effectively, while the necessary means of knowledge is withheld; to exact the expression of their opinion by

vote, and yet make it impossible that they should have an opinion. If we would prepare the people for making those sacrifices promptly, which they are so often called upon to make, in resisting corruption, they must be instructed to see that their *private* and *public* interests are one and the same; without being convinced of this, they are as liable to be kidnapped by a wily canvasser, as recruits at a fair. Much stress is laid upon the benefit to be reaped from the removal of the stamp on newspapers, but of what use are newspapers without a previous acquaintance with the principles of the constitution. Without this they are either unintelligible, or expose the reader to take up with the worst opinions. Much too is said about the march of intellect; but with any thing like a decent knowledge of their affairs, should we have ever seen a Peel-Wellington administration, or have endured tamely two such insulting sessions as the last. Until we give the people a political education, it is the merest cant to ascribe our reforms to the growing intelligence of the nation. Twenty years ago did they not know quite as much about rotten boroughs, bribery at elections, sinecures, the pension list, &c., as they do now? Was it reserved for 1829 to convince them of the infamy of coercing and slaughtering the Irish in place of doing them justice;—or for 1830 to ex-

pose the tyranny of our oligarchy? Was it knowledge reserved for the present day that clergymen ought not to abandon their duties in their livings, that the Catholic ought not to be shot for refusing tithes, the payment of which he is taught conscientiously to believe a crime against his God? No: it is not to any increasing knowledge in the masses that we owe our reforms, but simply to the concurrence of favourable circumstances and the activity of leaders. Favoured by the same circumstances and leaders, there would have been as good a chance of carrying our late reforms half a century ago as now, so far as increasing political knowledge among the people can deserve to be considered an instrument of reformation. Why even their friends, who speak in the most flattering terms of the increase of political knowledge, build their hope, at this hour, upon such contingencies as a short crop, a severe winter, and want of work. The present apparent apathy is attributed by many to "fulness of bread" and abundance of employment, and every body knows that it was the accident of like distresses which called up those popular energies which proved so irresistible on the reform question, and set Bristol on fire.

If, then, our reforms have been very much owing to contingencies, they may be ravished by contingencies; liberty, then, is an accident; reform we

know was an accident, owing to the duke having opposed the purification of a single rotten borough. Why then is the true reformer not instant in season and out of season, to organize some mode of diffusing political instruction, to take liberty out of the category of accidents? Why is such a project not the theme of every speech he makes in parliament, as regularly and unceasingly as the destruction of Carthage was the burden of Cato's? Much is expected of you in this matter; if you can put us in the way of this, it will be the crowning act of your life, and bequeath to posterity the brightest name of our age.

In place of keeping up wholesome agitation among the people, the course pursued by their friends, since the Reform Act passed, has been a system of half-Tory tactics. The time for completing the legislative reform begun by Lord Grey was allowed to pass away and the tide to ebb. Not only have the people been lulled to sleep, but actually decoyed into apathy, by some of their most professed champions. Among other means which have induced the fatal lethargy, they have been cheated to believe that the House of Lords is constitutionally still in possession of irresponsible power for dealing with our bills as they list, and that an express measure for getting rid of this irresponsible power remains yet to be brought into

parliament—than which there never was a grosser delusion palmed upon the country. Who will deny that our Reform Act completely vindicated the people's right to insist upon every measure passing the legislature upon which they should have evinced their determination by a clear majority of their representatives? If this be correct, it will follow that the power of the House of Commons is the the supreme power of the state—and, if supreme, to allege that the House of Lords might be irresponsible for negativing the bills of the Commons, would be a piece of unmeaning nonsense, not short of maintaining that a subordinate power can be greater than the power which rules it. The power of the House of Lords must therefore be subordinate to that of the House of Commons, which represents the people, and if subordinate, it cannot be irresponsible. To say that the Lords could, constitutionally, at their caprice or pleasure, thwart or nullify the will of the Commons, after the latter had vindicated its supremacy, were no less absurd than to maintain that a man, after proving his title to an estate, has no authority to act upon that title, because a person who had got fraudulently in possession chooses contumaciously to consider himself the owner. If the Reform Bill be the people's title-deed, authorizing them to pass their bills, no possible power, not representing the

people, can negative their bills. The change which the Reform introduced into the House of Commons, as necessarily implied a change in that of the Lords, as a shift in the movement alters the tune of a barrel-organ; or the recovery of a diseased tree implies the death of the fungus which fed upon its decay; were it otherwise, our boasted Reform Bill is an absolute nonentity—a piece of waste paper.

If we would not charge the nation with seriously *willing* an absurdity, my views must be correct. It could not be that, while the people were determined upon removing all obstruction to their bills in one place, they should have intended to raise up a worse obstruction in another, a worse, I say, as it gave to the House of Peers a fresh motive, from wounded pride, to be more contumacious, capricious, and intractable than they were before, as the fact has abundantly proved to be the case. How would the policy of suffering a branch of the legislature, with adverse interests and feelings, to have a casting voice in our affairs, differ from the policy of placing an assembly of bigoted churchmen to decide, in the last resort, on the merits of the Irish tithe question—the appropriation clause, non-residence, or any other matter where their interest is opposed to the people's. How would a man, in a dangerous sickness, like to employ two doctors in

consultation, who had previously declared their whole principles of treatment and method of cure as directly at variance, and yet, each obstinately determined to persevere in his own course—men of whom he knew that what one prescribed the other would as infallibly condemn. A legislature composed of two such antagonist powers has its exact symbol in a steam-boat, with its sails working in direct opposition to the paddles.

There can be nothing deserving the name of co-operation between two assemblies so constituted. "It is a rare thing," says Bacon, "except it be from a perfect and entire *friend*, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it." How, then, must that counsel be crooked and bowed which comes not from a perfect and entire friend, but an open declared enemy;—it were to expect a revolution in human nature—the Æthiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots. That course upon which the people are bent is a release from oppression and abuses; that on which their lordships are most determined, is to hold fast the power of perpetuating both.

It was because I was thoroughly convinced of my views on this subject being indisputable, that, in an essay of some length, written while the Reform Bill was discussing, I maintained, as I do now,

that "*their lordships' irresponsible power became a dead letter from the moment that that measure was gained, and that the House of Peers (as it had pre-existed) was completely unsuited to the new order of things,*" and a perfect anachronism. Why, the duke himself was of my opinion, declaring from his place, to the country, that if that measure passed, "the old constitution was at an end;" and Lord Wharncliffe, backing the duke, went so far as to say, "that their lordships would be deprived of their independence and a farce." Mr. Canning, too, alluding prospectively to the consequences of such sort of reform as we have accomplished, pronounced, in plain terms, that if it were ever to take place, an irresponsible House of Lords became a nonentity. He denied, moreover, that there could be any longer a coequal power shared by the two Houses; I quote his words. "By what shadow of argument," says he, "could the House of Lords be maintained in equal authority and jurisdiction with the House of Commons, when once that House of Commons should become a mere deputation, speaking the people's will, and that will the rule of the government;" and, in another place, he adds, "By what assumption of right could three or four hundred great proprietors set themselves against the national will?" Now, is it not an incontrovertible fact, that, by the Reform Bill, we

have attained, in the most complete measure, what Mr. Canning has here stated, and that the House of Commons *is*, bonâ fide, "a deputation speaking the people's will, and that will the rule of the government?" All these authorities declare distinctly for the truth of the proposition I have been maintaining. If then my observations be sound, it will follow that the nation has been grossly gulled, to believe that the absolute power of the House of Peers still exists unaffected by the Reform Act. A bill, therefore, to get rid of an irresponsibility which does not exist, would be somewhat *de trop*, for the credit of our "collective wisdom."

Yet Lord John Russell himself aided the untenable doctrine, dwelling, in some of his later speeches last session, on the great benefit accruing from their lordships' independent and irresponsible authority as a wholesome check on the precipitate legislation of the Commons. Heaven knows it has proved sufficiently effective to prevent precipitation; but how far the check is wholesome we need little evidence beyond the events of the last two sessions; but, though it is a most enormous solecism to require a Reform Bill to get rid of the irresponsible power of the House of Lords, there assuredly is one bill for its reformation, which we have been most shamefully negligent in bringing forward, I allude to a measure for conferring upon

the House of Lords a different description of powers and functions to fit it for working in a zealous and effective manner with its helpmate of the Commons. We were not slack in applying the principle of the Reform Bill to the remodelling of certain of the corrupt corporations; but, as if a measure in which the welfare of the whole kingdom is involved, were of less moment than those which affect particular parts of the kingdom, while towns and boroughs have had the practical benefit of this principle extended to them, the aggregate nation is overlooked, and to this instant the House of Lords remains without any palpable shape or organization. From the moment the Reform Bill became law, the whole pre-existent functions of the House of Lords, as I have said, were virtually at an end: it passed into a state of neutrality and transition, neither responsible nor irresponsible; it had completely lost its primitive form, and become malleable for any new shape which the people might deem it necessary to impress upon it, for carrying on the business of the country in conformity with the principles of constitutional government which had been practically realized by the Reform Act. To the single circumstance of recognising as we have done, the irresponsibility of the Peers, in place of *reconstructing* their house, to work with the Commons, are attributable the whole

train of evils which have resulted from their lordships' wanton rejections of our bills. It was a most unpardonable abandonment of trust, that their representatives did not consider it their first duty to complete the reformation of the legislature, in place of attempting to carry on the business of the country, which they must have known was impossible, with so powerless a machinery. In place of completing the work while the eye of the nation was on the business, and the people determined, their deputies let the iron cool, till now nothing can be made of it, without a fresh, perhaps a dangerous popular interposition.

Had the reconstruction of the House of Lords been set about immediately after the reform of the Commons was achieved, while popular feeling was fresh and ardent, and their minds in close contact with the question, the reform of the Lords would have been just as easy a matter as that of the Commons. It was after the troubling of the waters that the patient should have been put in—not a moment should have been lost. Instead of this, the critical instant was trifled with, and the whole interval since, for above four long years, has not merely been time lost, but most criminally squandered, and mischievously employed for the advantage of the enemy. While the spirit of the people was awake, after their triumph, their lordships

could not have opposed the completion of the work of reform without the certain risk of being swept away by the current of popular opinion; but by the mere act of sending up our bills to the unreconstructed House of Lords, we actually recognised their irresponsibility and supremacy, and invited all the vexations we have suffered.

But we are gravely told that ministers never calculated on the capricious opposition which they have met with from their lordships. Why did they not? If they were not under some delusion, surely nothing which has occurred ought to have been unlooked for. Is there any one act of their lordships' that might not have been anticipated, indeed that was not surely to be expected. Had we not sufficient warning in their conduct during the reform struggle. Where was our acquaintance with history, and with human nature, and in all history show me the instance of such power voluntarily surrendering one atom of its prerogatives. Ministers, it would seem, expected the stream to flow pure and freely, though it was left at the complete discretion of an enemy to obstruct or pollute it at the very source.

But some of our liberal journals defended this procrastination, on the ground that it was necessary to wait until repeated rejections of our bills; fresh and more biting insults should open the

people's eyes—"to discover the rottenness of the hereditary branch of the legislature," and "to work out the demonstration" as they phrase it, to enable us to take the necessary steps for curing the mischief. Could one moment's delay be needed to discover this rottenness, or to work out such a demonstration. Did not the lords say the Reform Bill was extorted from them, and do they not say so still? When the reform of our corrupt corporations was being agitated, the people needed no demonstration to prove that self-elect corporations were not the fittest in the world to manage their affairs. Was it more difficult to comprehend that an irresponsible House of Peers was not the fittest in the world to manage the business of the nation. The capacity that could comprehend the one, could surely have been at little loss to comprehend the other of these cases of rottenness. They were identical.

But it is useless to express our regrets for past omissions; the question is, what is to be done *now* to remedy our mistakes? The hopes of the nation are placed upon ballot and peerage reform. Without much sturdy agitation we shall never be able to carry either of these measures, more especially the latter, seeing even the stanch friends of the people are themselves so much divided upon the mode. There is more reason to hope for

the success of the ballot. The ballot is a question with the merits of which the people are better and more generally acquainted, and of which they have severely experienced the necessity in their own persons. It is a question that comes home to the business and bosom of a large proportion of the constituency.

The ballot once carried, sweeping majorities are steadily ensured in the House of Commons, which must put peerage reform at any time within their reach; at least they could afford to wait for it without danger, or it possibly might not be needed at all. Their lordships' irresponsible power, if ballot were carried, would presently fall into disuse, for what hope could they have of being able to swim against a steady and all powerful current? Peerage reform, on the other hand, would not ensure steady majorities nor any majorities at all in the lower house: it might even fall out that the Tories of both houses would work together, and by dint of their united acts of corruption ensure majorities for themselves. I don't say that this is very probable, but in an affair of such magnitude, even possibilities are of weight; and over and above this, time itself is rather an important element in the calculation of preference. Where delay is big with danger, even an inferior

remedy would deserve to be preferred to one of more doubtful success; besides, the failure of so novel an experiment as peerage reform would not be likely to ensure the same reaction of popular indignation as the negation of the ballot, which they so much better understand and feel. The negation of the ballot would be experienced by every honest intimidated elector as a personal calamity, and would convince him that the House of Commons, itself stands in need of further reformation.

But whether we make choice of one or other of these measures, I must repeat that we can expect to do little good without much incessant agitation. What signify isolated addresses? If Sir William Molesworth agitated to all eternity at Plymouth, he never would carry either ballot or peerage reform. Their lordships' whole conduct is full evidence that defeat has not been felt, nor ultimate triumph been looked upon as hopeless. All they hold most dear is at stake, and reduces them to the most formidable of all positions—a position of despair, which makes the most cowardly courageous. Theirs is a case of *aut Cæsar aut nullus*. They will be game to the last, because there is nothing to be lost by the fight; worse cannot happen than to be foiled, and there is always a chap-

ter of accidents. But while the battle is between justice and oppression, a whole nation and a handful of "old ladies in pantaloons," I am apt to think the lords are not exactly of Falstaff's kidney ultimately to refuse yielding on compulsion.

LETTER XXII.

Church of England.

AMONG the domestic topics reserved for this place, the established church will demand some brief notice. It is more than two years since I first addressed you on a variety of topics bearing on the constitution of our church and the conduct of its clergy; such as the merits of an established creed, non-residence, pluralities, the neglected religious instruction of all ages, the voluntary principle, the omission to distribute the scriptures, the monstrosity of defending wealth, and titles, and seats in parliament, as necessary to give dignity and authority to the teachers of a religion the essence of which is humility, and meekness, and self-denial. These, and a variety of other points, were treated of so copiously in that publication, that I shall here only trouble you to re-

consider one or two of the more important, which my limits then obliged me to dismiss more hastily than I wished.

The observations about to be offered have been suggested exclusively by a *religious* view of the subject. I will not allow any human authority to presume to dictate to me in this matter, nor any argument to be worth a single straw which should go to excuse the defects of our church on merely political considerations, when these defects are manifestly at variance, systematically at variance, with both the letter and spirit of Christianity. I assume Christianity as true, and I assume that you yourself believe it to be true, for which assumption your work on Paley is my warrant. It is also among my postulates that Christianity as a rational faith, ought to be taught rationally in order that its reception may be the result of rational conviction, not a thing believed by wholesale, on a par with the villanies of priestcraft, which have been palmed upon a credulous world from the beginning.

If I use the freedom of calling things by their "right names," while I advert to the behaviour of our clergy, the provocation and the gravity of the offence, I trust, may be taken in mitigation of the apparent coarseness. The divine Author of our religion himself did not scruple to speak plainly when he had to do with hypocrites, and knaves,

and thieves, nor to give full vent to his indignation when he scourged such vermin out of the temple. I hold that it is not within the compass or power of language to furnish any expression strong enough to mark the infamy of an indolent or vicious clergyman.

These things being premised, I proceed to my objections to our church, and begin by asserting, that if measured by the conduct of its clergy in a fearful number of instances, it is one of the most barefaced impositions that ever insulted the plain sense of an enlightened people. I shall first notice the neglect of the spiritual instruction of the rising generation; and if it may seem rather an illogical induction my building my inference upon a few parishes, let it be recollected that these parishes are in the heart of enlightened England, and in a spot that swarms with clergy, in parishes centrally situated between Gloucester, Cheltenham, and Tewkesbury. My evidence is confined to these, but I should have no hesitation in pledging myself that the same dearth of religious knowledge, the same inexcusable indolence of the clergy, prevails to a greater or less degree over the whole of the rural districts of England.

It is now two years since I examined the church children in my own parish. My absence from England has been mainly the cause of my not re-

peating these examinations, which obliges me to revert to some memorandums of that by-gone period. The authenticity of some of these memorandums is confirmed by nearly three years correspondence with the bishop of my diocese, and will be nothing the worse for their age, as they remain to this hour unrefuted. You will not require me to trouble you with more than a very few brief specimens of our church's style of spiritual instruction, when I assure you that they are not very far from an average sample of what might be supplied by examining any given confirmed child of the church in the parishes to which I refer.

My first document is supplied by a deputy lord-lieutenant of the county of Gloucester, and is in the form of a dialogue, which I copy almost to the letter. It presents the result of an examination of one of the children in his parish, who was admitted to the rite of confirmation; her qualifications for that distinction having been previously vouched by a certificate from her spiritual pastor.

The examiner shaped his questions with a special regard to avoid all complexity. The dialogue proceeds as follows:

Examiner.—My girl, tell me who was Jesus Christ.

Answer.—The devil.

Ex.—Come, this is not a subject to be trifled

with, think again and tell me who was Jesus Christ.

A.—The gospel.

Ex.—Well, that is nearer to it, but still not quite right. Guess again.

A.—Satan.

Ex.—You surely do not mean what you say. Do you not know that Satan is the devil?

A.—The synagogue.

The catechist tired out, at last was obliged to give up the attempt in despair.

Now I beg you to keep in mind that this was a *confirmed* child of the church. I cite it for its peculiar blasphemy, and because apparently so wholly incredible. The dialogue was published by me in a provincial paper, and a copy sent to the bishop, with a letter imploring that very spiritual and right reverend lord to allow me to confirm the statement by the citation of the necessary testimony, to which invitation he paid no attention.

In my own parish, the children whom I examined were either mute, or gave the most absurd answers. I will spare you the dialogue, as the respondents were numerous. Exodus, was said to be "the Lord." Hallowed, "forgiving sins," or "running about." Succour, "to suck from a mother's breasts." Pastor, "a place to live in—to go any where—to stay." Perform, "to go be-

fore." Reverent, was "redeemed;" guiltless, "guilty;" defend, "offend;" and similar elucidations were given of almost every second word in the catechism; and one, in repeating the creed, spoke of "descending into heaven." I must again beg you will not fall into the mistake of supposing these are isolated instances invidiously picked out. I will be answerable that they are not the exceptions, but the rule.

Any attempt to expound the meaning of these words to the children could obviously have been of no kind of use, while the catechumen was as ignorant of the terms employed to explain, as of these to be explained. None of the flock had ever heard of a dictionary, or knew what it meant, and seemed amused as by some trick on the cards, when I showed them how expeditiously I could find any given word they called for. Neither was it to any purpose that I referred them for a vocabulary to their teacher—the clerk of the parish: he patronized nothing of the sort, having reached the heights of his theology without one, and deeming it sufficient that his pupils should be taught only to "say" their catechism, leaving its meaning to be gathered in after life. This Gamaliel is charged with the edification of the young Christians in my parish, and is still in office.

To remedy this awful state of things, I pro-

posed to my bishop, Dr. Monk—he of the two bishoprics ("Gloucester turned into Bristol")—that there should be word-books located at our parish church; but the proposal met with no more attention than did my application that he would allow me to convince him, by the citation of proofs, or by autopsy itself, of the ignorance that called for the arrangement which I recommended.

Here then we have it proved by incontrovertible facts, that, despite the fuss which our guzzling clergy make about missions and the miracles of conversion they have wrought in foreign climes, there is in the very heart of parson-ridden England, as much absolute ignorance of Christianity as in the most outlandish of those regions which they take so much credit for radiating with the light of the gospel. Yet, my parish pays not a very great deal less than a pound a head for a resident clergyman, who, till lately, resided not at all. The parishioners gave me the credit of shaming the bishop into the accommodation, and there is now in a room at a carpenter's shop, for want of a parsonage, an amiable young clergyman, who is so much liked as to cancel from the minds of his flock, all trace of dissatisfied feeling on account of the negligence with which they had been treated. The bishop's excuse, if I recollect well, was founded on the parish being a lay impropriation, and, no

doubt, a very good excuse it was; but what consolation is it to the famishing sheep to be told that they have no reason to complain, as they are merely starved on a lay impropriation? is the evil less than if it came in the more orthodox way of starvation in a regular church benefice? Now, I put it to you, as a lover of justice, and an avowed advocate for the truth of our religion, is Christianity, under the auspices of such a church, better than a juggle? If its clergy be infidels, what excuse can we have for supporting an establishment to insult and outrage the feelings of the pious and the rational?

I proceed next to some remarks on the edification of adults. You will admit that, unless we know on what grounds Christianity claims a more entire and unhesitating reception than any of the other modes of faith which have bespread the earth, we can have no claim to arrogate the distinction of rational Christians, nor Christianity of a rational faith. Now, let me ask, is this rational satisfaction to be obtained from an *established* creed? If you must admit that the requiring implicit assent to an established creed is incompatible with either reason or religious liberty, how are you to defend a church which vindicates its pretensions to support upon its having established a more orthodox creed than that of any other sect? While the

world abounds with imposture what can be more reasonable than that, in this reading age, the people should seek to be convinced that, while their pastors make Christianity a mockery in their behaviour, they are not mocking them with their doctrine? Has the inquirer no ground to suspect the truth of a man's profession who acts in direct opposition to it? Allowing that all they require the people to believe is irrefragably true, may they not ask themselves why they are not taught the grounds upon which their assent to the established creed is required? Without this evidence what is their belief better than a belief in Johanna? Can they know by other men's understandings any more than they can digest with other men's stomachs? Can I be saved by the faith of another man? Why are you justified to force belief in matters of religious opinion more than in any thing else? What right have you over my opinion, or how can I believe but as I am myself convinced, and how can I have any thing deserving the name of conviction while the means of forming an opinion are not put within my reach? Do the people not know there are very numerous sections of belief in this Protestant country? and which of these sections shall they be satisfied is particularly entitled to damn all the rest? And yet, all this enormous absurdity must follow, from requiring of any man to place

implicit faith in an established creed, and is ten thousand times more absurd, by being required of men who are kept in a state of absolute ignorance of the whole grounds upon which they should rest their assent. While this system is pursued, is our established church better than a tithe-trap and an excuse for church rates? Well do the clergy know that they have no more right over my opinion than over my purse; but mark, they also right well know, if they cannot command my opinion neither can they hope to command my purse. Do we wonder then that your Penny Magaziner, discerning this knavery, should consider that a church so acting, and authorized to act—whose clergy have been guilty of rapine and slaughter, to indulge in wealth and pride, and sensuality, and who neglect all their first duties, is any thing but a blessing on the face of the land? Was the superstition of the Magi one whit less dishonest? Marcellinus, the historian of this superstition, tells us that, "although the good works of their votaries exceeded in number the leaves of the trees, the drops of rain, the stars of heaven, or the sands on the sea-shore, yet would they all be unprofitable unless they were accepted by the priest; and that to obtain this acceptance, they should faithfully (now mark the close analogy) pay him TITHES of all they possess." "If the priest be satisfied,"

he adds, "their soul was to escape hell tortures, but not otherwise." Now, are the spiritual exactions of our clergy, with the command of the battery of St. Athanasius, ready to aim, point-blank, at the souls of their flocks, one whit less unreasonable than the magian requisitions? Are not both priesthoods equally at war with conscience, both equally actuated by motives of self-interest, both creed forcers, both tithe hunters, both alleging a spiritual pretext, and stimulated by a fleshly motive? How far do you suppose the intellect of the people has marched, without perceiving how they are duped by the church of which you are numbered as one of the orthodox advocates?

If Christianity be only a means of gulling the very ignorant masses, make its machinery a little more imposing—at present it answers no purpose—its deceits and vices, as they are acted at present, are too barefaced to deceive the most ignorant; and what can be more demoralizing than a clergy spread over the face of the land, notorious for their deliberate neglect of the most awfully solemn of obligations? Can we wonder that we, of all nations, should be remarkable for pride and selfishness, and unsocial feelings, custom-house oaths, and avarice, with such ensamples before our eyes, arrayed in the sanctity of the ministers of Jesus Christ, what must the common run of ignorant

men think of the crime of breaking faith with a fellow-being, while they see the most binding and solemn of all obligations to the Almighty, and the most sacred of trusts towards man, turned into a profitable perjury? The Catholic church, for these reasons, is incalculably preferable, and indeed its clergy a great deal more painstaking. I have, in some preceding portion of these pages, remarked upon the greater usefulness of the Catholic clergy. A correspondent will furnish a very recent instance to show what a different view a Catholic bishop takes of his Christian duties from our Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. You are to understand that, when the cholera broke out at Gloucester, its present bishop bolted for the Malvern hills, leaving his stricken flocks to the *inferior* clergy and the dissenters. Attend now to the conduct of the Pope's Nuncio on a similar occasion when the cholera made its appearance the other day in Naples. I will quote the letter of my correspondent. "The priesthood," says he, "of the religious confraternities have been most laudably active in assisting the wretched victims, and the Pope's Nuncio has set them a noble example, for he has been indefatigable in visiting the sick, and giving them pecuniary relief, until he has given away every thing he had in the world even his clothes and household furniture, so that

he has only what he carries on his back, and scarcely a bed to lie down upon."

I have no wish to take an uncharitable view of our bishop's conduct. His visit to the Malverns might certainly have proceeded from a humane anxiety, lest his flocks should have added to their other afflictions the irreparable calamity of losing their bishop; and if his flocks are contented we have nothing to say. We find fault with the irresponsibility of lords temporal; our bishops are responsible neither to God nor man. The Reverend Sydney Smith tells us that "a bishop is not now forced by law to be in his diocese, or to attend his duty in parliament, but may entirely absent himself from both; nor are there wanting late instances," he adds, "where such has been the case." In future choleras, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol will have an admirable pretext for flying from the sheep should both his bishopprics not happen to be infected at the same time, as if Gloucester is cholera'd, he can retreat upon Bristol, or countermarch upon Gloucester when it is clear and Bristol infected, and yet lose not an atom of credit for holy zeal in the care of his sheep. Yet this is the dignitary whose services have just been rewarded with a double bishopric.

But what are we to think of the Protestant zeal and fastidious purity of our righteous-over-

much among the laity, which can bear patiently with an establishment so gangrened to the very heart. What end does such a church answer? If invention were put to the rack to devise an institution which should be the most perfect possible for obstructing the diffusion of rational religion, could any thing be conceived more complete than our church? Its chief clergy are all paid beforehand, enormous premiums are given to encourage their laziness, and the indulgence of all the carnal passions, while they are clothed with impunity against all human power to control them. If they wholly abandoned their trust, the evil would be less, as the most ignorant must see the imposture, but as they are obliged to make a show of doing something, the nakedness of their criminality is veiled, which would otherwise bring with it its due correction.

You know how on a former occasion I insisted on introducing the principle of responsibility into the church if it is to be continued. You are aware that responsibility is the very life and soul of the sound working of the Scotch church. You have a great reverence for the wisdom of your illustrious predecessor—the incomparable Bacon, and it was his heaviest complaint of the church of his time, "that the bishops were given all authority;" "the bishop," he says, "giveth orders alone,

a thing almost wholly without example in good government." Why do we cry out against the irresponsible authority of the House of Lords, if our lords spiritual are to be left to their free impulses with impunity? What is the drift of all our reforms but that the people should be a check on those appointed to administer their affairs, and ought they to have less a control over the carnal men who are intrusted with their eternal interests. What we are called upon to do, is to give them a secular motive to be active, as powerful as the motive which they now have to be idle. If we will make them of any use, there must be an effective check put upon the love of "filthy lucre," and vanities of bishops and high-fed clergy, as at direct war with the whole letter and spirit of Christianity. As Christians, we cannot but know that their great besetting sin of pride, is expressly classed by our Saviour with theft, murder, blasphemy, and adultery.

THE END.

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